ROGERS SAYS:

Other Reasons Why Books on the Negro Sell So Poorly

By J. A. ROGERS

(The views expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily express the editorial opinion of The Pittsburgh Courier.—The Editors.)

LAST WEEK I told why books on the Negro sell so poorly. Here are other reasons. First, insufficient advertising. Little about them appears in white advertisements and almost none in Negro ones. Almost all the mention in the Negro press is haphazard since it is nearly always free.

Mr. Rogers

Now, you'll ask, why should publishers go to the expense, very great these days, of getting out a book and not pushing it. A successful book agent told me that publishers get out "Negro" books as an investment. I doubt it. The reason seems to be chiefly philanthropic. The race question, they feel, is important and they must have something on it in their book list; or because they are touched by the injustice.

Money seems to be the last motive. But it would be better if it were first; they would then push the books and earn the great gratitude of the author.

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OFFHAND I THINK of two books by Negro authors. Both are good, even very good, both took after publication they were in the jobbers as remainder. One bookdealer bought all he could get at a tenth of the original price and is now selling them well at the regular one. Both books, had they been pushed, ought to have sold at least 100,000 copies. They are much better than a best seller of twenty years ago by a Negro author, now dead. His book sold about that many because the publisher did push it. Needless to say all of this is very discouraging to the authors.

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I THINK ALSO OF another recent book which appeared with much fanfare — all free — in the white and the Negro press. Today, this much acclaimed book stays on the shelves as if it were nailed there. It is mediocre, it's true, but it would have sold were it pushed.

Today's best sellers are usually made, not born. They owe their success mostly to high pressure advertising. As real literature they don't amount to much. I say this as one who has read omnivorously for more than half a century. The printed matter I have read, from that of the great masters to the hacks, if piled might reach to the stratosphere.

I may be wrong but I think I ought to know a good book by now.

YES, MONEY, not merit, makes many a best seller. I'm thinking of one that recently headed the list. The best I could do with it was to skim through and pick out the good spots, some of which were very good. But the book itself is so confused, so rambling, such a jumble of piffle, that so far I haven't met anyone who will read it. Yet it won a huge prize for the movies. When it does appear the most of it will be just the title. The author is white and so is the subject.

Another reason why some books on the Negro don't sell is that they are got out as a favor to the author or some influential friend of his. One such recent book is a flop of flops and deservedly so. It got very wide free publicity in the Negro and the white press and is even mentioned as Negro literature (?) in the Britannica Book of the Year. It went almost straight into "remainder," where it sticks. It's so poor dealers and agents can't sell it. The author is a Negro. I purposely avoid calling names.

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BOOKS ON THE Negro by white authors fare no better. I'm still thinking of the Negro market, which, in my experience, is still the best for such books. For years I took my books over the country and while I did very well with Negro audiences I rarely sold anything to white ones. Some very good books have been written by white authors and deserve a better fate.

Most of these, however, really do not come to grips with the question either from fear of their readers or their publishers. Sinclair Lewis in "Kingsblood Royal" did invade a tabooed field, that of the Negro strain in the whites, and wrote a merited best seller. But I think he was able to get away with it only because of his great literary prestige. Negro readers are looking for what is not supposed to be said.

EVEN SOCIOLOGICAL works, which as a rule do not sell as well as fiction and lighter nonfiction, would do very much better if they were pushed. How else can people know about them? In fairness to the author no publisher should take a work unless he is prepared to spend money to make it go.

I am eager to see more and more of the rich material in the race question brought out. My reason is selfish. I still love to sink my teeth in a good book, fiction or non-fiction. Next week I shall tell what I think could be done.

Rickey Writes Introduction To Robinson's Autobiography

NEW YORK — Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, has just written an introduction to "Jackie Robinson — My Own Story," which will be published on April 19.

Jackie's story, told to Wendell Smith, sportswriter, contains 48 full-page pictures covering Jackie's life from the time he was in knee-britches, to football hero at UCLA, in the Army, playing baseball with Montreal, and finally as the Dodgers' first baseman and a star in the last World Series.

The story itself centers around Jackie Robinson's struggle to succeed as the first Negro player in big league baseball and how he was by no means universal. In Pennsylvania this entity was known as the People's Party, while in other communities "Union" was the word commonly used to express the new uprising.

Abraham Lincoln was thus not the nominee of a cohesive, well-knit organization, but of all the forces opposing, more or less, the disruption of the nation. Opposition to slavery extension was one of the planks on which he sailed to victory, but only one—there were others, such as a Pacific Railroad, free Western lands, and —chiefly to keep Pennsylvania faithful—a protective tariff. It was on such a conglomeration that Lincoln achieved the Presidency, not so much a tribute to his own unsuspected qualities as to the differences among his opponents.

A. Lincoln's More Perfect Union

LINCOLN AND THE WAR GOVERNORS. By William B. Hasseltine. 400 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

THIS book would not have pleased Thomas Jefferson, Alexander H. Stephens, or Jefferson Davis, for it really pictures the end of their conception of the United States as a loose federation of sovereign states and the rise, in its place, of a unified nation. The question, of course, had been a matter of constant disputation since 1789, but it really received its final answer in the Civil War.

In 1861 a very divided Federal Government began a four-year debate. The Republican party, which had been entrusted with leadership, was very unsure of itself. The only connecting link between the groups that entered the campaign of 1860 was their opposition to the extension of slavery. The so-called new party did not even have a name that was generally accepted. Though most states had settled on "Republican" as the term properly describing the new force, this

THE all-powerful forces in the new Administration, as organized on March 5, 1861, were the Governors of the states—such men as Buckingham of Connecticut, Andrew of Massachusetts, Yates of Illinois, Curtin of Pennsylvania, Kirkwood of Iowa, and Morton of Indiana, who really, for the first year, exercised a far greater influence in organizing armies and directing military operations than the Administration. These men regarded themselves as the Republican party, looked upon the management of the war as their particular concern, and, for a time, were able to make good this pretension.

The gradual change in the situation is the theme of this book. In other words, the creation of a nation in the place of the dissident warring states is the task Professor Hasseltine has set himself to describe. This change was the result of the greater ability, in framing policy and manipulating men, of a single individual. From this point of view, Professor Hasseltine's work is a greater tribute to Abraham Lincoln than many of the more impassioned biographies that have appeared in recent years.

The nation, when this obscure "prairie statesman" took charge in 1861, was a conglomeration of discordant states, each insisting on its own individuality and usually working at cross-purposes. In two or three years it had become a well-organized union—something resembling the much more tightly knit structure that we know today.

HEREIN lies the real significance of the Gettysburg Address. Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania had planned that celebration as a glorification of the part the states had played in the war. The important figures in the ceremony were the states, whose flags occupied conspicuous positions and whose Governors were on hand to celebrate their deeds. Although the Governors had expected the occasion to redound to the prestige of the states, Abraham Lincoln rose at Gettysburg to talk of the nation.

He failed to mention that, four score and seven years before, the fathers had brought forth thirteen independent states. He talked of the nation, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," and of the high resolve "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."

In 1860 the so-called Republican party had been a loose federation of several state parties; by 1864 it had become a strong central organization, holding control over the war power of the states, with a national banking system centralized in Washington, Government subsidized railroads, a national Army working successfully to national ends, and a protective tariff growing stronger every day. The Governors of the states, who, at the beginning of hostilities, had overshadowed the central power, had been reduced to mere recruiting agencies of the Federal Government.

That the Republican party platform, in 1860, solemnly declared that the "rights of the states must and shall be preserved" and denounced "as among the gravest of crimes" "the lawless invasion by armed forces of the soil of any state or territory," is something that the present generation has forgotten. Yet the transition from this point of view to the modern conception is the greatest contribution of the Civil War to constitutional government.

Professor Hasseltine also does well in emphasizing a point about Lincoln that is too frequently overlooked. It was his intellect, not his emotions, that produced the change. He was vastly superior, on the mental side, to any of the warring Governors or to all of them combined. He saw the future of his country with a clearness that was denied them. This book is an unsentimental survey of Lincoln's work—some may find it, in places, a little dull. It views the man almost coldly, with chief emphasis on his great accomplishment. It is, therefore, something of a welcome change from the sheaf of Lincoln books forthcoming every year, which deal too sufficiently with the man's emotional qualities and have little to say about his great mind. Lincoln's work in transforming inharmonious states into a solidified union is not so frequently set forth.

Struggle of White and Black in South Africa

"The Bantu are rising. . . . The future of South Africa lies in recognition of this (the black man's) strength and its guidance . . . The two races must live side by side . . . more justice, more contentment, less inferiority, less fear on the part of the Bantu who darkly, but nevertheless realistically believes Africa is his heritage."

This is a startling group of sentences, isn't it? You have been reading in various columnists' reports recently that there is increasing unrest among natives of Africa, but somehow or other you have felt, no doubt, that was more or less wishful thinking.

But when an imminent white writer, lecturer, university instructor makes such a statement after living almost a year in the Union of South Africa—well, it's nothing short of spine-chilling.

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RODERIC PEATTIE in his "Struggle on the Vel" (The Vanguard Press, New York, $3.50) gives us some of the most interesting, revealing and fairly analyzed and presented data on the political, economic and native status quo, in the Union of South Africa.

His analyses reveal his great fairness, and are most heartening. The natives' condition is deplorable, for they are taxed beyond reason, restrained more like animals than men, robbed of land, home, opportunity, until one wonders that he has been docile as long as he has.

* * *

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, by Benjamin Quarles. Published by the Associated Publishers; 378 pages, $4.

"Frederick Douglass" is the biography of a Negro reformer of the nineteenth century by a Negro historian of the twentieth century. Originally written as a doctoral dissertation at the University of Wisconsin under the direction of Dr. William B. Hesseltine, the work is loaded with facts and well documented. The sources selected, however, seem to be largely from the writings of admirers of Douglass. Throughout the book Douglass is presented as a platform lecturer of extraordinary ability who used his talents to fight the institution of Negro slavery, the political inequalities of Negroes, and the practice of segregation, together with some of the other evils dear to the hearts of the reformers of his era—notably intemperance. A sidelight developed in the telling is the highly anti-religious character of abolitionism. In spite of some overtures toward a critical approach, the author ends up lionizing Douglass and exalting his work. Even his best effort, however, fails to prevent the book from becoming a chronicle of frequent public appearances as similar as those of a sound truck evangelist. The book has real reference value but it is not recommended for its readability.
—WILLIAM PRATT DALE, II.

THE INVISIBLE ISLAND. *By Irwin Stark. 377 pages. Viking. $3.* A rather feverish though perceptive novel tracing the growth of social awareness in a liberal-minded young New Yorker during the '30s and early years of the war. The hero is a young white school teacher (4-F in the war) who gives up his soft spot in a Long Island school to take a post in Harlem. Most of the novel is given over to his experiences with the race problem, but the author also bites fairly deeply into other facets of the problem by means of flashbacks into the hero's youthful dip into the radical movement of the '30s. A full-blown romance helps keep things going.

"World Minority Problems" by James Lerburn, Public Affairs Committee, 22 East 38th St., New York 16, 1947, 20 cents.

Mississippi Life —With Perspective

Many of the recent novels written about the South and the problems which face the Negroes of the South have lacked perspective and depth. They have catered to

THE NOVEL is about a Negro, who becomes the Temp of unfortunate circumstances when Turkey Littlepage, a state-wide search for Temp whom Ashby Pelham, a white friend, shields from a desperate mob. The author has surrounded Temp's misfortune with a small Mississippi political, economic and social accuses him of an unimportant incident. To the sheriff and conditions of Mississippi, using a cracker in the town the number of characters to dramatize writing from persons directly affected by the social and economic problems which confronts the South. It is important enough to the reader's emotions rather than the other characters to dramatize the incident is

these conditions.

One finds a truly profound novel, skillfully and extremely well-written in this 1943 Julius Rosenwald Fellowship.

VIRGINIA ANDERSON COLEMAN

Borderline

HARLEM STORY.

By John Hewlett. . . 242 pp. . . . New York: Prentice-Hall. . . . $2.50.

"HARLEM STORY" is a novel of elaborate pageantry and symbolism, hung on a thin thread of plot. It is about Flutie, a girl with white skin and blond hair, who has a little Negro blood. She passes into the white community reluctantly, because there is no place for her blondness in Harlem or in her Georgia home town. Falling in love with a white man, Flutie becomes desperately afraid that she will give herself away, or later, that the child she is carrying will be colored. The whole story is told in flashbacks while Flutie waits in her hospital bed to see her newborn baby. Mr. Hewlett's pageant of black and white includes an all-white house where a Negro madame, brandishing a razor which she tests frequently on the Bible, keeps white girls for her Negro customers. And there is its counterpart, the all-black house where colored girls cater to white men. Mr. Hewlett also takes the reader to the Deep Fat Chicken Coop, an expensive Negro restaurant where tempers are explosive and razors lie waiting in every pocket. The author obviously intends to depict Harlem, the real subject of his book, as warm, gaudy, vigorous and tragic. He succeeds, however, by gross overdramatizing and overwriting, only in sounding a little preposterous, local politics. This is hardly a disservice to a land which has tended too much to regard political activity as one of the spectator sports.

Poem Anthology Off The Press

NEW YORK—(ANP)—Publication of "Ebony Rhythm," a new anthology of Negro poetry edited by Beatrice Murphy, was announced this week by the Exposition Press located here in New York.

The new volume contains the work of some 100 poets including Langston Hughes, Georgia Douglass Johnson, Lucia Mae Pitts, Alpheus Butler, Frank Marshall Davis, Marcus B. Christian, Dr. Binga Dismond, Iola M. Brister, Ruby Berkley Goodwin, Samuel A. Haynes, Gertrude Parthenia McBrown, J. Farley Ragland, Riccardo Weeks and many others.

'New Congo' Tells Of Dramatic Land

THE NEW CONGO, by Tom Marvel. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5.

Reviewed by W. R. HERSTEIN, Memphis.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, I presume?"

Almost everyone is familiar with the prosaic, unemotional phrase with which the great missionary-explorer Livingstone, lost in the bush for five years, was greeted by the young American newspaper reporter sent out to find him; but few realize the historic consequences which resulted from this meeting. It started Stanley himself upon his career as an explorer and opened up to the world one of the richest areas on earth.

Livingstone died shortly after his encounter with Stanley, but the latter took up Livingstone's work and followed it to a successful conclusion. Livingstone had located a northerly flowing river, an outlet of Lake Tanganyika, which he believed to be the source of the Nile. Stanley, believing the same, continued down the river until it crossed the equator and turned westward, when he began to conjecture that it might really be the Congo, which, indeed, it was.

Title By Intrigue

Of the maze of international intrigues by which Belgium gained title to the colony, one must read Mr. Marvel's book to learn. In an area one-third that of the United States, the Belgian Congo affords almost every natural product we have here, as well as all the products of the tropics. Corn, wheat, cotton, rice, oranges, bananas, papayas, mangoes grow profusely. Copper, iron, manganese, industrial and gem diamonds, coal, tin, all exist and are mined in great quantities.

Mr. Marvel starts down the river from Tanganyika, as did Stanley. A mountain torrent in the beginning, it flows 3000 miles to the Atlantic, gathering to its bosom the waters of innumerable affluents and crossing the equator twice. At certain places, rapids are encountered, requiring the building of railroads to bypass them. Elsewhere, the broad and deep waterway may be navigated for hundreds of miles continuously by steamboats of the "Mississippi" type. A queer feature of the Congo is that its water level remains nearly constant throughout the year, because when the dry season occurs in the Southern Hemisphere, it is the rainy season north of the equator; consequently part of its tribuatories are in "low water" while the others are overflowing and vice versa. Floods in the Congo itself, therefore, almost never occur.

To Sea And Return

When Mr. Marvel has reached the sea, he turns around and takes us back to the river's source, describing, on the return trip, the countryside, the cities and the people. Thus we learn the location of such legendary places as Leopoldville, Brazzaville, Stanley Pool, Livingstone Falls and Elizabethville; and that the colony is not all bush and desert, but that it is covered with farms, orchards, game preserves, mills, mines and factories; and is, in fact, very much like America.

To Mr. Marvel, long familiar with the region, "The New Congo" might seem an apt title for his book, but to the stranger, a better title might be "The Amazing Congo."

Book Note

The Autobiography of An Ex-Colored Man, by James Weldon Johnson, well-known poet, statesman and first field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is published by The New American Library as a 35-cent Mentor. Dr. Charles S. Johnson, president of Fisk University, has contributed a new introduction for this reprint edition of the book.

MacMillan announces Hope biography

NEW YORK — The late John Hope, who was president of Atlanta university, is the subject of a biography "The Story of John Hope," by Ridgely Torrence published today by The MacMillan Company.

"No one saw the Negro and his history more clearly than John Hope, and no one could present the Negro's case with greater truth ad persuasiveness. He won the admiration of both colored and white southerners. Increasingly sought by the nation's councils, he became an influential factor in numerous interracial meetings here and in Europe," says Torrence. When Atlanta and Morehouse colleges merged in 1929, Hope was chosen president, a post he held until his death in 1936.

White, Torrence, author of "Plays for a Negro Theatre," is a native of Xenia, Ohio, a town sometimes described as more southern than any one place in the South.

Torrence was awarded the Shelly Memorial Prize in 1941 for his "Poems." He received the $5,000 Fellowship of the Academy of American Poets in 1947. He edited the "Selected Letters" of his friend the late Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan 1940.)

His "Plays for a Negro Theatre," published in 1917 and produced in that year in collaboration with Robert Edmond Jones were the first serious plays to be written about the Negro and the first to be acted by a Negro cast.

YERBY NOVEL

Historical

THE GOLDEN HAWK, by Frank Yerby; Dial; $3.

A man and a maid, or an ex-maid, and a brigantine meet and part and part and meet, with occasional love matches, pistol matches, hangings, torturings, assaults, rebellions and so on, until "slowly, wordlessly, he drew her into his arms," in the last sentence. The time is the end of the seventeenth century; the place, the Caribbean. If you like historical novels, this is as fast moving, violent, romantic and improbable as most.—W. G. Rogers.

ABOUT SOUTHERN SPEECH

SOME SOURCES OF SOUTHERNISMS, by M. M. Mathews. Published by the University of Alabama Press; 154 pages, $2.50.

The most recent publication of the University of Alabama Press is a reminder of the special kind of service rendered by a university press, whose purpose is not primarily mere entertainment or financial profit, but the dissemination of knowledge at low cost. The choice of Dr. Mathews' scholarly essay for an impressive three-year performance, (it is an expansion of the Darcy Lectures delivered at Alabama College in April, 1944) and the physical appearance of the book itself—the attractive binding and format, the readable type—reflect the wisdom and good taste of the University of Alabama Press committee.

A native Alabamian, who now heads the dictionary department of the University of Chicago Press, Dr. Mathews is editor of the forthcoming "Dictionary of Americanisms." "Some Sources of Southernisms" explores the South's contribution to the vocabulary wealth of American English; the discussion is constantly enriched by the author's belief that a study of language is inseparable from a study of history, ethnology and anthropology. The essay focuses on words taken from the Nahuatl (Mexican Indian) language, the Muskhogean (principally the Muskogee or Creek, the Choctaw and the Chickasaw) language and the African languages brought to the South by Negro slaves.

The reader learns, among other things, that the word "shack" had its origin in the Aztec name (recorded by the Spaniards as "xacalli") for a house of mud or sun-dried brick; that "Tombigbee" signifies in the Choctaw language "the place where coffins are made"; that "Sylacauga" means "buzzard roost"; that "tote" in the sense of "to carry" is an Africanism brought to this country early in the 17th century. Following William A. Read, the author attacks the old theory that the name "Alabama" originated in an Indian word meaning "Here we rest"; he points out that the Choctaw name given to the Alabama Indians means nothing more romantic than "thicket clearers" or "vegetable raisers."

An occasional loosely handled term is perhaps inevitable in a book built upon public lectures. One wonders, for example, just how "dialect" is to be defined in the first chapter when the author mentions Indian dialects that were not mutually intelligible. Yet for the most part Dr. Mathews manages quite successfully to treat his materials in a "popular" fashion without sacrificing a scholar's preciseness. He is at his learned best when he touches on such topics as the "melodiousness" of words. ("Whether a word is melodious or not depends upon many things, but chiefly upon the taste of the one who is doing the judging.") The book includes a useful section of notes and an especially valuable index of words, with pronunciations indicated in the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association.

"Some Sources of Southernisms" is almost an anniversary item from the University of Alabama Press: the Press was formally founded Sept. 1, 1945, with Prof. J. B. McMillan, chairman of the Press committee, as director. During the past three years the Press has issued more than 20 books, including a few texts for local use which were not available from general publishers. Prof. Robert M. Wallace, another member of the committee, has been serving as acting director of the Spring and Summer quarters of 1948, while Prof. McMillan is on leave of absence at the University of Chicago. Another title of special interest to Alabama readers, Weymouth Jordan's "Hugh Davis and His Alabama Plantation," is announced for publication in August or September.

This would seem a proper time to offer congratulations to the Press, to commend it for an impressive three-year performance, and to wish it a prosperous future.—HOWARD CREED.

Daily Worker

A Lynching Dissected In 'South Wind Blows'

New York

Thurs. 6-24-48

By David Carpenter

SOUTH WIND BLOWS is the story of a lynching in a Mississippi town. But Clark Porteous, its author, a native Southerner, is not so much concerned with the lynching itself as with its perpetrators and the reaction of the town itself to the crime. Therefore, Porteous, who is himself a Memphis newspaperman, gives the reader the portraits of the people involved in the form of a series of interviews by a reporter who is "covering" the lynching for his paper. 6-24-48

SOUTH WIND BLOWS, by Clark Porteous. 192 pp. Wyn. New York. $2.50.

A drunken white landlord is killed by his Negro tenant in a fight after the landlord has blatantly flaunted his sexual assaults on the tenant's wife. The tenant escapes to Tennessee, but is brought back by a posse, lodged in the local jail, from which he is taken by a mob and lynched.

In 19 chapters Porteous explains the motivation of the lynchers, the cowardice of those who opposed the lynching and the feelings of the families of the victim and the slain landlord.

* * *

PORTEOUS MAKES CLEAR the economic, political and social oppression of the Negro people, the degrading effects of this oppression upon the whites, who, in the main, do not profit from this oppression. He writes indignantly of the conditions of the Negro people and points out some of the solutions that would end the blight of Jim-crow and bring about unity of the Negro and white people in the South. 6-24-48

But technically, Porteous' novel falls short of the great purpose to which the author so obviously set himself. The characters do not come to life in the short interviews with the reporter. They become vehicles for transmitting Porteous' views to the readers—and only that.

Despite this, the book is worth reading for the insight it gives into some of the conditions in the South and for its view of the thinking of many southerners who do not agree with the white supremacy ideology of a minority ruling class.

Winston Churchill's The Gathering Storm, published Monday, will be reviewed on the back page of the June 27 weekend Worker.

By Sterling North

THE NEW CONGO. By Tom Marvel. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 395 pp. $5.

ASK the average American what he knows about the Belgian Congo. He will probably recall Stanley's heroic hunt for Dr. Livingstone, King Leopold's mistreatment of Congolese laborers and perhaps a few lines from Vachel Lindsay's throbbing chant: Washington

Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black
Cutting through the jungle with a golden track.
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom!

Sun. 7-4-48

But how many could tell you of the modern Congo's sanitary cities, hydroelectric stations, colleges which are awarding degrees to sons of tattooed cannibals, mechanized mines, model villages—in short, "Darkest Africa's" immense social, economic and cultural advancement?

MARVEL

I first ran across a hint of this miracle in the United Nations "Economic Report, 1945-47," published at Lake Success in January: 7-4-48

"The Belgian Congo (with Ruanda-Urundi) is the outstanding example of economic expansion and structural change based on the contribution of mineral, nonferrous metal and agricultural products to the war effort." The report goes on to tell of the astonishing strides the Congo has made in producing tin, cobalt, tungsten, zinc and uranium, and could have added silk, cotton, palm oil, timber, rubber and a dozen other raw materials."

What is happening in Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" along the fabulous, forbidding stream, "From the Mouth of the Congo to the Mountain of the Moon"? Obviouly a little-heralded social and economic revolution.

It is perhaps true that Tom Marvel, particularly in the opening chapters of this book, is too thoroughly the Congo partisan, playing down insects, disease, humid heat and low standard of living lest it mar his almost lyrical picture of a potentially great country as large as the United States east of the Mississippi.

This enthusiasm seeks to vindicate partially the tyranny of Leopold's greedy reign over his helpless black subjects in the light of the exigencies of colonial expansion. 7-4-48

But Marvel proves to be no Chamber of Commerce sunshine salesman as the book progresses. The reader soon realizes that the author is a brilliant reporter and a keen critic with an informed social conscience.

Belgium is discovering that it can get better cooperation from the natives and actually make more money by laying out spacious towns with sanitary concrete houses, yards, fruit trees, public bath houses, schools, theaters and even art museums. Pay is still low, but health service is improving and social security measures are being instituted by all the big industrial combines.

Marvel admits that the Congo needs more doctors. He is not satisfied with the educational opportunities, particularly for native women. He realizes that present farming methods are endangering through "sunshine erosion" the soil of the supposedly fertile Congo basin, and he fears for the magnificent forests and wildlife despite the great protected "parks" and the intelligent work of the conservationists of the Congo. 7-4-48

Furthermore, he would like to see a more rapid acceptance of the "evolue"—the educated, talented black who is mastering dozens of crafts, clerical work and even a few of the professions. From this class will eventually arise the native leaders who will supplant in large part the ruling white class which is a tiny fraction of the population.

The Southern Viewpoint

Columbia Record

"There are no books inside, for books,
I am afraid, might spoil its looks . . ."

John Temple Graves

New York publishers, it seems, have no place for books that undertake the point of view held by some millions of people in the southern states. It may be that some of these people are benighted, but some are not. Some are highly educated, possessed of intelligences, sensibilities, spiritual gentilities challenging any on earth. Most of these millions of southern Americans are feeling the same way now about the undertaking to force revolutional changes in their social pattern. But New York publishers deem the whole of them too illiterate, it seems, to be entitled to their point of view between covers.

Columbia, S.C.

A book that has been a handbook of the "civil disturbances" revolt in Mississippi (and the South) is "Whither Solid South?" by Charles Wallace Collins. Although Mr. Collins is a recognized national authority on constitutional law, public finance and banking, author of several important pieces of national legislation and of four books, he could find no Northern firm willing to publish his exposition of the southern case. The New York firm which had published three other books of his refused this one "on the grounds of policy." Another widely known publisher there refused it with the simple statement that they "couldn't handle it." Still another kept it seven weeks and returned it with a polite letter, but inadvertently included an interoffice communication, as follows: "This book by a Southerner is well organized, well written and well documented, but it is more dangerous than lynching and the Ku Klux Klan because he has cloaked the Southern prejudice with a show of reason."

Ltr 3-6-48

If a man cloaks "prejudice" with reason, and documentary evidence, you wonder how a publisher can be sure it is prejudice.

Finally, on suggestion of a friend in Birmingham, William M. Spencer, Jr., Mr. Collins offered the book to the Pelican Publishing company in New Orleans. That firm accepted eagerly. Today Mr. Collins, who lives in Anacostia, Md., although a native Alabamian, is swamped with fan mail and the New Orleans publisher is equally swamped with orders for the book. Mr. Collins thinks the "Southern Revolt" should include one for more southern publishing houses "able to buy manuscripts and to organize funds to encourage and reward authors and book clubs to guarantee circulation." 3-6-48

A national figure, Charles Wallace Collins had no idea of writing a book about the southern problem until he became convinced that "war measures would be used to abolish segregation in the South." "Somewhere in your writings," he tells me, "I believe it was in your 'The Fighting South,' you said there is a centripetal force which, when the South is in danger, draws her son back to her side wherever they may be. I think that such a force caused me to write 'Whither Solid South?' . . . Your book was written before Gunnar Mydral, mine afterwards. In the interval (it has come about) in the realm of publication, distribution and review of books that the northern mind is now poisoned against the South."

For many years, Editor W. W. Ball, of The Charleston News and Courier, has been saying that these states must have magazine and book publishing houses of their own if they are to have their point of view expressed or be spared distortions and misinterpretations that make for constant division between North and South. He is more than vindicated in the case of Mr. Collins' book.

3-6-48

Personally, I am far from agreeing with or approving everything in Mr. Collins' book. But I recognize it as the book of a talented gentleman expressing a literate and legitimate point of view held by millions of good Americans.

Books—Authors

Harper will bring out Tuesday "Witnesses for Freedom: Negro Americans in Autobiography," by Rebecca Chalmers Barton, a study of the life stories of twenty-three Negro Americans. On June 23, the concern will bring out a condensed edition of the two-volume work, "An American Dilemma," by Gunnar Myrdal, under the title "The Negro in America."

New York Times 6-14-48

Two other books about Negroes are scheduled by two concerns for Wednesday publication. They are "The Negro Ghetto," by Robert C. Weaver, to be published by Harcourt, Brace, and a revised edition of "The Negro Family in the United States," by E. Franklin Frazier, coming from The Citadel Press. Mr. Weaver's book is an account of the rise, development and consequences of enforced residential segregation in the North. Mr. Frazier's book, originally published by the University of Chicago Press in 1939, deals with Negro life from Colonial times to the present.

Edwin B. Henderson, Washington educator and author of "The Negro in Sports" calls attention to fact America's hopes in the current Olympics rest to a large degree on colored athletes.

Commenting on Washington he points out that the Nation's Capital does little to foster sports democracy.—"Although the A.A.U. did let down the bars in boxing and track it still prevents the weight lifters, of whom the best in the world is John Davis, from entering local trials. The champion marble shooter in the nation was this year a colored lad, yet the Police Boys' Clubs won't permit even these lads under 12 to meet here. Nor does a Boys Club here admit one colored to its activities. Clark Griffith (National-baseball) and George Marshall (Redskins-football) will hire Indians and colored Cubans but not an American athlete of color."

Personal Impressions

By LEON W. STEWARD

A NEGRO WHO's WHO FOR CALIFORNIA

Yes, we have seen a copy of the long awaited volumn, "Negro Who's Who in California 1948 edition." It was just what we were led to believe it would be by a friend of many years' standing, Commodore A. Wynn, who described his plan, purpose and objectives over a year ago.

It was Lorenzo Bowdoin, treasurer of the publishing group who called to our attention that there are such books on almost every national racial and civic group in the libraries, in the tate and none on the very little known Negro. This reminds us hat many well-meaning people of other races know the names of very few Negroes in any city. And they seldom know very much about the backgrounds of the Negroes they know. In cities where we have done YMCA work, it was always called to our attention almost before we were hired that one of our functions was to be in a position to identify Negro leaders for the metropolis. For such reasons as these, we were glad to learn of the plan to publish a nice enough book to be put in various strategic places in the state.

Another reason why we favor this Who's Who is because we believe every Negro home should have some authoritations book in it, especially if there are children. A few years ago, we were talking with several high school boys about their future in Los Angeles. We were amazed to find them so completely unaware of any reputable men and women of their race in Los Angeles. And in discussing local businesses in this city they appeared unaware of such an enterprise as the Golden State Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Such a book in a home will not inform youngsters of the presence of Negro enterprise, but will tell the story of just what struggle there was in the life of such a man as L. G. Robinson, for example, and many others. It's much better that they know what this book has to say about their leaders before their families give them a mighty small idea of these same leaders around home.

JACKIE ROBINSON

MY OWN STORY

Foreword by BRANCH RICKEY

is the baseball book of the year!

Read the story of Jackie's amazing career: football hero at U.C.L.A., his rookie days with Montreal, his big chance with the Brooklyn Dodgers and how he felt playing in the World Series. Packed with 48 full-page pictures of Jackie from youngster to first great Negro star in the big leagues.

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GREENBERG: PUBLISHER • 201 EAST 57 ST., NEW YORK 22

"Balance of Power"

"Balance of Power," a recently issued book which deals with the participation of the American Negro in the political affairs of the nation is probably worth the $4.00 per copy charged for it but only because of the inflationary times through which we are passing, when the public is scandalously overcharged for everything it buys.

Any person who has in his head a general knowledge of what Negroes have done in politics and on hand statistics dealing with the Negro population of voting age in the various states and a reasonably good assortment of books on Negro history need not pay $4.00 for Mr. Moon's "Balance of Power."

The book, as might be expected, follows very faithfully the Walter White "party line." Moon, the author, happens to be on the staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and very likely by appointment of Walter White the Secretary. For that reason it is natural that the political vagaries of Walter White, whose slavish devotion to Messrs. Roosevelt and Truman robbed the NAACP of all pretense of independence in politics, should be prominently played up in the closing sections of the book. The book glorifies the men in political life whom Walter White admires and smears those whom White dislikes. One finds it difficult to believe that the book has any other purpose than to show colored voters that the Hon. Harry S. Truman, largely because he "spoke out" in favor of Civil Rights, is the man colored voters ought to support for president this year. Gov. Dewey who has done more for Civil Rights than any man prominently mention for the presidency, does not enjoy the acclaim in the new book that Mr. Truman gets.

It is to be hoped that none of the funds that members pay into the NAACP went into the publication of "Balance of Power" which seems not destined to have a very large sale. It is plain that the data compiled by the NAACP down through the years furnish about all of the facts in the new book. These data probably were compiled while Mr. Moon was working on NAACP time. This ought to be enough of a contribution to Mr. Moon by the NAACP.

VINE OF GLORY, By Mary Jackson King (Bobbs-Merrill).

LET me introduce you to a crackerjack piece of writing, a first novel that stands in a class by itself: Miss King's "Vine of Glory."

Here is something that outstrips "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Eagle at My Eyes" without half trying. It was not dashed off like mad nor slapped together like a prefabricated house. It was written. It is not a shallow peck at the surface of the vice of human intolerance and race hatred. It is a subterranean blast.

Here is the plot on a pinhead: Lavinia is hopelessly handicapped as the daughter of a small town toper. Her earliest memories are the cruelties that her playmates heaped upon her after the inimitable fashion of children. Her mother, with fine complacency, fits well into a martyr's role. Lavinia becomes the breadwinner. But as she grows, her eyes open. She perceives that prejudice is not reserved for herself alone but is everywhere. In a sinister way, she finds it in the relations between whites and Negroes, and in resolving to do something about it, she gives purpose to her life. Alas! It becomes but a one-woman fight against almost insuperable odds. Nasty, malicious gossip, in the end, misinterprets the actions of a Negro friend and brings a horrifying climax as Judge Lynch takes over.

Using no tricks, artifices or aught but the commoner tools of the writer's craft, Miss King achieves a sensation without being sensational.

This is literary news.

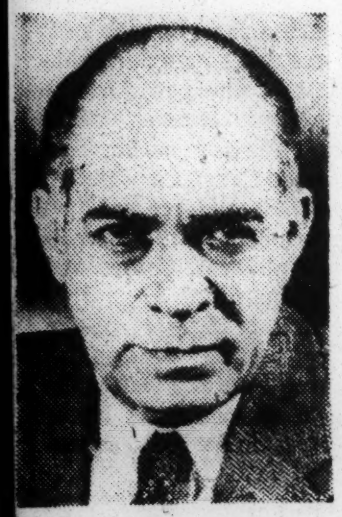
The Negro in America — After exhaustive study, Roi Ottley has written a history of the Negro in America entitled "Black Odyssey." It is the story of his race from the day in 1644 when Maryland became the first colony to legalize slavery. Mr. Ottley, author of "New World A-Coming," has gathered his material from personal memories abroad, from personal interviews of ex-slaves, and from the lives of contemporary Negro leaders. It is on Scribner's October list.

Books of the Times

Times, New York N.Y.

By NASH K. BURGER

IT must be a dozen years or so since David Cohn wrote his story of the life, the people and the problems of the Mississippi Delta, "God Shakes Creation." A lot of water has flowed past the Delta since then—and some of it over the Delta when the Mississippi, the Sunflower or the Yazoo was feeling frisky. Mr. Cohn, who grew up down there, has taken a fresh look at his homeland's new look, has written almost as much about the Delta today as he wrote back in the Thirties, and has sent forth his old and new prose in one volume under the title "Where I Was Born and Raised."*



David L. Cohn

Mr. Cohn's method of writing about his region is an agreeable blend of fact and fancy, of anecdote and serious narrative. As handy with a statistic as anyone, he yet knows that a society, a people, is more than the sum of its parts, that a man is more than a digit. His book is filled with illustrative tales and incidents, some of them funny, and many of them more revealing than a ton of questionnaires. His now classic statement that the Mississippi Delta "begins in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis and ends on Catfish Row in Vicksburg" is almost true geographically and 100 per cent true in a higher sense. An outsider, though, would probably have to visit the Delta or read the book to appreciate the full value of Mr. Cohn's remark.

5-13-48

Delta's Population 75 Per Cent Negro

Actually the Delta is that triangular, alluvial plain lying between the Mississippi and Yazoo Rivers and forming the northwest section of the State of Mississippi. It is 150 miles long and 50 miles wide. In a state with a population of 2,000,000, about equally divided between white and Negro, the Delta has some 400,000 inhabitants, of whom three out of four are Negro. In some Delta counties Negroes make up 85 per cent of the population. The Negro came in with the earliest settlers. He cleared the wilderness, drained the swamps, built the roads, the houses, the railroads. Above all, his labor made the Delta the world's greatest cotton-producing region. 5-13-48

The Negro came into the Delta as a slave. Even under slavery, and more rapidly as a freed man, his condition has consistently improved. The advance has been slow, and sometimes made despite opposition by the white minority, but it is undeniable. Mr. Cohn suggests that there are three main points to consider in regard to race relations in the South and the continuing progress of the Negro to full justice and citizenship: there is no cure-all that may be applied to bring an immediate end to the race problem; in the mind of the Southern white the primary problem is sexual, the preservation of the race; it is a disservice to the Negro to proceed as though the two preceding points do not exist. In other words, Mr. Cohn is saying that a head-on attempt to do away with segregation is a mistake. Based fundamentally on a desire to discourage miscegenation, segregation, he feels, will be the last, not the first, aspect of the Southern racial code to give way. To question the dogma of segregation is certainly the surest way to arouse a Southerner's antagonism and distrust. Current events in Mississippi illustrate this very well. Not all Southerners will agree with Mr. Cohn on his somewhat laissez-faire attitude toward segregation, but many do, including such a well-informed, liberal Southerner as Mr. Cohn's fellow-Deltan, Hodding Carter. 5-13-48

Migration Is Changing Conditions

There is, of course, the possibility that the continuing exodus of Negroes from the Delta and the South may change the whole nature of the problem. Mr. Cohn traces the history of the migration, caused, he says, by mechanization of the plantations and the desire of the Negroes to seek better pay in more congenial surroundings. He thinks there may come a time when even in the Delta the Negro will no longer outnumber the white man. This will go far toward solving the racial problems of the Delta, but Mr. Cohn is not certain that it will in itself solve the Negro's problems in this country.

There are few aspects of Southern life as it manifests itself in the Delta on which Mr. Cohn fails to touch. He talks of health and education, of social life and morals, of hoodoo and housing, of labor unions and lynching, of planters, poor whites and politicians, of religion and rape. He ranges backward and forward in time from the days of the early slave ships to a recent dispatch in this newspaper. Perhaps he might have reworked the first half of his book, which, as noted, was written in the Thirties, and brought his statistics and some factual statements up to date, but they are not far out of line even now. And the anecdotes have lost none of their flavor. If some of his conclusions might be questioned "up Nawth," it must be admitted that they were arrived at on the scene, not at long distance.

THE GOODES OF GASTONBURG

WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT, by Viola Goode Liddell. Published by the University of Oklahoma Press; 261 pages, $3.

In all but title, which is at best a weak stroke of salesmanship, "With a Southern Accent" is a worthy Alabama product made up of ingredients from the life—from the Black Belt soil—of Wilcox County. The author, a native of Gastonburg and Camden, is a confessed geophagist, whose book should accordingly be accepted in the North as an authentic picture of the rural South.

In the South, too, in Alabama, even in her own Wilcox County, Mrs. Liddell's book should be acclaimed, for it is indeed a valuable and entertaining account of Alabama culture during the years between 1900 and the New Deal era. Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. Liddell has written the story of her own family, the Goodes of Gastonburg, who have for half a century been a substantial force in Black Belt life. And as one gets acquainted with these Goodes of Gastonburg one is reminded of another large family forever active and independent, the Whiteoaks of Jalna, although the characterization is not so ambitious as in Mazo de la Roche's "Jalna." In Mrs. Liddell's book the dominant character is R. J. Goode, Sr., whose problems as plantation owner and community leader are the main narrative. Some of these problems are the coming of the boll weevil and the death of cotton economy, the great flood—the July freshet"—of 1916, and the birth of a new Goode every year or so. Oct. 5-8-48

This book abounds in light anecdotes and brief stories about the Goodes and their servants and their many friends and visitors. To read it is to get acquainted with the mores of Black Belt culture. The small portraits of community characters, both white and black, add no little to the reader's enjoyment of a genuine picture of Southern life, drawn with affection and a sense of truth.

Edited by
Cecil E. Abernethy

As writer and observer Mrs. Liddell appears to be a person of considerable wisdom; her observations upon what happened to her, to her father and to the other Goodes during these transition years are both wise and robust, free of prejudice and false Southern pride. Her prose style is a natural blend of two important talents: the ability to make entertaining deductions from the facts of everyday life, which is the talent of the essayist, and the ability to show human zest in telling an anecdote or story, which is the talent of the fiction writer. Birmingham Ala

With this book Viola Goode Liddell appears among the many Alabama writers as one who has understood the life of her own time and has proved her ability to portray it in robust prose. Lightly Mrs. Liddell reported her geophagous love of Alabama clay during childhood; seriously one might suggest that other Alabama writers emulate her by tasting of the same dirt before they break into print. —RICHEBOURG G. McWILLIAMS. 5-8-48

LIBERIA, by C. M. Wilson. Published by William Sloane Associates, 217 pages, $3.75.

The only African republic with its century-old motto, "The love of liberty brought us here," fronts the Atlantic from the underpart of the huge bulge of West Africa. Average elevation is low, rainfall heavy, temperatures not excessively high; vegetation the rain forest. The constitution, patterned after ours, limits suffrage and property ownership to "persons of African descent." Mentionable are the numerous tribes and languages, the palavers or legislative sessions, the dash or gift for the visitor, the daily baths, the haunting drums, and the hunting to obtain the meager meat supply. Firestone established rubber plantations without molesting tribal life and customs, and during the war supplied 45,000,000 pounds of rubber annually at U. S. set prices of about 26 cents per pound. Diseases include sleeping sickness, fatal to animals and to so many natives; malaria, pneumonia and tuberculosis. Liberia needs teachers and doctors, and particularly research in tropical medicine. This is truly a story of living democracy in severe trial.—WILLIAM A. HILL. Birmingham, Ala 1-31-48

"Zulu Woman," by Rebecca Hourwich Reyher, to be published by Columbia University Press on April 30, is an account of Christina, first of approximately sixty-five wives of King Solomon of the Zulus, who was the first of her people to ask a divorce trial and receive her freedom.

W. G. ROGERS SAYS:

Capote's 'Other Voices' Remarkable First Novel

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS, by Truman Capote; Random House; 231 pp. $2.75

Joel Knox, whose divorced mother has died in New Orleans, is invited up into the country, a day's lonely journey away, to live with his father, and with Cousin Randolph, and Amy, and two Negro servants, Jesus Fever and his granddaughter, Zoo.

Joel is 13, "too pretty, too delicate and fair-skinned," says thean upstairs room. truck driver who gives the boy a lift. But he's quite a boy just the same. He isn't afraid when Miss Amy swings the poker at the blue-jay, or when the tennis ball rolls into the parlor, or when he first glimpses his invalid father's "teary eyes" in Randolph's mirror, or squeezes until his ring bruises the even when the white, simpering

Zoo, who has been his own age. only a few years older; married, is a tough Idabel, a bit younger, is through the swamp at kid, races never mind the mocnight and never casins, pesters in swimming though takes Joel in s no bathing suits, tells they have tall stories him dirty stories

Joel stands af the ways, as Ca vividly to life for us. Wisteria, the circus with Miss whom boys grow too dwarf, for whom tall too soon, or with the mysterious person beckoning from the window.

The direction mentous decision character formec our eyes in this novel. Capote d questions of go probes human shows us with v evitability the shaped.

But Joel makes friends nearer

Books of the Times

The Times Sun. 2-1-48

New York, N. Y.

By CHARLES POORE

ALL novels are stories of conflict in varying degrees. This is natural enough, since the clashing of wills and issues is the life of the novel. No United Nations compact could ever change that. The conflict may take the form of pageantried battles in historical novels and grimmer engagements in more recent wars. It may take the form of family rivalries and the competing interests of different generations. It may be about such durable themes as marriage versus a career, political differences, and so forth. And it may be the conflicts bred of religious and racial issues.

Peter Abrahams

In this last field there has been a notable development and expansion within the last few years. It is not, of course, a brand-new trend—but, then, what trends are or can be proved absolutely new? As one man said, "Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms." And as another one said, "Whenever I get a particularly original idea I go to the Greek Anthology to see who expressed it best." Or words to that effect.

At any rate, the recent flow of novels on racial and religious issues by such writers as Sinclair Lewis, Laura Z. Hobson, Worth Tuttle Hedden, Meyer Levin, Saul Bellow and others has stirred up lively controversy and drawn attention to vital issues. Novels such as these are not always as well written as they might be. Indeed, they sometimes seem to depend more on the vitality of their subject-matter than on the vitality of their styles.

But they do make people sit up and take notice and discuss things that are worth discussing. And only the gloomiest pessimist would believe that they do not in their various ways do something to combat man's self-destroying inhumanity to man.

Of Racial Tensions in South Africa

The Times

A new novel in this field that should arouse a measure of controversy is "The Path of Thunder,"* by Peter Abrahams. This is a somber and deeply felt story of the racial tensions and rivalries of people in South Africa. It tells a tragic story of the doomed love between a colored man and a white woman, and it ends up as melodramatically as "Kingsblood Royal."

That is probably the only way it could end, but it gives the story an air of patness that it fortunately does not have on many another page. True, Mr. Abrahams tends to state his moral explicitly over and over again when he might better let it appear implicitly.

And, as frequently happens in novels in this field, he makes his good people seem a little too good, his bad people a little too bad. These are faults that might have been corrected by editing. But in general his writing is completely convincing, and it approaches the quality of universality that good writing should have.

Not that you feel for one moment that his Lanny and Sarie lived anywhere but in South Africa. In the beginning you get a view of life in Capetown which is somewhat different, perhaps, from the view that is seen by the tourist. After that, when Lanny, having been educated, goes back to his people in the country, you get an incisive and memorable view of life out there, with its desperate tensions between the colored people, the white people, and those of varying degree of color and racial origin who live in between.

New York, N. Y.

Tragic in Mood Throughout

No one who is looking for a gay and diverting novel should read "The Path of Thunder." It is, essentially, a tragic book, and it conveys the mood of tragedy from beginning to end. But in spite of that it has a kind of eloquence that is buoyant. It shows many injustices, but it also shows the kindliness that is inherent in people—well, not all people, but some people—and that can be brought out.

Sat.

It also shows, almost in spite of itself, a love of the land in which so much suffering exists, and for many of the people in it. Mr. Abrahams has a fine skill in showing the different kinds and scales of people that can exist within a class—the differences within differences, as it were—even to the gradations of the most painful squalor.

2-14-48

A note on the jacket says that the author was born in 1919 in the slums of Johannesburg. He began to work for a tinsmith at the age of 9. Then he taught himself to read and write and managed to go to school. The year the war started he got a job as a stoker on a ship he thought was bound for England, but he did not get there for nearly two years. Now he lives in London, and has written four novels published there. This is the first one that has appeared in America. It has been chosen as a Harper "Find," like such strikingly disparate books as Margaret Leech's "Reveille in Washington" and John Fischer's "Why They Behave Like Russians."

*THE PATH OF THUNDER. By Peter Abrahams. 279 pages. Harpers. $2.75.

NEGRO REPUBLIC

Liberians Great Lovers Of Liberty

The Constitution Atlanta, Ga.

Sun. 2-1-48

LIBERIA, by Charles Morrow Wilson: Sloane: illustrated with photographs; 226 pp. and index; $3.75.

"The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here" is the 100-year-old slogan of Liberia, Africa's only republic, which was founded in 1847. Its capital is Monrovia, named for James Monroe, fifth President of the United States.

Contrary to popular belief Liberia is not populated entirely by descendants of freed American slaves. In fact, less than 1,500 American Negroes had any part in the colonization of the country and fewer than half of one percent of present-day Liberians are descendants of American Negroes.

Liberia has survived numerous crises in the 100 years that have passed since her small coastal settlements, made up of freed American Negroes, worked out friendly relations with the great tribes of the interior and combined under one government. Its Constitution was modeled after that of the United States and democracy, despite hardships and tribulations, has survived.

Sun. 2-1-48

This story of Liberia, as related by a competent reporter, is an interesting one, a dramatic story of a courageous people obsessed by one passion—the determination to be free.—SAM F. LUCCHESE.

SONGS: Aframerican Religious Folk Songs Arranged and Interpreted by Roland Hayes (Atlantic: Little, Brown, $2). A collection of thirty songs.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, by Randall Stewart (Yale University, $4). *Reviewed today.*

Home-Front Problem No. 1

The Courier-Journal

Louisville, Ky.

A Review by John Jacob Niles

THE SOUTH OLD AND NEW. A History 1820-1947. By Francis Butler Simkins. 492 pp., bibliography and index. Illustrations c maps. Alfred A. Knopf. $6

Sun. 2-1-48

THE fact that the South is different from any other part of the earth—and even vastly different from the remainder of the United States—is evident from the most elementary kind of investigation. The conviction that this difference deserved explanation was reason enough to involve Dr. Simkins in the writing of a monumental volume setting forth historical fact and deft interpretation.

The sentimental and often uninformed Southerner of the damyankee tradition will not see eye to eye with Dr. Simkins on many points, but the Northerner who still believes that the Union Army was made up of crusading knights in shining armor will fare even less well. Dr. Simkins admits that there were moralizing crusaders, but very few knights and practically no shining armor. Some armor there was, of course, but after the signing of the surrender at Appomattox, the tarnish turned to rust. The Negro, who had been a handy raison d'etre, was legislated against, he was denied free access to Western lands, and a caste system was set up which was, in many ways, sharper than anything known to the pre-bellum South. Following this line of thinking, it is not strange to discover that psychologists are already saying that a few hundred well-trained psychiatrists operating in cities like Boston, New York and Philadelphia might have saved us the War Between the States by curing "preachers, politicians, well-wishers" and self-constituted do-rights of that troublesome disease which conjures up sins in others purely for "moralizing purposes."

The 1938 report of the National Emergency Council shocked many literate Southerners out of their complacency, and provided the editorial writers of the nation with an A-1 quote: the South was labeled "The Nation's Economic Problem No. 1." There is an even greater shock in the fact that there are only a few businesses of national importance, the profits of which remain in the South. (Two most notable examples are Cannon Towels and Coca-Cola.) Retail profits once enjoyed by small Southern storekeepers are being siphoned off by Northern-owned chain stores. Were it not for the banking interests in Louisville, we might almost say that the finances of the South were being administered from Lower Manhattan, New York City.

The Courier Journal

The Reconstruction experiment failed and left the carpetbag hanging on the most convenient telephone crossarm. Right or wrong, this failure reaffirmed the doctrine of white supremacy, with the Negroes accepting the caste system, thankful that the war and the reconstruction had effected some improvements.

Louisville, Ky. Sun.

All this is very disturbing, and were it not for forthright writers and scholars like Dr. Simkins we might blink at our No. 1 home-front problem. The problem itself is not solved by Dr. Simkins' book, but the facts are clearly presented and thereby the door to possible solution is opened.

2-1-48

Book Published By Miss Forney

CINCINNATI, Ohio, — (SNS) —

Miss Evelyn Forney, 1928 graduate of the University of Cincinnati, has published a small book of "African Dances," dedicated to the Negro youth of America. The book was prepared after years of study and research growing out of Miss Forney's interest in the filed of African and American Negro folklore. Miss Forney specialized in physical and health education at U. C. The purpose of the book is both educational and recreational, and the dances have been tested and found workable for school, camp, community center, and similar groups, according to the preface.

Miss Forney is now organized as a U. S. O. director. She is also organized USO's in Kansas, Texas, Alabama, Oklahoma, and Utah during the war. She is now at Wittenberg College, Springfield, O. She has taught impressively doing substitute teaching in grade school, high school, and jun-the Cincinnati Public Schools.

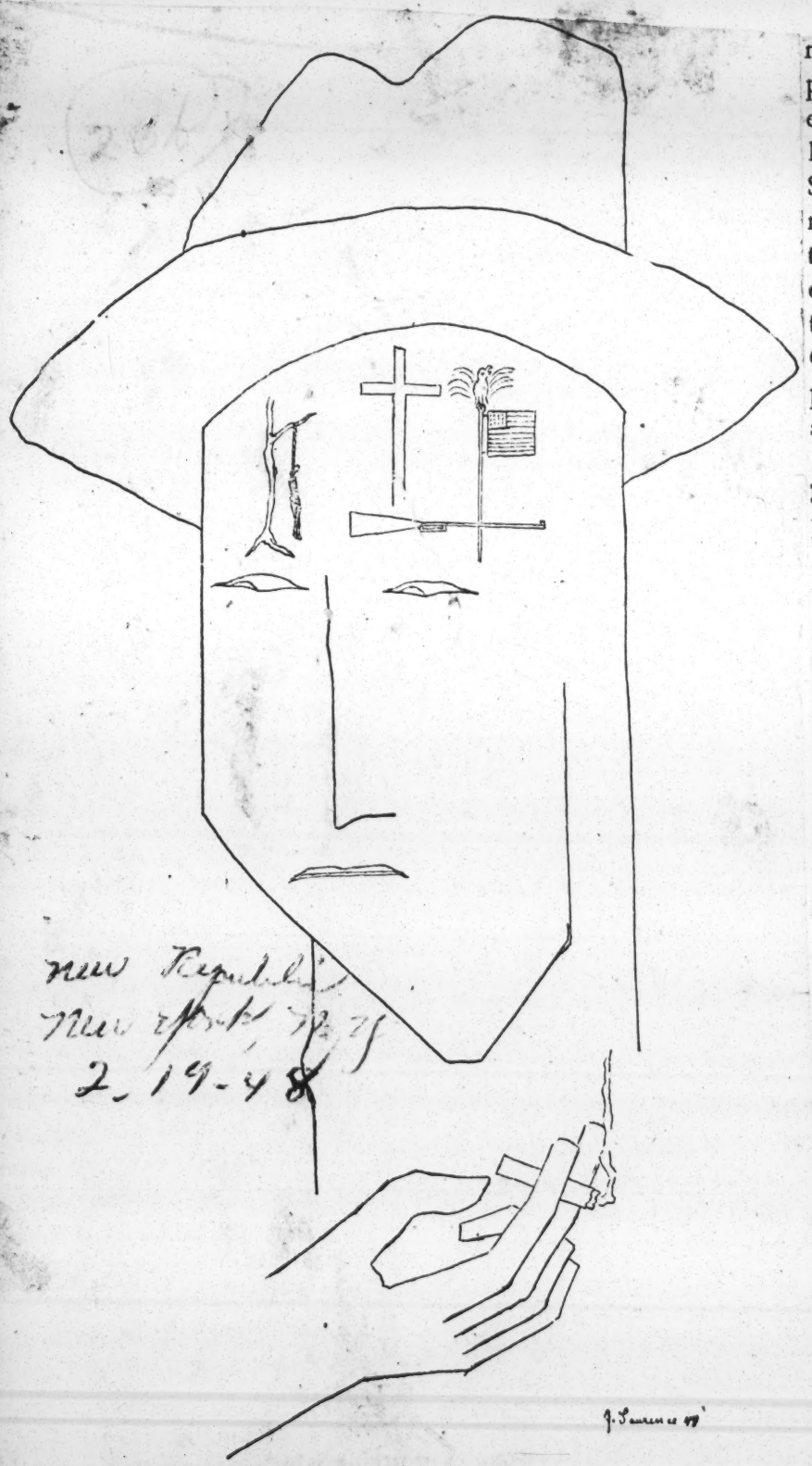
Music for the dances was written by Ralph Davis, teacher and composer. Music and directions for these dances are given: Congo dance wedding dance, special pygmy wo- men's dance, turtle spearing dance, and sacrificial dance.

The dance book has been published in Florida and was with the Cincinna-ed privately and is obtainable from Recreation Commission before or Miss Forney at 155 Tallant Cinganizing the health education de- cinnati Price of the book is $1, plus partment of the Centre Avenue tax.

branch YWCA in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The first Negro women on the national board of the YWCA to be

26b 1948



JACOB LAWRENCE, THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY

A LIBERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH

by Richard Watts Jr.

BEFORE STARTING in on his exhaustive and interesting study of the South's development as "a cultural province conscious of its destiny," Francis Butler Simkins indulges in some speculation about the American future in his provocative book, *The South: Old and New, a History, 1820-1947,* (Alfred A. Knopf; $6). Which part of the country, he wonders will eventually prove to have won what he does not hesitate to call the Civil War?

He is not at all sure, but he recalls the verdict of that once respected pundit, Count Hermann Keyserling. In his usual dogmatic and condescending manner, the philosophical Count once proclaimed that, if the United States ever found itself culturally, national leadership would inevitably fall to the South, since it was the Southern gentleman who was responsible for the nation's past greatness. In fact, the Southern gentleman and his feminine counterpart, the Southern lady, are, the Count insisted, "the only types of complete souls that the United States has as yet produced."

Best face forward. As a Southern liberal and a conscientious student, the author of *The South: Old and New* has no such regional chauvinism to advance, but the Keyserling quotation came back to me after I had finished Simkins' analytical history. For, in the light of what his book has to say, the thought of the predominance of prevailing Southern culture in American life is not a comforting one.

Although he is an objective historian, Simkins is also a sympathetic observer of his subject, and he is certainly concerned with putting the best face possible, in keeping with the facts as he sees them, on its traditional and contemporary ideals. Yet he comes to the conclusion that the central theme of the regionalism of the South is white supremacy and its maintenence. of Southern intellectuals who recently denounced the idea of doing away with racial segregation in education. His account of slavery, Civil War an[illegible] It is "the essence of Southernism, and if it were abolished, the South would be nothing more than another geographical section of the United States.

It would cease to be a point of view and a way of life. And, for all the advance in the social stature of the Negro in recent years, he sees no sign that the Southern determination to maintain white supremacy is decreasing. The South, he believes, is as bent on "keeping the Negro in his place" as it ever was, and as willing to use force to do so. Furthermore, just as in the Reconstruction days, when the South finally persuaded the North to drop the plans of the Republican radicals to give the Negro equality and accept its point of view about black inferiority, it is once more likely to win the battle to have its reactionary racial ideas retained throughout the country.

The South's tragedy. There is one other gloomy conception of current "Southernism" that the author brings forward. In the South, he says, revolts of the common man and determined popular efforts to find radical solutions to the problems of poverty and exploitation are invariably also anti-Negro. Simkins once wrote a study of "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman, the South Carolina demagogue, and he is a student of the activities of James K. Vardaman, Cole L. Blease and such later counterparts of theirs as Talmadge, Bilbo and Rankin. His knowledge makes him especially discomforting when he points out how every widespread effort of the Southern poor to improve their lot has degenerated into an assault on the Negro, whose lot is the poorest of all.

Although Simkins is a liberal who looks with disapproval on the treatment of the Negro, he has no more escaped the marks of the traditions of white supremacy than did the group Reconstruction is generally fair, and yet his background is always clearly visible. He may hate slavery, but he is none the less biting when he talks about "the tactlessness and arrogance" of the abolitionists. He denounces their "self-righteousness," calls them "agitators" and "fanatics," and finds justification for the South's indignation over the North's refusal to enforce the laws for the return of fugitive slaves.

Hard words on Lincoln. He has some hard words to say about Abraham Lincoln. He talks of his "subtlety approaching the diabolical," scornfully refers to him as a "righteous prophet," and says that his policy was one of blood and iron, rather than "charity toward all." He declares that Lincoln provoked the Civil War by his devious conduct about Fort Sumter and scolds him for not confessing his part in doing so "with the cynical honesty of a Bismarck."

In addition, try as he will, Simkins has trouble in being fair to the Negro. Despite reference to the "kinder side of slavery," he makes no attempt to deny the ignorance, degradation and contempt imposed by servitude, and he seems almost surprised and pained that, after generations of such mass humiliation, the Negro did not emerge from it without any of its evil marks upon him. It is a little strange, incidentally, to find him so casually passing over the contributions to science made by George Washington Carver as he attempts to show the progress made by Negroes since slavery.

On the other hand, in the light of growing attempts to insist that even without the Civil War the South would eventually have done away with slavery, it is refreshing to find the author admitting that there is no real evidence for any such thing. The South had come to defend and praise it as an institution, rather than merely to apologize for it. It is interesting, too, to find him reporting that the motives of the Northern radicals during Reconstruction days were not just those of vengeance for its own sake, but were based on efforts, even if clumsy ones, to bring to the land of secession "progressive concepts of social morality."

Simkins is also to be highly commended for his accomplishment in showing that the romantic myths of the Old South were, to put it mildly, somewhat exaggerated. In his contemplation of the South's contribution to literature, the claims made are both interesting and modest. When discussing Mark Twain, however, he sees only a figure of comedy in the Negro Jim of *Huckleberry Finn,* one of the few genuinely heroic characters of American fiction.

Smashing the clay feet of race idols

Dr. Oliver Cromwell Cox, whose *Caste, Class and Race* is reviewed on this page.

CASTE, CLASS AND RACE. A study in social dynamics by Oliver Cromwell Cox (Doubleday and Co., $7.50).

By Stetson Kennedy
Author of Southern Exposure

THIS IS A HOT BOOK to handle, but I prefer them that way. To begin with, I think both the book and its author should be thoroughly investigated by the Un-American Committee. No lesser tribute is due, for *Caste, Class and Race* is one of the most revolutionary documents to appear on the American scene since the Declaration of Independence.

No doubt the Un-American Committeemen will want to wait until later to call Dr. Cox, in anticipation that scientists will be most difficult to manage. I, for one, will be in Dr. Cox's corner, betting heavily on this two-fisted college prof from Tuskegee.

Modestly describing his tome as an essay, "not in the nature of a survey," Dr. Cox says almost apologetically that it may sometimes appear to be overlively." That, I submit, is in itself a revolutionary statement, coming from a social scientist. But Dr. Cox does not stop there. Some of the chapters, especially those on class struggle, may, he says, "seem oversimplified." Therein lies much of the book's revolutionary charm. Much too much of the literature of socialism has been written in an esoteric Marxist jargon as unintelligible to most Americans as Sanskrit. But Dr. Cox's language is no less popular than it is scientific.

Universal in range

It is the author's hope that *Caste, Class and Race* will be read "not only by the specialist but also by any intelligent reader with an interest in the field—the journalist, the missionary, the social worker." I personally recommend it to all these and particularly to the readers and writers of PM.

Reminiscent of PM's founding creed ("We are against those who push other people around") is Dr. Cox's prefatory statement: "Clearly, the social scientist should be accurate and objective but not neutral. He should be passionately partisan in favor of the welfare of the people and against the interests of the few when they seem to submerge that welfare."

Divided into three sections, under the three categories of the title, *Caste, Class and Race*, is universal in range, as befits the subject matter, and would certainly have intimidated any lesser scholar than Dr. Cox.

As a congenital or confirmed iconoclast, I am delighted with the author's attacks upon the clay feet of the idols of social science—the "experts" who are really inexpert. Putting the same point less bluntly, Dr. Cox says he has been concerned with "showing how the approach of certain leading authorities has apparently limited their chances of developing a convincing theory."

Until now, Gunnar Myrdal's voluminous *The American Dilemma*, compiled with the aid of a $200,000 grant and scores of experts, has been accepted as the Bible of most race-relationists. Perhaps it will so continue for a time. But, in my estimation, Dr. Cox has singlehandedly produced a work of worldwide scope, with an exhaustiveness as adequate as that of Myrdal's project, plus an analysis, an orientation and a perspective far transcending it. (Incidentally, Dr. Cox cites a statement by Myrdal to the effect that "there are few liberals in the South and no radicals." This is an error. Some of my best friends are Southern radicals.)

A decisive weapon

While acknowledging Myrdal's contribution, Dr. Cox dissects his "mysticism," "impressionism," "eclecticism," "obsession with abstractions" and "rhapsodic descriptions of class and group unity." Observing that Myrdal evidently felt obliged to avoid a political-class interpretation of American race relations, and, therefore, to produce an ethical or moral interpretation—Dr. Cox goes on to say:

"The assumption of Myrdal's, that racial beliefs are primary social forces, leads him to conclude almost pathetically that the 'white man's' beliefs are only a 'mistake,' which he would gladly correct if only he had truthful information."

The fact is—as Dr. Cox does me the honor to cite from my book, *Southern Exposure*—that prejudice does not arise naturally out of human nature but is rather a phenomenon peculiar to exploitive social systems, wherein it is deliberately inculcated as a divisive weapon of the proprietary class.

All this is highly relevant to the effectiveness, or lack of it, of such works as *Strange Fruit, Crossfire, Gentleman's Agreement, Kingsblood Royal* and so on. To the extent that these novels and movies are based upon the assumption that prejudice is but a disease of the mind, to be cured by some sort of truth-therapy, they are like patent medicine on a cancer. Again and again Dr. Cox shows that race prejudice does not have "a somatic determinant" but arises instead out of the exploitive essence of capitalist society.

Indeed, the whole ethnocentric school of race relations, which holds that any given group feels a natural urge to look down upon some other group, has, says Dr. Cox, "the significant—though frequently unintended—effect of exculpating the ruling class." This is best illustrated by a book like *Strange Fruit*, in which Lillian Smith, departing from the soundness of her *Two Men and a Bargain*, imparts to the poor whites a motivation to lynch—in order to insure a supply of cheap Negro labor—while exonerating the mill owner as a kindly gentleman who tried, belatedly, to stop the lynching.

Common to capitalism

As Dr. Cox says, "The attitude of the poor whites is rather more of an effect than a cause. . . . The Southern 'aristocracy' as the modern capitalist ruling class of this area is sometimes called, could not endure without the hatred which it perpetuates among the white and black masses, and it is by no means unmindful of that fact. . . . We may take it as axiomatic that never in all the history of the world have poor people set and maintained the dominant social pattern in a society."

And so it would seem to have been pretty much a waste of money to spend $200,000 to point out the self-evident fact that there is considerable discrepancy between the principle and the practice of

"The new economic system which will [illegible] Americans today. "Indeed, the method of 'solving the race problem' is identical with the method by which capitalism is being liquidated by the proletarian action. . . . Negroes are auxiliary in the American proletarian struggle for power." Scoring W. E. B. Du Bois and others on *Caste, Class and Race*, with the accent on race prejudice and capitalism are inexplicably bound together, until death do them part. "Black Odyssey," by Rof Ottley, a book about the American Negro, will be issued in October by Scribners. Mr. Ottley, journalist and author of "New World A-coming," traces the history of his race in America, from the legalization of slavery in Maryland in 1664 to the present day, presenting sketches of Negro personalities who were typical of their times.

Books of the Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

IN Charleston lives a charming lady who writes about her native city in an irreverent manner which would undoubtedly affront her aristocratic ancestors if death had not mercifully spared them all knowledge of the twentieth century. She is Josephine Pinckney, poet and novelist and first literary citizen of South Carolina. Several years ago Miss Pinckney wrote a pleasantly witty social comedy about modern Charleston, "Three O'Clock Dinner," and was surprised and doubtless gratified to discover that she had hit the jackpot. That entertaining book was a Literary Guild selection. The movie version is even now in the process of being filmed. Her new novel, "Great Mischief,"* which is published today, may not rival its predecessor as a work of fiction, but it, too, is a resounding commercial success, being a co-selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Josephine Pinckney

This curious and generally disappointing novel is a fantasy which circles about the eternal problem of good and evil without coming very close to it. It is the story of Timothy Partridge, who was a druggist in Charleston in 1886, but who would have preferred to be an apothecary and alchemist in 1386. Timothy was 36, a morose and moody bachelor dominated by his sanctimoniously virtuous sister. He was a member of the church in good standing and a stanch believer in the truths of religion. But Timothy could believe anything. He acknowledged a sort of underhand allegiance to the supernatural, sold roots and herbs needful for spells and conjurations from the back door of his respectable shop and collected books on necromancy and witchcraft. Timothy pondered on the "baffling tactics of both God and the devil" and speculated as to what was the real difference between good and evil.

The Black Arts in 1886

Just introducing Timothy, nebulous a person as he is, takes eighty pages of "Great Mischief," a procedure which could easily have been done in twenty. But then, that is the trouble with "Great Mischief" throughout. Miss Pinckney has taken material suitable for a slight short story and stretched it and padded it into novel length. The result is not as flat as it would be in some hands, for Josephine Pinckney is a stylist of distinction and she has a pretty wit. The prose in which she has told her story is poetic, precise and purposeful. It shines with a rich and deceptive luster, luring the reader on, leading him to expect far more than ever meets his hopeful eye.

Timothy Partridge's strange adventures all began when a beautiful and determined young woman walked into his shop and demanded a mysterious prescription which, she casually hinted, she needed in order to attend the regular meeting of the witches' coven. Timothy was appalled but fascinated. Maum Rachel, his old Negro nurse, had taught him all about plat-eyes, boo-dadies and other nocturnal spirits, and the necessity to foil them with suitable charms; but he had never suspected that servants of the great adversary, Satan himself, practiced their black arts right there in Charleston.

His Adventures Become Fabulous

From then on, Timothy's adventures became more and more fabulous. He learned what it meant to be "hag ridden" and that hags aren't necessarily old and ugly. Timothy's hag was young and could filter through keyholes. He drifted far from his former paths of rectitude and succumbed to the charms of a seductive wench who was a witch. He dabbled in forbidden matters. But, even in the most unexpected circumstances, Timothy never lost his preoccupation with moral problems.

All this might have been more amusing or provocative if Miss Pinckney had kept her focus sharper. But there is a fuzzy quality about "Great Mischief," a lack of clarity of intention, which blurs outlines and deadens interest. Timothy is an elusive wraith, neither a figure of fun nor a character with any believable attributes. His story is a fantasy, but it lacks the imaginative inventiveness, the delicate humor and airy charm on which successful fantasies depend. The formula is a difficult one. It is not surprising that Miss Pinckney has fallen short of it.

But Timothy's story is intended to be a serious discussion of good and evil, as well as fantasy. Timothy met Satan himself. The opportunity to learn about good and evil from so authoritative a source seemed too good to lose. Timothy made some tentative inquiries and discovered that there really was a difference between good and evil; that certain things were evil no matter what was said about them; that he had always known that they were, in the inmost recesses of his being.

Timothy's ultimate fate is properly edifying (you can't traffic with the Devil with impunity), but it is anti-climactic. In fact, "Great Mischief," as a whole, is a continual let-down. It promises so much which it does not fulfill. As a fantasy, "Great Mischief" is limp and listless; as an ironic commentary on good and evil, it is rudimentary.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, by Benjamin Quarles. Associated Publishers; $4. The biography of an outstanding Negro leader, who made a signal contribution to the destruction of slavery. (May 3).

THE UNITED STATES AND ARMAMENTS, by Merze Tate (Harvard University, $6). A survey of American armament and disarmament policy.

THE LAST BILLIONAIRE: Henry

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
Autobiography of Savant

ALL OUR YEARS: The Autobiography of Robert Morss Lovett; Viking; 373 pp. $3.75.

Twenty years ago when Robert Morss Lovett was at the height of his career as a teacher of creative writing at the University of Chicago his mere presence on that faculty acted as a powerful lodestone to draw hundreds of young hopefuls from an area of a dozen States.

I canot vouch for the motivation that brought Glenway Wescott, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, John Gunther, Vincent Sheean, George Dillon and a score of other brilliant poets, novelists and journalists to the University. But I know that in my own case Lovett was the attraction.

Lovett is modest about his several careers, but no one who has lived so full a life could fail to write an interesting autobiography.

Boston born and bred, Harvard educated, a liberal and humanitarian by nature, and a teacher of literature by chance (he wanted to be in the History Department), Lovett always inspired by example, and taught through practice rather than theory.

But teaching was only part of his varied life. Simultaneously he was organizing the Poetry Club, instructing immigrants at Hull House, helping to edit the New Republic, and fighting for the underprivileged on countless unpopular fronts. Somehow he was able to squeeze in trips to Europe, the rearing of a family and a balanced social life on and off the campus.

Probably the most important chapters in this book are those dealing with Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. As virtual acting governor of the Virgin Islands he became the most loved and respected man who had ever held that position.

Lovett pulls no punches in attacking our colonial policies in those poverty-stricken, diseased and exploited regions. It was partly because of this outspoken attitude, and partly because he dared fight for liberal causes that led to the attack upon him by a small group of reactionaries in Congress. But even Lovett has no complete answer to the Puerto Rican problem.

I agree with John Gunther who says of this autobiography: "A fitting capstone to a wonderful career. . . . This book is the work of an extraordinarily courageous and gallant man."

—STERLING NORTH.

remembering nothing but the gags.

For all his breeziness, Dr. Howells is careful to remind you that *The Heathens* is not supposed to be a set of explorer's reminiscences about the highways and byways of the world. Many of the rites described in the book are so odd, to our way of thinking, that it is hard to repress a smile. Dr. Howells, who is no classroom martinet, lets you have your smile, but, before you go on to the next oddity, he gives the good, logical reason which dictates the behavior behind such rites. He shows how the cult under examination has been tailored to fit the needs of its devotees.

For instance. The Bakongo tribes of Central Africa practice ancestor worship. They live in relatively stable farming communities, and this form of worship adds a comforting sense of continuity to their lives. Somewhere under each of their villages is another village where dwell the Bakulu, the spirits of the dead. These spirits exercise a certain amount of control over the dwellers in the village above ground, and the living pay respect to the dead with appropriate ceremonies.

When the Bakulu do not respond properly to this respect the people feel free to reproach them for their neglect because the lives of the two villages are intertwined. If those above die under each of their villages is out, there will be no one left to tend the graves, and so the village below will also disappear.

Again, the native hunters of Australia are nomads who eke out a living by ranging far and wide over vast stretches of territory. The bushman's faith is a

Heathens without false gods; teaching without tears or graphs

THE HEATHENS: PRIMITIVE MAN AND HIS RELIGIONS. By William Howells (Doubleday and Co., $3.75).

By Heywood Hale Broun

BOOKS ON SOCIOLOGY and anthropology are usually bound in dark brown covers, austerely stamped with gold. For the most part they are written in a dark brown style, which is intended not to edify but to inform, and about the only people who absorb the information in them are other sociologists and anthropologists, who are looking to pick a learned quarrel which can be expanded into a series of articles in a scientific magazine. All of which is unfortunate because these scientists have a great deal to tell us.

In recent years several scholars, among them William Howells (he is associate professor of anthropology at the University of Wisconsin), have tried to export some of this information beyond the confines of the university libraries by doing it up in attractive packages.

The Heathens, which is subtitled *Primitive Man and His Religions*, makes its first pitch to the reader with a gaudy cover by Artzybasheff, showing a sample primitive man all decked out in ceremonial regalia of the most elaborate kind. And, before you can be frightened by the austere quotation from Francis Bacon which precedes the book, Dr. Howells is seizing you by the hand and making you comfortable with small jokes and breezy chitchat while he pushes you into a chair and starts his lecture, which he interrupts from time to time to display photographs, always a good way to keep the class from growing restless.

The one great drawback to this approach is that the shallow reader may leave this sort of book

complicated one in which mystic properties are assigned to certain places, animals and symbolic objects which dot the countryside.

Spirit centers

In the "dream time" long ago, heroes appointed various places as spirit centers. The paths of these heroes continued into territory covered by other bands of bushmen. But the elders of each little community have discussed the heroes' wanderings with neighboring wise men, and, just as bush people are linked with others hundreds of miles away by a complicated system of formalized relationships, so the land itself is held together by the crisscrossed paths of the giants of the dream time.

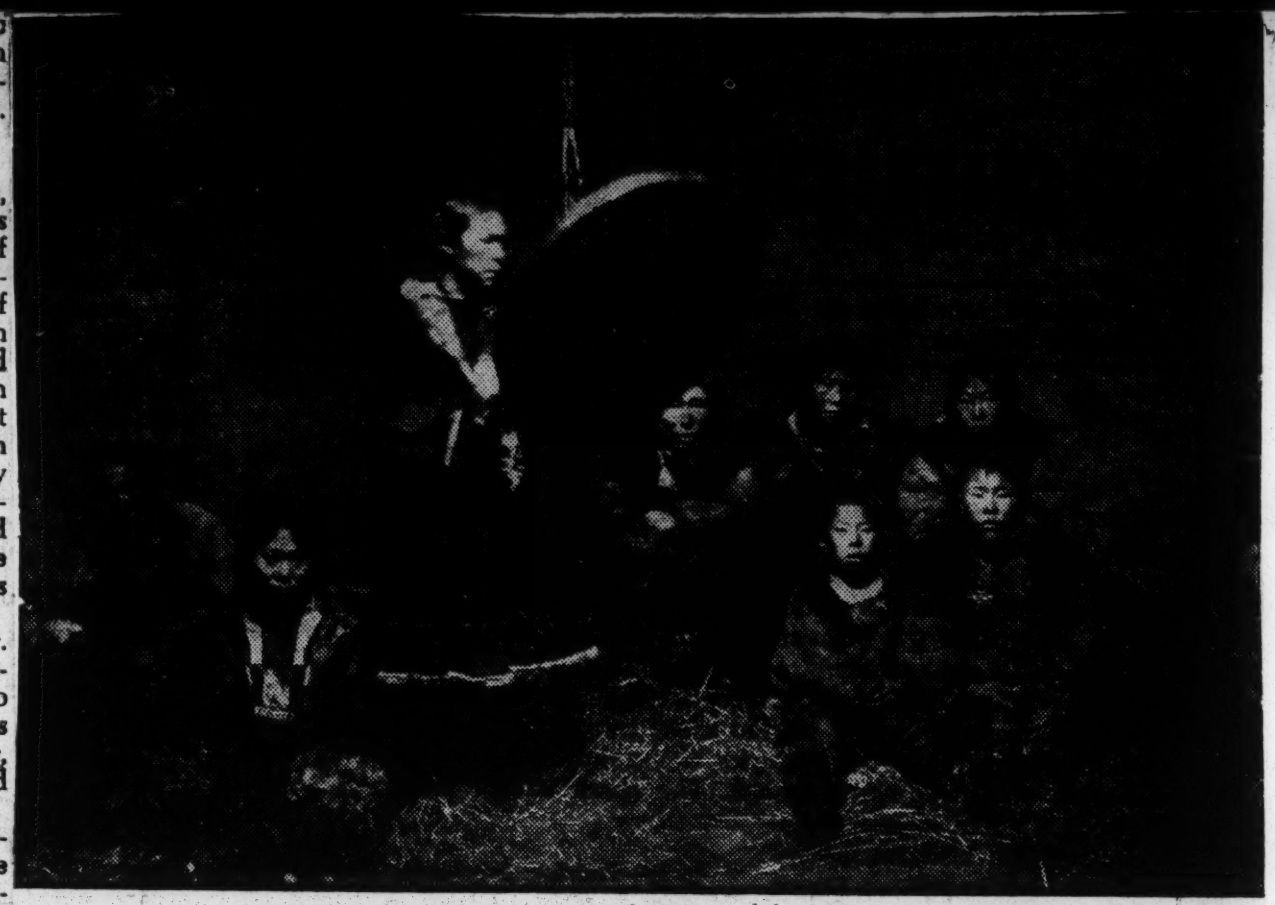
In the course of his book, Dr. Howells departmentalizes religion and religious practices into chapters under such headings as *Another World, Demons, Gods, Magic, Black and White* and *Disease and Medicine.*

He discusses each division factually as it appears all around the world among present-day primitive societies, and then he has a shot at explaining its whys and wherefores. He has found no society which has gotten along without some sort of religion, and he has discovered striking similarities in the major types of native cults.

"I think we can see," he says in his concluding chapter, "that the tribes in this book have not been squandering their energies and emotions on false gods and idle fancies, things empty of meaning for human beings. . . . Simpler societies show us that the plain, scientific facts about the truth of these things do not matter: if they are believed in, they are true, and they work for the people."

So much for conclusions, for *The Heathens* is a relatively short volume on a large subject, and I do not feel able to supply a wind-up paragraph making it still smaller nutshellful from Dr. Howells' nutshellful.

This book is a good job of teaching without tears. The author has even sacrificed to readability the scientist's favorite means of communication, the chart and the graph. A scholar who will do that for us deserves a hearing.



By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York

A *shaman* (medium) of Koryak tribe of Asiatic Eskimo goes into her routine (from *The Heathens*).

Howard Thurman Writes On Negro Spirituals

Stresses Their Importance In Life And Death Issues

A BOOK REVIEW

By GLADYS P. GRAHAM FOR ANP

One of the foremost religious philosophers in our era and one of the few Negro ministers to head an interracial church for world fellowship in this country is Dr. Howard Thurman whose Ingersoll Lecture on the Immorality of Man at Harvard university was deemed one of the high-points and perhaps one of the most controversial of the lecture series.

In his book "The Negro Spiritual of Life and Death" the former Howard University Dean of the School of Religion gives the reader the benefits and some of the reasoning behind his thinking.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY

He finds in the Negro spiritual the theme of the attitude of the Negro slave toward his servitude as well as his thinking on the matter of living and dying and terms their contribution "a miracle of achievement causing them to take their place alongside the great creative religious thinkers of the human race." Thurman indicates further that their visualization of the body as merely a temporary abode, their ability to rise above their earthly experience and their deep and abiding faith in God enabled them to have a personal immortality which carried them into a deep sense of peace.

The tremendous amount of information found by the author in these unique spirituals has emphasized more thoroughly for the reader that the human spirit is so involved in the endless cycle of birth of living and dying, that in some sense each man is an authority, a key interpreter of the meaning of the totality of the experience," and that the Negro has contributed via the channel of his songs a "rich testimony concerning life and death."

The Bitter Dilemma of Lock Sharon

THE WELL OF COMPASSION. By David Alman. 278 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.

By MARC BRANDEL

"THE WELL OF COMPASSION" is a subjective novel about a young Negro painter's marriage to a self-seeking white girl, written, as the author himself says, by "a white man married to a white woman." Without pretending to be able to speak for any but the non-Negro reader, it is a fine, compassionate and immensely moving book.

Lock Sharon is a thoughtful, sensitive young Negro painter, born in the South and reared in the North, struggling in the economic mesh of the Thirties to never really a human being to theme. The one small fault to be her—is the traumatic experience found with his book is the too obthat is going to make her what vious use made of Lock's painting she thinks of as a complete wo- as a reflection of his development. man. And so she persuades him And, though any one at all familto marry her.

The tragedy of their marriage lies, primarily, not in their differ- tan may feel that a young Negro ence in race but in their differ- painter would surely meet a few ences as human beings, in the more intelligent, unbigoted peofact that Lock not only as a ple than Lock does, the author painter but as a person is so will in the end concede that there much finer, more sensitive, great- are some good whites along with er than she is. Out of their mar- the bad. riage comes the real message of David Alman's book: That, through the unhappiness it brings and ambitious Harlem landlady, dreamed of. Part of the success Belle, sees in his painting a of his book lies in the fact that means of making money for her- David Alman manages to make self and him.

Into this turmoil comes the white girl, Miss Jo, with an art- ish, essentially shallow, flirting gallery of her own and a studio with the process of her own analdowntown which to Lock repre- ysis, she sees in Lock a chance sents the greatest in peace and to liberate herself from her own material security that he has ever lack of feeling. Lock—for he is

MR. ALMAN evades none of the controversial aspects of his

find enough time and peace to work. Tortured with grief by the recent death from consumption of his sweetheart, Bright, he is further torn by the endless conflict between his loyalty to his family and his personal convictions.

His mother, an "old" Negro, is terrified that his attempt to raise himself socially by his painting can lead to nothing but the eventual retribution of the white race, which she sees in terms of the prison up the river or the electric chair. She has seen her older son half-killed by a white mob in the South and she is determined that Lock shall "keep his place and stay out of trouble." His fond

The Negro's saga told with pride

PM 4-25-48 Sun.

STORY OF THE NEGRO, by Arna Bontemps (Alfred A. Knopf, $3) New York N.Y.

By Seymour Peck
PM staff writer

THE FRENCH SLAVER Le Rodeur drifted helplessly on the Atlantic. Every man aboard was blind. It was 1819, and Le Rodeur had set sail from Africa with 160 natives whom the captain was going to sell as slaves in the New World. But the terrible disease of ophthalmia had struck the slaves packed in the airless, dirty hold of the ship. Quickly it had spread to the captain and his crew, and now there wasn't a useful pair of eyes aboard.

After many desperate days, the sound of splashing convinced those on the Le Rodeur that they had drifted alongside another vessel. "Ship ahoy!" cried the captain. "What ship is that? What ship?"

The answer came distinctly. "We're the Saint Leon of Spain. Help us, for God's sake."

"We need help ourselves," said the captain of Le Rodeur. "We're all stone blind."

The Saint Leon didn't answer at once, but suddenly a fit of laughter broke out on her deck, and the helpless captain of Le Rodeur shouted angrily, "What's the matter, man? Are you crazy?"

"No, it's not that," the voice came back. "It's just that we're blind, too."

One would have to look far to find a more awful, yet more perfect, instance of the rewards man's greed can bring him, of the judgment that can be passed on his inhumanity to his fellowman. It is a bitter episode, as Arna Bontemps tells it in his excellent *Story of the Negro*, and there are some other bitter episodes in the book, too.

But Bontemps' emphasis is not on the bitter. His emphasis is of a positive nature—the book is a proud book, proud of the magnificent, tragic history of the Negro, proud of the black princes of Africa and their fine cultures, proud of the will to freedom of the American slave Negro proud of his courage and daring in his fight to be free. Sun. 4-25-48

Rebellion against slavery

New York, N.Y.

Reading *Story of the Negro*, one cannot help but think that armies can be courageous when thousands of men fight side by side and reinforce each other's doubts and fears. But what of men like Nat Turner, a 31-year-old Virginia slave who fought almost alone against the great power of the lords of the land? Turner could have lived out his life quietly on his master's plantation, but he chose instead to organize a rebellion against slavery and, for his efforts, died on the gallows.

There is something exalted about the bravery of an individual who will choose his way of life and death. How much of this spirit will one find in armies?

Bontemps takes pride, too, in the Negro's art and music and poetry and stories. Across the pages of his book march such heroic figures as Toussaint L'Ouverture, who gave his life for Haitian independence, Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman and Denmark Vesey and Crispus Attucks and many who are less well known but who also served their people well. One is compelled to think how much richer and stronger America might have been if all these people had been free to grow and learn and contribute to the utmost of their capacities.

Story of the Negro is deeply poignant, though told in very simple, dispassionate language. It is the story that Bontemps says he "would have given my eye teeth to know when I was a high school boy in California—the story that my history books scarcely mentioned."

In filling this gap, Bontemps is performing a valuable service not merely for students but for adults, too. His book will make good, popular, enlightening reading for any person who would like a surer acquaintance with a great people, from ancient times right down to this troubled year 1948, which Bontemps examines briefly but perceptively.

This year offers a tremendous challenge to our civilization, he writes. FDR spoke of the four freedoms: freedom from want, freedom of worship, freedom of speech and freedom from fear.

Very strange awakening

"This last freedom had a special meaning for small nations, subject peoples and national minorities," says Bontemps. "No one could deny that a strange awakening was taking place among millions of people in Asia and Africa and the islands, people who had often been rudely treated by the nations of the western world. What did this talk about One World and the Four Freedoms mean to them?

"Many decided to keep their eyes on the Negro people of the United States. This would be their test of democracy's promises."

One hopes Bontemps and the Negro people and, indeed, all of us may take heart from the words William Wordsworth wrote more than a century ago for the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture:

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies.
Thy friends are exultations, agonies
And love and Man's unconquerable mind.

A HISTORY of the Negro for young people, "Story of the Negro," by Arna Bontemps, came off the press last week.

Although the book is written for young adults, everybody will probably find it informative reading. Besides telling the stories of such well known colored leaders as Booker T. Washington, Frederick Douglass, Phillis Wheatley and W. E. B. Du Bois, it also introduces little known heroes such as Antar, the black warrior poet of the desert, and the Blessed Martin de Porres of old Lima, Peru. 5-9-48

Negro Family In America Is Beset By Many Problems

Book Review

By Gladys P. Graham for ANP

The instability and rapid disintegration of the family in America, due to biological, economic and social factors, has and is still of grave concern to social scientists. Intense research has been projected in the field of family relations.

Dr. E. Franklin Frazier's revised and abridged edition of "The Negro Family in the United States" makes its appearance at a most opportune time. The 374 page book is divided into five parts.

The air of the author has been to give a natural history of the Negro family in the United States. Frazier points out that despite the brief century and a half the Negro has been on the American scene, he has been stripped of the relatively simple preliterate culture in which he was nurtured. He has gradually created a folk culture of his own. In addition, he has taken over the more sophisticated American culture. 6-12-48

The Howard professor maintains further that the Negro's raw sexual impulses were not only brought under control thru the discipline of the master race, but also by association with his fellows.

Frazier believes, therefore, that the human element involved made slavery a social as well as an economic institution, as far as the Negro family is concerned. The Commentator

Unstinted credit is given by the sociologist to the part played by urbanization and migration in changing the pattern of rural families to that of city dwellers. This transplantation served as a potent factor in cutting the Negro loose from his own cultural moorings. The Negro was ill-equipped psychologically, socially and economically to meet this rapid dissolution in his folkways and mores. The family was weakened thereby. The conflicts due to varied ideals and behavior pattern complicates the picture due to the lack of a unifying and cohesive force. Chicago, Ill.

Frazier believes a possible solution to offset this disunity in family life is the heritage and tradition as well as the education retained by the reigning families. The illiterate can offer little or no resistance to the toils of urban life. Their chance for survival meets with a deal of difficulty from the forces of their environment. 6-12-48

"In the final analysis, the process of assimilation and acculturation will be limited by the extent to which the Negro becomes integregated into the economic organization and participates in the life of the community," according to Dr. E. Franklin Frazier. 6-12-48

The Negro Family. By. E. Franklin Frazier. 374 pages. The Dryden Press. Price $3.75.

THE AMBIGUOUS GOVERNOR done

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT, by Ellis Gibbs Arnall. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company; 286 pages, $3.50. 7-11-48

Mr. Arnall in "The Shore Dimly Seen," published two years ago, wrote a serious and thoughtful book out of his experiences as governor of Georgia and with a genuine concern for the well-being of American society. Since then he has traveled more than 75,000 miles on a lecture tour through 47 of the 48 states. He moved from place to place by plane, train, bus and private automobile, and saw main highways, railroad stations, airports, hotel and lecture halls. English novelists used to do the same thing, though they traveled at a slower pace and always wrote a book. Unfortunately, Mr. Arnall has succumbed to the same temptation. His qualifications for writing the present volume are almost exactly the same as if he had never left home. Birmingham, Ala

Story of the Negro
By Arna Bontemps

Arna Bontemps' new book, "Story of The Negro" ($3, Knopf, N. Y.), is a welcome addition to recent books attempting to present Negroes in truer perspective. The story is beautifully connected and smoothly told in readable print.

It begins with the "mystery" ship, supposedly Dutch, whose starving crew exchanged about nineteen Negroes at Jamestown, Va., for food. But is this popular version true? Alexander Brown, noted historian, says no. The story of the Dutch ship, he insists, was concocted to cover up an act of piracy—the kidnapping of the Negroes from the Spanish West In-

dies by the English ship, "Treasurer" (Genesis of the United States, p. 359. 1890). 7-10-48

Be it noted, too, that Negroes arrived in Virginia in 1526, or ninety-three years earlier and at the same place, according to Winsor (Narrative and Critical History of America, Vol. 2, p. 241. 1886). They were being used along with Indians to build a settlement when they and the Indians revolted, killed their Spanish commander, and broke up the colony. These Negroes evidently remained. Indians with the Indians and mixed with them as did other Spanish Negroes of whom we have accounts.

* * *

THIS WAS eighty-one years before the first Negroes arrived in Virginia. Be it noted, too, that Negroes arrived in Virginia in 1526, or ninety-three years earlier and at the same place, according to Winsor (Narrative and Critical History of America, Vol. 2, p. 241. 1886). They were being used along with Indians to build a settlement when they and the Indians revolted, killed their Spanish commander, and broke up the colony. These Negroes evidently remained with the Indians and mixed with them as did other Spanish Negroes of whom we have accounts.

* * *

The valuable parts of the book are those in which the former governor states what he already knew, that most Americans are just like those he has always lived with in Newnan, Ga. "They have the same hopes, ambitions and aspirations. They have the same

BOOKS By Ruth Benedict

ZULU WOMAN, BY REBECCA HOURWICH REYHER COLUMBIA PRESS $3.00

Not many authors have probed successfully into the mind of the primitive African woman. Quiet, soft spoken, self contained, the ob-

server wonders often what goes on in the mind of a woman who is one of many wives. Rebecca Hourwich gives a very effective picture of the life of Christiana, a woman whom she says was the first of 65 wives she attributed to a monarch Solomon.

The practice of purchasing wives, the institution of polygamy and the economic and social problems involved all are touched upon by Mrs. Hourwich who made two trips to Zululand and lived there for more than a year.

It is an absorbing biography and Dr. Ruth Benedict, the famous anthropologist of Columbia University, describes it as a useful contribution and research into human relationships in various cultures.

fore the coming of the English. It seems to me, therefore, that the author's opening would have been more dramatic, more effective, more in the spirit of the times had he started with this revolt against oppression rather than with the pathetic incident he used. Perhaps, though, his book would have been less easy of acceptance. Still, why, why must popular books always begin with 1619 in Virginia when there is such a vast amount of evidence to the contrary given by writers as Cabece de Vaca, Hodge, Bolton, Bandelier, H. H. Bancroft and Winsor? "The Negro in Virginia, a WPA work, began the same way.

* * *

APART FROM THIS, however, the book is, on the whole, excellent. An adequate story of the Negro in America alone would take, I estimate, at least three volumes of 500 pages each, however, Mr. Bontemps in his 229 pages manages to get in an amazing amount of information on such subjects as Negro life in Africa; ancient civilizations, among them Ethiopia, which once conquered Egypt; West African civilization in the Middle Ages; the Negro's role in the exploration and settlement of the United States; his part in the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and other wars; and Negro contribution to art, music, literature, education, medicine, science and the general culture of America.

"The Story of the Negro," while apparently designed for young people, can be read with great profit by older ones, especially those not so well-read on Negro history. And even the well-read will find things they might not have known.

J. A. ROGERS.

Memphis, Tenn., Past and Present

MEMPHIS DOWN IN DIXIE. By Shields McIlwaine. 400 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50.

By TURNER CATLEDGE

MR. McILWAINE struck it rich for both his regionalistic thesis (that the way to understand America is region by region) and his story-telling ability when he dug into the past and present of Memphis, Tennessee. For Memphis is such a mine of anecdote, romance and important history that one can pick and choose as he pleases, and then organize his total story in a manner to prove almost anything, or simply to be entertaining. Mr. McIlwaine, a native of Alabama who attended Southwestern University in Memphis, picks and chooses with full author's license. And he has written, in this third volume of the Society in America series, one of the best-told stories of a city it has been our privilege to read.

He starts with Memphis as it is today, a bustling, warm, friendly, modern city, "with a definite quality all its own, concerned with the present, and not disturbed by statistics or by outside opinion," and ruled completely by one of the most colorful and most controversial figures in American public life, "who demands absolute obedience, but who, in turn, gives Memphis an efficient administration," Edward Hull Crump. He then dives into the rich history of the city and its region, calling exhaustively on the notes and memories of Memphians and near-by Tennesseans, Mississippians and Arkansans to trace the growth of the community through the planter era; its river glory; its Federal occupation; the daring episodes of the town's all-time first citizen, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest; the yellow fever scourge; the days when W. C. Handy, Negro bandleader, brought the blues out of Beale Street; and the political dog days when Mr. Crump emerged on a reformer's ticket to rule and modernize.

Memphis for many years has been in the "middle." It is perched high on the Fourth Chickasaw Bluff, looking across the Mississippi River into the rich cotton lands of Arkansas. A few miles to the south is the state to which it largely belongs, Mississippi. Mr. Crump, and perhaps a majority of the older families of Memphis, came out of Mississippi. Memphis is the crossing point of nine trunk-line railroads, a place where snowbirds, itinerate newspaper men, and ordinary "weary Willies" stop in their trek north to south, south to north with the seasons. It has very few large accumulations of wealth, so, as Mr. McIlwaine points out, it is more practically civic-minded; everybody pitches in to do a job in a manner that makes community loyalty one of the city's conspicuous qualities.

When Mr. McIlwaine says that Memphis is "not disturbed by statistics or outside opinions," he speaks advisedly. In the mid-Twenties Memphians found their city celebrated as the "murder capital," with more homicides per 100,000 population than any other city in the world. Being unable to deny the charge, the civic leaders merely threw back a challenge for anyone to name one of the victims who had really been missed. (This is the reviewer's story, not Mr. McIlwaine's.)

In telling his story of Memphis, Mr. McIlwaine alternates between episodes and personalities in a delightful manner. Some Memphians will not like some of his stories, especially when he pulls out musty family skeletons. Others will detect an occasional bit of fancy mixed in with fact to make a tastier dish of folklore. But none of the shortcomings can detract materially from the readability and historic perspective of this work.

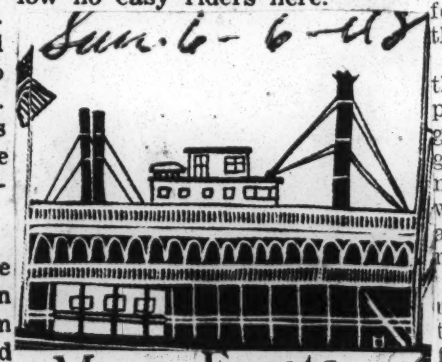
MR. McILWAINE relates the story of the valiant Father Quinn and the nuns who remained in the stricken city to minister and to die, and of Annie Cook of Gayoso Street, who discharged her "girls," turned her establishment into a hospital, and nursed the sick until she herself died. The Commercial Appeal said of her:

> Annie Cook, the woman who after a long life of shame, ventured all she had of life and property for the sick, died yesterday at 7 o'clock of yellow fever. * * * Surely the sins of the woman must have been forgiven. * * * Out of sin, this woman in all the tenderness and true fullness of her womanhood emerged transfigured and purified."

The test of Mr. McIlwaine's handling of his material comes, we believe, in his chapter on Mr. Crump, for which he borrowed the title from a line in one of Mr. Handy's blues songs — "Mr. Crump Won't 'Low No Easyriders Here." It is very easy to sermonize on the sins of "Boss" Crump, and most writers do nothing else when dealing with him as a factor in American life. But the evils of despotism and personal government are only one side of the coin in the case of Mr. Crump and his Memphis.

Mr. McIlwaine has the honesty and the courage to tell the other side, which, to sum up, is a story of clean and efficient government for a great city. Mr. Crump's chief disservice to the community is in making a sham of the free ballot and lulling the people to accept the sham by low taxes, low utility rates and low fire insurance premiums. The inherent evils may, and likely will, plague the city in years to come. But for the present, Mr. McIlwaine says:

> Despite everything, whatever history may say of Mr. Crump, it must say that in him Memphians were lucky: he was better than they deserved. Italy has had to pay hard for Il Duce's drained marshes, model towns and farms. Can Memphis avoid paying for abandoning its political duty? * * * Meanwhile it's nice rolling along with Mr. Ed, because he "won't low no easy riders here."



Many Facets Of Negro Problems

Kansas City Star

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AND THE NEGRO, by Frank Loescher, foreword by William Scarlett, bishop of Missouri Protestant Episcopal church (159 pages; Association Press, New York; $3).

THE NEGRO NEWSPAPER, by Vishnu V. Oak (170 pages; printed for the author by the Antioch Press, Yellow Springs, O.; $2.50).

THE LIVING IS EASY, by Dorothy West (347 pages; Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston; $3.50).

OUR NEGRO BROTHER, by Edith H. Mayer (39 pages; Shady Hill Press, 17 East Ninety-sixth Street, New York; $2).

A DEFINITIVE study and a children's book are among new publications which deal with the relationships between Negroes and whites. An examination of the Negro newspaper and a novel deal with the problems as they affect only Negroes.

"The Protestant Church and the Negro," by Frank Loescher, is the result of the study of seventeen major denominations' attitudes and actions in the area of their relationships to minority peoples. Dr. Loescher studied in great detail several thousand local churches, schools and colleges to write this balance sheet of Protestantism's relations to the Negro.

The study reveals that what the churches say nationally, regionally and locally in principles and policies, is far different from what they do in actual practices. The same is true in the main of the educational institutions operated by Protestant churches.

"This book will be unpleasant reading for those who love the church," says Bishop William A. Scarlett of the Protestant Episcopal church, diocese of Missouri, in his foreword. He further argues that "segregation is not only a barrier to the elemental equality of opportunity which we in this democracy so generously profess as our necessary goal. It is more than that. It is, in itself, an implication of inferiority; an inferiority not only of status, but of essence, of being. Therefore, it offends profoundly against the religious principle."

Dr. Loescher concludes that though the church has acquiesced in the pattern of segregation, there is some ground for confidence that intelligence and devotion of the few pioneers in the church for integration will show a way in the future. The author is himself a Protestant, a member of the Society of Friends.

"The Negro Newspaper," by Vishnu V. Oak, deals with the importance of the Negro newspaper in forming Negro opinion, in the improvement of educational opportunities for Negroes, in the field of interracial relationships, and in the elevation of the level of Negro people. A large part of the book is devoted to a frank, challenging and constructive evaluation of the Negro newspaper. Frequent mention is made of the Kansas City Call. The book is volume I of the series, "The Negro Entrepreneur."

"The Living Is Easy," by Dorothy West, is a first novel of Boston's Negro "society" written by one who saw first-hand this narrow, color-conscious coterie of Negro families who are as self-consciously aristocratic as the Cabots, the Lodges and the Lowells. As a sociological novel dealing with the paradox of being an American and a Negro, it is an important contribution to the subject.

Beautiful Cleo Judson, recently arrived from a South Carolina sharecropper's cabin, finds herself in many dilemmas. Cleo, like other newcomers to Boston, has to train her tongue to a northern twist and has to learn to laugh with a minimum show of teeth, and has to memorize new words to add to her limited drawling vocabulary. When she marries the Black Banana King who, like his counterpart, is chasing the almighty dollar, Cleo wants to get into the best society and finally succeeds.

The book should be read as a story of people striving to get ahead in an exclusive social set. That they happen to be Negroes is incidental.

"Our Negro Brother," written by Edith H. Mayer, and illustrated by Else McKean, is intended for children 8 to 14 years old and is aimed to answer the many requests from teachers and parents for a book for children of this age which would further racial understanding. Eight short biographies tell in simple language understandable to children, the stories of well known Negroes at different periods in our history.

T. A. W.

26b 1948

Books of the Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

THE finest novel I have ever read about the tragic plight of black-skinned people in a white man's world is "Cry, the Beloved Country"* by Alan Paton. Without any of the blind rage which leads so many writers on similar themes into bitterness and dogmatism, without any of the customary over-simplification and exaggerated melodrama, Mr. Paton has written a beautiful and profoundly moving story, a story steeped in sadness and grief but radiant with hope and compassion. He has contrived for it a special prose of his own which is both richly poetic and intensely emotional. Anyone who admires creative fiction of a high order, anyone who cares to see how a thesis novel can be written without sacrificing artistic integrity, should not miss this notable book.

Alan Paton

Alan Paton is a South African and his novel is about that beautiful and unhappy land. For the last twelve years he has been the principal of the Diepkloos Reformatory, a Johannesburg institution for delinquent African boys. He has lectured and written on the African race problem, but this is his first book. He has brought to it a rare technical skill as well as the contagion of his love for Africa and her tormented people. He is a man who can see evil and greed and cruelty and tragedy and not sink into despair. He knows that simple human goodness can still be found in this weary world.

The Story of a Tragic Search

"Cry, the Beloved Country" is the story of the progress of a Christian in whose path many lions stood. The Rev. Stephen Kumalo was the umfundisi, or parson, of St. Mark's Church at Ndotsheni high in the hills of Natal. He was an elderly Zulu, quite unacquainted with the dangers which lay in wait for his people when they left their hungry, eroded country for the great city of Johannesburg on the Witwatersrand. There segregation, poverty, a fantastic housing shortage, temptation and vice destroyed hordes of young men who sought a living in the gold mines. Their tribal society with its laws and customs and moral traditions had been destroyed by the white people. And it had not been replaced by anything else save police and courts and jails.

Kumalo went to Johannesburg to hunt for his sister and his son who had disappeared there. His search was a tragic one. He found his sister first, and she had become a prostitute. He found traces of his son. As he plodded from address to address finding graver news at each, Kumalo realized that Absalom, his son, had descended into a bottomless pit. So when the good white man who crusaded for native rights was murdered, Kumalo was appalled but not surprised to learn that Absalom was the murderer.

Kumalo's pitiful martyrdom was not all bitterness. His friend Msimangu, a fellow-preacher, proved to be an almost saintly man. The young white man from the reformatory where Absalom had been confined was hot-tempered, but earnest and kind. The white man who was the father of the murdered man was the source of unexpected comfort. The meeting of the two grief-stricken fathers, the proud, silent, conventional Englishman and the humble Zulu, is the high point of "Cry, the Beloved Country." Then all the complicated social and personal threads of Mr. Paton's story meet and are entwined together in a powerful and extraordinarily touching climax.

His Characters Intensely Real

"Cry, the Beloved Country" consists of an amazingly deft fusion of realistic detail and a symbolical synthesis of various points of view and emotional reactions. As a picture of the fear and suspicion and hatred which haunt all South Africans, black or white, it is brilliant. The whites, who are so few, are frightened by the blacks, who are so many. Education, public health, social advancements of all kinds are dreaded for their capacity to make the Negroes more insistent in their demands and more conscious of their power. A minority of disinterested and far-sighted whites, and Mr. Paton pays them full tribute, are fighting for social justice. But they themselves are doubtful if they can persuade the whites to love soon enough—before the blacks learn to hate too well.

In conveying this message Mr. Paton never once damages his story, never once mounts a soap box to orate at the expense of his novel as a work of fiction. His men and women are intensely real and sympathetic persons. Their conversations and their inner monologues are warm with the breath of life, in spite of the cadenced, lyrical quality which distinguishes them. Perhaps people don't really think and talk with such simple nobility of expression; but they never spoke in Shakespearean blank verse either. It is the truth of the spirit which counts, not stenographic reporting.

Current fiction, while often competent, interesting and readable, rarely discusses an important and controversial subject with both creative skill and generosity of mind. Because "Cry, the Beloved Country" is both so skillful and so generous I believe it is certain to rank as one of the finest novels of the year.

*CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY. By Alan Paton. 278 pages. Scribner. $3.

What They Lack About the South

A Review by Josef Dignan

FINIAN'S RAINBOW: By E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy. 143 pp. Random House. $2.50.

"FINIAN'S RAINBOW," a musical satire that is still running on Broadway, is likely to have a mixed reception from its reading audiences—especially those in the South. The reviewer's main objection is not that the authors of "Finian's Rainbow" apply the cleansing iodine of satire—the South, God knows, needs something to cleanse it—but that they fall into the vicious habit of careless caricaturing and meretricious myth-making common to nearly all playwrights who attempt to write about the South. In short, "Finian's Rainbow" panders to Broadway's preconceived conceptions and misconceptions about the South, instead of trying to give a reasonably accurate report on its ways and its people. Like most plays dealing with the South, it shows about as much first-hand knowledge as if it were concerned with the people on the planets.

The whole play is a fantastic combination of loose situation and well-integrated plot; purest fancy and sly smuttiness, hard-hitting satire and tenderness. When these incongruous elements are well mixed, as they are here, the result is a gay melange that is often in bad taste but never without life and charm.

Minus the Magnolia Backdrop

THE SOUTH OLD AND NEW: A History 1820-1947. By Francis Butler Simkins. 527 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

By JOSEPH B. KRAFT

AMERICAN ignorance of things American is not, as seems generally supposed, a product of sheer stupidity. It is rather more the product of a surfeit of provincialism and traditionalism. Any intersectional curiosity we may feel is usually satisfied by the stereotyped caricatures: our knowledge of other sections is too often—and the spelling should be noted—dialectal. This is particularly so in respect to the South, which, as the most conspicuously different section of the country, possesses the most distinctive traditions and manners. Thus the South admits of, and indeed suffers from, more distortive burlesque than any other section of the nation.

A serious history of the South as a section is, therefore, welcome indeed. It is more heartening still to find that the author, Francis Butler Simkins—author of "Pitchfork Ben Tillman," and a Professor of History at Virginia State Teachers College—is a Southerner, for much of the tradition of the magnolia-laden South has been perpetuated by Southerners. But the best news of all is the book itself. The text is uniformly clear: the reader always knows what his author is talking about and why. The writer's impartiality is a model of the best type of scholarly judiciousness.

Professor Simkins avoids the mechanical balancing of arguments and counter-arguments that so often indicates a lack of opinion rather than a lack of prejudice. Simkins is not impartial in order to throw dust in the reader's eye. Rather his fairness serves to communicate a sense of the complexity of human motive, a sense of the tangled skein of instincts and passions that is known, in professional circles, as history.

OF course the best indication of Professor Simkins' merit is his treatment of problems which have been obscured by the tides of public superstition. In this respect he is at his best. He effectively disputes the contention that the South is intrinsically reactionary, showing the strength of the pre-Civil War movement for universal white manhood suffrage. He supplements this showing with a careful treatment of the agrarian movement of the Eighteen Nineties, and caps the performance with a demonstration of the affinity of Huey Long and Bilbo to their Populist forebears, Tom Watson and Ben Tillman.

The detection of this relationship enables Simkins to see Long and Bilbo as problems rather than abominations.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of twentieth century Southern politics [he concludes] was not that such men were so popular, but that the admiration they aroused was not altogether undeserved. They gave just expression to the aspirations of rural folk whose interests had been obscured by the rise of urban and industrial popula-

hope of intra-caste amelioration is untenable. The cultural diversity and business responsibility that the Negro needs cannot be secured while the Negro is still a "mere beggar for favors." The end of segregation is the condition of Negro progress.

Nevertheless, despite many revealing chapters, and despite Professor Simkins' candor, scholarship and courage, his book does

evidence of this last fact that some of the constitutions stood until convincing indeed.

to the condition of the Negro, Professor Simkins fresh and explicit. On the and he "doubts that in the since Reconstruction Negro ss has outweighed Negro ression." On the other hand convinced that the white

A more striking instance of Professor Simkins' ability to penetrate rumor and sentiment is available in his chapters on the Negro in the South. Recognizing the remarkable growth of Negro political consciousness between 1865 and 1867, Professor Simkins discusses at length the Radical governments of the Reconstruction era, and the much-neglected constitutions that they

tions.

not achieve the full possibilities implicit in a sectional history. The most irritating evidence of this failure is to be found in the chapters on Southern literature, religion and art, which are written in straight narrative style. Behind these tedious lists of cultural events lurks the besetting sin of the American historian: the refusal to make cultural generalizations. Because of his refusal, Professor Simkins is unable to abstract a rational insight from the mass of events, ideas and attitudes that he has catalogued. He fails, in short, to evoke a *genius loci*, and thus he leaves his readers bewildered, wondering what can possibly be the connection between the works of William Faulkner and the deeds of, say, the Duck River Baptists.

It is, of course, quite true that historical generalization is a venture. But if the results are successful, the venture is justified. Professor Simkins is such a good historian, so moderate and careful, that it is a pity he wasn't more daring.

A SOUTHERN HISTORY

THE SOUTH OLD AND NEW, a History, 1820-1947, by Francis Butler Simkins. Published by Alfred A. Knopf; 527 pages, $6.

Francis Simkins' new book, "The South Old and New," is a landmark in Southern historiography. It is the first successful attempt to produce within the covers of one volume a balanced, comprehensive history of the vast region stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. It is more than a mere study of Southern politics; it is a critical analysis of other equally important aspects of Southern history that have made the South what it is today—race, religion, education, literature, social structure and economy. Although dispassionate and judicious in its presentation of facts, it does not hesitate to offer interpretation when needed. This is a book at once both eminently readable and historically sound.

The volume is not only suited for use as a college text, but is indispensable for the intelligent layman who would know "how the South got that way." Especially valuable features of this book include its treatment of the non-political phases of Southern history; its account of Southern development since 1876, a period long neglected by historians concerned with moralizing on the Civil War and its immediate aftermath, reconstruction; and its complete and critical bibliography.

The South first began to realize that it was a distinct cultural entity, a society with its own unique way of life, about 1820, the time of the Missouri Compromise. It is here Simkins begins his story. This sectional consciousness had its origin when the South was called upon to defend its peculiar institution of slavery for the first time on a national scale. This defense was caused by the controversy over slavery's extension into the Western territories. The history of the South for the next four decades was the development of this sense of sectional awareness.

Simkins propounds the generally accepted view of historians of recent years that the controversy which led to secession and Civil War was basically a clash of economic interests. The moral issue of slavery was merely a pretext to cover the struggle between "the Southern system of plantations with slave labor and the Northern system of small farms with free labor . . . between Southern planters seeking cheap goods through free trade and Northern industrialists seeking high profits through protective tariffs and other governmental aids to industry."

Simkins handles the sordid story of reconstruction unusually well. He is free from the usual prejudices that mar most accounts of this unhappy time. The overthrow of carpetbag and scalawag rule in 1876 was followed by the restoration of Southern white supremacy in the period known as Bourbon Rule. This gradually gave way before the Southern manifestation of that great middle-class agrarian movement that swept across the nation in the '80s and '90s. Despite certain notable gains achieved by the agrarian revolt, the South failed to recover from the effects of the war and immediate postwar period; it could not diversify its economy, it could not promote successful industrialization, and it remained poor among its relatively rich natural resources.

The latter part of the book concerns 20th century Southern politics, the Negro problem and the effects of World War II on the South. This is perhaps not as satisfactory as other sections of this volume because of the difficulty in obtaining historical perspective and objectivity on such current affairs.

Simkins concludes that despite all the tremendous convulsions that have taken place in Southern history since the South first attained its sectional consciousness more than a century and a quarter ago, the region has not lost its basic provincial concepts: "Belief in white supremacy, intensive piety, the country-gentleman ideal, devotion to cotton as the supreme staple, distinctive diet, love of home and the outdoors, and the 101 other characteristics which differentiate the Southern area of the United States from the rest of the country."—FRANCIS P. GAINES, JR.

Hats Off!

Prof. Benedict

Dr. Weltfish

. . . To Prof. Ruth Benedict and Dr. Gene Weltfish of Columbia University for another major contribution to understanding among groups and nations. Their bright picture book, In Henry's Backyard *(Henry Schuman, $2), tells the story of "racial" equality in such striking terms that any child can understand it—and any grownup who isn't sunk in abysmal prejudice. It tells how Henry woke up one day to find all the world camped right in his backyard, and how he overcame the "green devil" of hatred that tried to set him against his new neighbors. The book will be issued Feb. 23 in connection with National Brotherhood Week.*

Flood Tale Attacks South's Bigotry

A Review by Dorothy S. Reese

FLOOD CREST: By Hodding Carter. 278 pp. Rinehart & Co. $2.75.

A CHARACTER in "Flood Crest" is speaking of the problems of the South: he says to the young Army engineer who is in charge of the fight against the onslaught of the swollen Mississippi, "Low wages. The Negro. Health. Education. They're all tied in together. . . . Some people think we can keep this thing dammed up. We can't any more than you can dam this river. We've got to do what you do with the river, hold change within a channel so that it won't destroy us." And this, I should say, is the kernel of the book: the analogy between the raging, eroding river and the equally damaging tide of intolerance and bigotry. In fact, if we care to carry the analogy a bit further we can find a similarity between the lustful bull alligator of the preface, dragging the screaming and helpless calf beneath the muck, and the novel's protagonist Senator Cleve Pikestaff.

Cleve Pikestaff, in whom you will recognize the epitome of a certain type of Southern politician, is first encountered standing before a mirror, gazing at his own unsavory self. He sees a short-legged, paunchy body clad in baggy underdrawers, a mouth like a gash, "thin and anxious," eyes that are "pale and icy blobs." His body, we are told, is "a disarming cloak for its lasciviousness . . . " This is a man who has fought his way upward from his poor white beginning, by every trick and chicanery. A man whose chief asset is his thrilling, rabble-rousing voice. A man who has learned the power of the human touch: "He had discovered long ago that scratching . . . if done with detachment . . . was a high political card . . . " This is the man who now holds that position of trust and power: United States senator.

His daughter, handsome, as coarse as he—but more clever—has recently bought the river plantation, Timberlake, to further her father's—and her own—upward climb and Cleve, having always hated the planters, now finds that he needs their support. With the dreaded "project" flood at the very door of Timberlake, he has paused in a speaking tour to have his picture taken walking gingerly on the oozy ground while asking the correct questions, promising anything, garnering votes.

Later, when things go against him, Cleve plays upon the inbred fears and suspicions of the natives by yelling "Red" at the elderly professor and his daughter who are living on a houseboat while the professor studies local conditions for his proposed book. In this turn, which works to such advantage for him, Cleve is inspired by his daughter, who is jealous of the young Army engineer's sudden interest in the girl on the houseboat.

Many varied characters enter into the tense situation: the people of the countryside, the convicts who have been brought to work their hearts out on the crumbling levee, the prison trusty who is a born killer and to whom Cleve is inexorably linked; but none match in delineation Senator Pikestaff who, at the close of the book, mouthing the Golden Rule, seems to have won yet lost in seeing the reflection of his own obscenity mirrored in his daughter.

It must be said that "Flood Crest" does not equal the author's earlier "The Winds of Fear." Perhaps I expected too much of this second novel by the South's crusading editor who has won the Pulitzer Prize for his fine and liberal editorials in the Greenville, Miss., Delta Democrat-Times. To my mind the rather superficial romantic theme weakens the novel's structure, but again this may have been included to sugar-coat the pill, thereby insuring for the story with its inherent message a vastly wider audience.

Mossy Trappings

Sir:

You seem to advocate tolerance for the customary things discriminated against: race, color, creed, religion, etc. However, I do not believe you have ever made a reference to homosexuality (a perfectly legitimate psychological condition) without going specially out of your way to make a vicious insinuation, caustic remark, or "dirty dig."

Your review of Truman Capote's *Other Voices Other Rooms* [TIME, Jan. 26] concludes . . . : "For all his novel's gifted invention and imagery, the distasteful trappings of its homosexual theme overhang it like Spanish moss."

I have seen a great deal of Spanish moss in a lot of places . . . and I must confess that some of it is quite beautiful. . . .

E. BERG

San Francisco, Calif.

TIME gives the creeds.—ED.

Meharry Releases Books On Health

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—(AME)—A staff director of Thomas A. Lasalle, director of the health and medical care in the United States.

Books about the American Negro have been scheduled for publication by two concerns. The University of North Carolina Press will bring out on April 24 "Negro American Fiction," by Hugh Morris Gloster, an account of the published novels and short stories by Negroes from 1890 to 1940, revealing the trends and thought of the Negro race." The Citadel Press will issue in the autumn Dr. Herbert Aptheker's "A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States." Dr. Aptheker, author of several books about the Negro, received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1946.

To the Defense of Fair Employment Practices

The Courier-Journal
A Review by Louis C. Kesselman
Louisville, Ky.

ALL MANNER OF MEN: By Malcolm Ross. 314 pp. Macmillan. $3.50.

Sun. 4-11-48

THE campaign for fair-employment-practices legislation has probably stimulated more violent emotional reactions than any other issue on the recent domestic political scene. To many of its supporters it signifies a magic elixir which will cure all minority ills; to others it denotes a hellish formula distilled in Moscow for the purpose of destroying the American way of life.

Malcolm Ross, the last chairman of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice during the past war, has written a book which should help to clarify the issue. Despite the buffeting which his agency received and the cruel personal attacks upon those connected with the President's Committee, Mr. Ross is eminently fair in his approach and generous to his opponents, although adamant in his belief that the enactment of a permanent federal F.E.P.C. law is both a necessary and feasible step in the direction of assuring economic equality for America's minorities.

By interweaving the story of the work and tribulations of the wartime F.E.P.C. with a historical account of the evolution of minority rights in the United States, Mr. Ross ably suggests that progress in this area has always been difficult and, even more important, that the campaign for F.E.P.C. legislation springs from native and not foreign ideological roots.

Mr. Ross is entirely candid in his evaluation of the wartime F.E.P.C. He does not claim that the agency worked miracles. The failures in the Southern Railway, Western Cartridge Company, and Capital Transit Company cases are discussed in considerable detail. On the other hand, the successes were sometimes spectacular and always helpful to the war effort. Mr. Ross contends that the failures would have been fewer if the agency had been endowed with adequate enforcement powers. As he puts it, sending this agency into the field without real authority was like sending out "a boy with a BB gun to bag a lion." He further blames the bitter enmity of Southern congressmen for F.E.P.C.'s inability to operate with the full power and prestige of the Government behind it.

"All Manner of Men" is valuable for helping to set at rest fears that F.E.P.C. would disrupt industry by dictating all phases of employment policy and result in more rather than less ill-feeling toward minority peoples. Mr. Ross makes it clear that conciliation and persuasion, not coercion, are the chief techniques in dealing with discrimination. Legal-enforcement powers are needed only in rare cases. Not that elimination of employment discrimination is simple. Far from it. Mr. Ross admits that many cases are extremely complex and that successful handling will depend upon timing, a good start, personal factors, community attitudes, and adequate authority in Government. Nevertheless, he is confident that we now have the tools to eliminate the economic manifestations of prejudice.

To the South, Mr. Ross addresses a considerable portion of his remarks. He seeks to assure Southerners that F.E.P.C. does not aim at "social equality." F.E.P.C., he says, can be a tremendous boon rather than a danger to the South. The fact that the 10 million Negroes of the region are not utilized to their highest capacities in employment today robs the South of production and purchasing power which this section so badly needs. He also insists that the South cannot continue to exercise a veto on Northern interference in local affairs because the interdependence of our economy makes national economic and political vigor dependent upon the health of the sum of the sectional parts.

Sun.

In substance, Mr. Ross appeals to our sense of fair play and to our self-interest to give a permanent federal F.E.P.C. a chance to bring the democratic ideal closer to fruition and to increase "the over-all sum of the nation's working skills, with a lift to the morale of minority groups as a by-product."

4-11-48

NEW SONG IN A STRANGE LAND. By Esther Warner. Decorations by Jo Dendel. 302 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

BEFORE she could read, Esther Warner made a fanciful journey down the west coast of Africa, when her mother spread out a map in their Iowa farmhouse and recited such exotic names as Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, the Congo, the Bight of Benin. Her imagination captivated, she composed songs about these strange sounding places. The next time she heard the Bight of Benin put into song she was aboard a blacked-out ship carrying her and her botanist husband to Liberia, where he was to be a researcher on a Firestone rubber plantation. An old sailors' chantey warned,

6-27-48

Beware! Beware! The Bight of Benin!
Forty came out; thirty-nine stay in.

Mrs. Warner not only escaped the ancient "white man's graveyard" but proceeded to write an engaging book about her adventures. A sculptress and painter, she penetrated jungle country to study Liberia's handicraft culture. Accompanied by superstitious Kpuesi carriers, she made a safari to the hinterland settlement of Ganta, where members of the native leper colony gave her their mask idols, and tall Mandingo chieftains sold her their embroidered burnooses. Women in this male-dominated land are sold at $48 a head, the price of a healthy cow.

A skillful reporter and raconteur, Mrs. Warner has written a vivid, perceptive account of her African adventure.

BAY PIERRE.

Negro Poets

THE LION AND THE ARCHER. By Robert Hayden and Myron O'Higgins. 20 pp. Nashville, Tenn.: Mills Book Store, 408 Union St. $1.

IT is possible that this modest pamphlet, containing thirteen short poems by two young Negro poets, may come to be regarded as the entering wedge in the "emancipation" of Negro poetry in America. Perhaps because writing poetry demands a greater degree of self-consciousness, perhaps because verse by Negroes has hitherto tended to lean heavily and uneasily on the inimitable folk-art of spirituals and blues, there has been nothing in this contemporary field to compare with, say, the painting of Horace Pippin or Jacob Lawrence. The recent books by Margaret Walker and Gwendolyn Brooks were steps in the direction of independence from a limited minstrel quaintness, but they lacked the experimental vigor of these poems.

One feels instantly behind the work of both these very gifted poets, not a persecution-complex or a nostalgia for the past or for a hot piano, but the whole weight of modern poetry at the service of a tragic human situation. They have learned the value of restraint. Hayden opens thus:

Snow alters and elaborates perspectives,
Confuses South with North and would deceive
me into that egregious error
but for these trees that keep their summer-green
and like a certain hue of speech mean South.

And O'Higgins thus concludes his very moving poem on the death of Gandhi:

Now they have taken your death to their rooms
And here in this far city a false Spring
Founders in the ruins of your quiet flesh
And deep in your marvelous wounds
The sun burns down
And the seas return to their imagined homes.

A NOVEL WORTH READING

WE GATHER TOGETHER, by Sara Jenkins. Published by Crowell; 243 pages, $2.75.

From the jacket drawing and blurb of Sara Jenkins' book, it would appear to be just another in the interminable procession of novels about Papa or Grandpa or Brother or somebody who was a preacher, and though it has all the charm of the better books of this type, it has a great deal more to recommend it. The story, simple and rather sprawling, is about the Gordons: Grandma and Grandpa Gordon, the six Methodist-preacher sons, their wives and their children. Jennie Gordon, one of the younger grandchildren, is followed from childhood to maturity, and through her the reader comes to know the whole clan. One of Miss Jenkins' remarkable accomplishments is the clear, colorful delineation of character. So deft and strong are her strokes that the portraits of this memorable family remain vivid long after the book is put down.

The descriptions of Southern life (the book is set in Mt. Olive, Ga.) and Southern people are as nearly perfect as I have ever read. The sights, scents and sounds, the customs and beliefs of a vanishing way of life are preserved in loving detail.

But this achievement, considerable though it is, is not Miss Jenkins' chief one. She is at her best, I think, when dealing with Southern race problems. Having no fanatical theories to expound, she is content to present the truth without altering or even embroidering it. So natural and true are her portrayals of both Negroes and whites in their many and various relationships that she needs no contrived sensationalism to show the seriousness and complexity of a problem which is the concern of every thinking Southerner. I cannot help believing that Miss Jenkins' honest and sincere effort to treat all human beings as individuals is of more real worth in the promotion of better race relations than 100 such sensational books as "Strange Fruit" and "Summer On the Water." In the current flood of propaganda books, where Simon Legree is the only stylish pattern for Southern whites, it is gratifying to find an authoress who dares to present a small, unfriendly community whose outlook is broadened by the teachings of the son of the deep South where Lavinia has grown up has never forgotten that her father was a field hand who married the boss' daughter and ended up as a ne'er-do-well drunkard. Her job as salesgirl in the record department of Pafford's store makes it impossible for her to escape the hurt of seeing former classmates and enduring their patronizing airs. Her life is given new direction on the day when Augustus Stockton, an educated Negro, comes in to order records of an opera. Many years before she had played with Augustus and his sister until they had gone away for the reader except at times in the case of Lavinia, the central character.

In her desire to escape from Gaskins, Lavinia is willing to accept Augustus' help. He suggests that she attend his classes in a variety of subjects in order to prepare herself to get a job when she leaves. A group of his women pupils resent Lavinia's presence and this sets

Bookshelf

"Vine of Glory."

IN the story of a young Southern white girl hemmed in by the town's Negro doctor, Mary Jackson King, author of "Vine of Glory," had the material for a good novel. But the book she has not lived up to its possibilities. Its characters and situations do not achieve reality for the reader except at times in the case of Lavinia, whose outlook is broadened by

Yes, Miss Jenkins' first novel has a good deal more to it than just charm. Read it for its tender and moving love story, for its nostalgic picture of Southerners and the South, or for its honest, subtly penetrating study of race relations—but for whatever reason, be sure to read it!—PEGGY MAULDIN FLYNN.

stage for the tragedy which comes later.

Augustus and the other Negro characters here are wooden and sometimes difficult to accept. This is especially true in the attack one of the girls makes on Lavinia. Except for Augustus, his father, and Izzy, the union organizer, most of the other Negroes are the usual stereotypes of Southern Negroes. They have their Eleanor clubs, they neglect their homes, and they are lazy, careless and irresponsible. Although Mrs. King has Augustus devote himself to advancing his people, their attendance at his classes does not fit into the pattern of shiftlessness she draws.

The early pages of "Vine of Glory" in which Lavinia is presented and the author shows the various influences to which she has been subjected are the best in the book. The final tragedy and the death of Lavinia's benefactor, Mrs. Berryhill, seem contrived to tie up the threads of the story. Unlike "The Other Room" by Worth Tuttle Hedden which in a general way deals with a similar subject, "Vine of Glory" does not reveal an understanding of the relations of Negroes and whites.

"Vine of Glory" by Mary Jackson King; Bobbs-Merrill Company; New York City; 1948; $3.00

"New Song In A Strange Land"

After hearing complaints about Liberia from the wives of Firestone Company staff members and from Americo-Liberians, Esther Warner decided she would have to turn to the natives to find happiness in Liberia. This she did and the result was a happy stay in that country where her husband was a botanist on the staff of the Firestone Rubber Company. The book in which she recounts her experiences is full of charm, wit, and understanding for the natives.

Mrs. Warner makes Liberia seem a far more interesting place than most books about that country do. Her ability to make friends and to measure the worth of the people she met made it possible for her to see a great deal during her stay. Her trip into the interior to visit Dr. George Harley and his wife is one of the high points of the book. The fact that she is a sculptor and a painter helped her to appreciate the work of the native artists.

"New Song In A Strange Land" is an unpretentious book but one that tells a great deal of everyday life in Liberia on the Firestone plantation and among the natives themselves. The attractive sketches by Jo Dendel supplement Mrs. Warner's text. It is a book any reader will enjoy.

"New Song In A Strange Land" by Esther Warner; Houghton Mifflin Company; Boston; 1948; $2.50

sell her ackee fruit"—a market dance of Jamaica. Right, the real Cuban rumba depicts farm scenes; the girl's ruffled train is the hen's tail feathers; the man's ruffled shirt, the cock's hackle feathers.

He Shot Rhythm: *With flash bulb and camera Earl Leaf made a dance pilgrimage to the Caribbean. In "Isles of Rhythm" (Barnes, $5) he pictures and reports his findings. Left, "she couldn't*

Danville Poetess Receives Praise On Recent Volume

By MRS. F. B. MOTLEY

DANVILLE, Va.—As results of her recently published volume of poetry, "Whence Waters Flow," Mrs. Alice Haden Merritt of this city has been praised as ranking "among our best poets."

Mrs. William N. Doak, wife of former Secretary of Labor, honored Mrs. Merritt with a gold bar pin recently through her publisher, Mr. Dietz of the Dietz Publishing Company of Richmond, Va.

In the accompanying letter Mrs. Doak wrote, "There are not enough words to express my feeling in regard to Alice Merritt's ability and fine character. She is truly a remarkable character. I think her poems are beautiful and well done and she should rank among our best poets."

The Lions Club of this city honored the poet on Sept. 11 with a cash award with the following letter: "The poem, 'Virginia' by Alice Haden Merritt has come to the attention of our Lions Club in Danville, and after careful study, it is the opinion of this civic organization that the poem is one of great merit."

The letter continued: "Having compared it with other poems of similar subject, we feel that this one expresses for us all the love we feel for the Old Dominion, and wish for the poem, as well as the others by this author, a wide reading. In view of the exceptional quality which we believe it to have, the Lions Club of Danville has offered Mrs. Merritt a cash prize for the publication of the poem, 'Virginia'."

On her previously published volumes, the Eugene Field Society said, "She has made an outstanding contribution to the field of literature."

MRS. ALICE H. MERRITT

Problem of a Negro G.I. Abro

A Review by Louis C. Kesselman

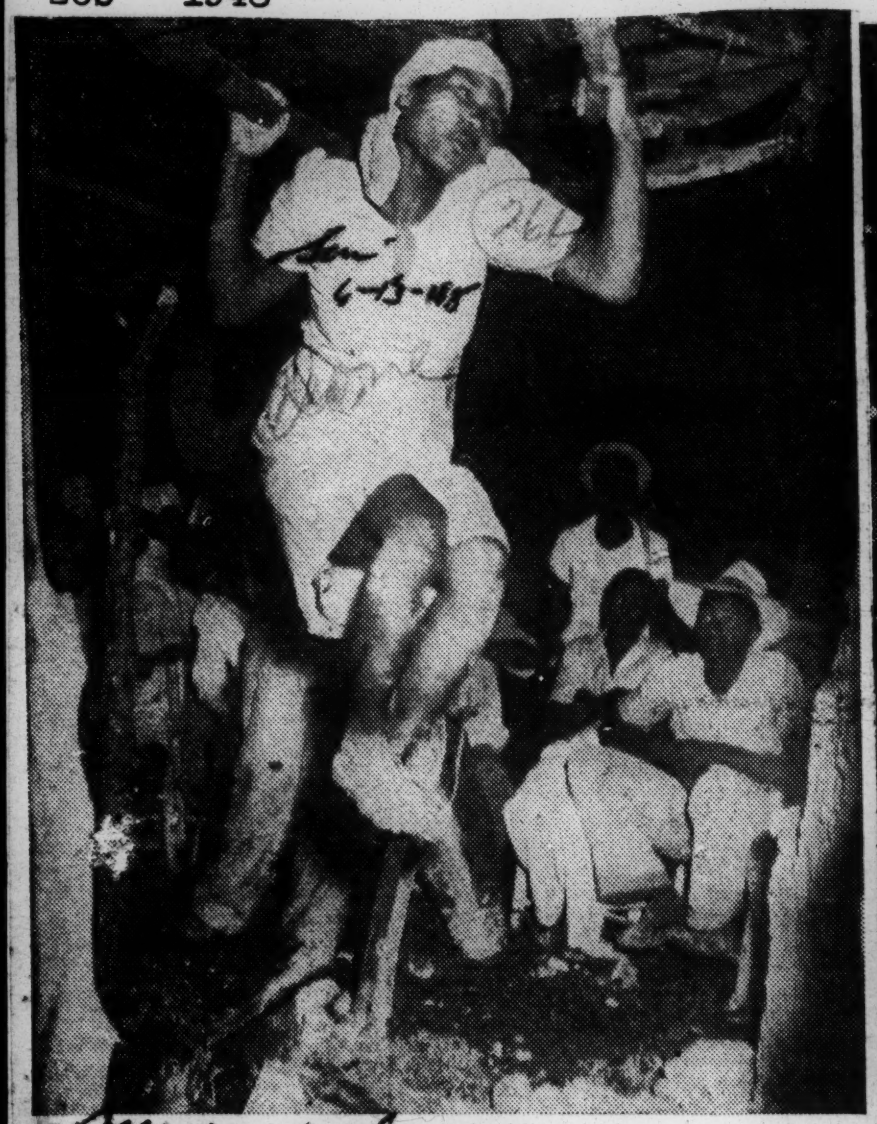
WALK IN DARKNESS: By Hans Habe. 314 pp. Putnam's Sons. $3.

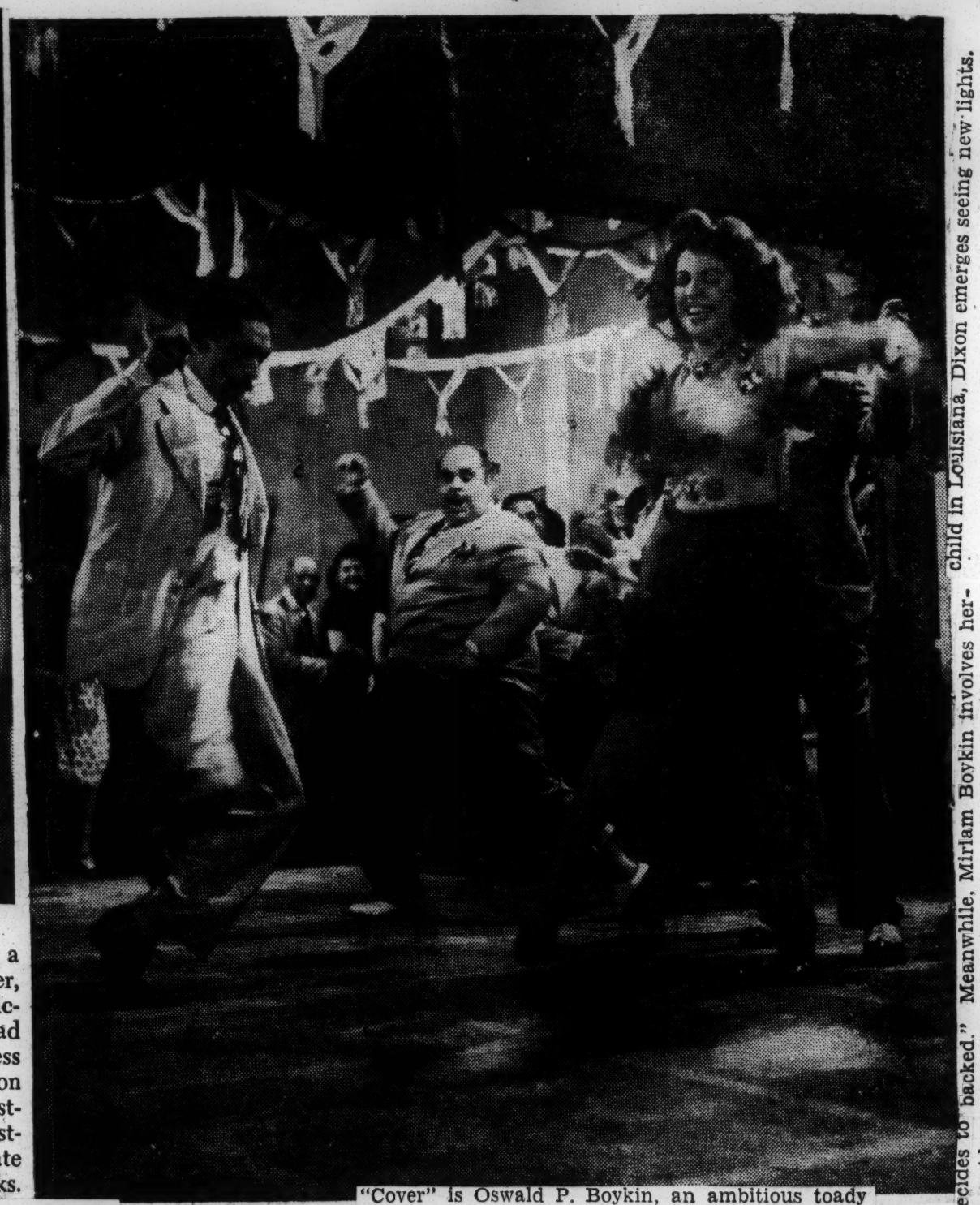
NOVELS dealing with the moral and physical injustices done to Negroes in America have become a regular part of our literary diet in recent years. World War II, by introducing the American racial conflict into foreign countries along with our military forces, has broadened the novelist's stage and has pointed up the ironical fact that Negro soldiers have sometimes found more freedom in "decadent" Europe than at home.

Hans Habe, author of several best sellers, has written his version of the dilemma of the transplanted Negro soldier in "Walk In Darkness."

The story of Washington Roach, Negro veteran of the Italian campaigns, who re-enlists for occupation service in Germany in order to escape the walls of Harlem, is skillfully told. Roach runs the gamut of occupation experiences. He has a romance with Eva, a Bavarian maiden, ending in illicit marriage and fatherhood. Then he becomes involved in desertion, Black Market activities, and leadership of a band of desperadoes, moving with the inexorable pace of a Greek tragedy to his capture and execution for murder. But not before he has savored life as a full man and has come to understand his kinship with Selma Speyer, a Jewish victim of Nazi persecution.

This could have been a novel of greater stature if Habe were as gifted in character development as he is in story development and if he had something distinctive to say on the Negro problem. He has, nevertheless, written an engrossing novel which blazes with moral anger.





Our dancing neighbors

Earl Leaf, a photographer, went to the West Indies to document the island dances in pictures. When he finished, he had not only made the photos but had also written a book, *Isles of Rhythm* (Barnes, $5), which no less an authority than Katherine Dunham calls an important addition to the meager literature on Afro-American dance. Most interesting sequence is a *voodoo* ceremony in the Haitian hills on Christmas Eve (*above*). Good, too, is the Havana coverage—private house parties (*right*) to night clubs and waterfront honkeytonks.

BOOKS . . . THINGS

By L. . . GANNETT

IMPORTANT PEOPLE. By Robert Van Gelder. Doubleday. 339 pages. $3.

TOWARD the end of this longish novel about upper crust New York City people, a magazine editor looks over the famous faces assembled at Liza Carter Grimm's big house on upper Fifth Avenue and says "Important people. Hard to believe it when you hear them talk."

'Important People'

It's also hard to believe it when you read about them. I just don't recognize the city Mr. Van Gelder writes about it; it seems to bear no resemblance to the city in w[illegible] have been meeting Mr. Van Gelder, a former editor of "The New York Times" Sunday Book Review, off and on for twenty years.

This is the story of Dixon West, returning from the war to his role as heir to the great publishing empire of the Wests, notably "Cover," the circulation-in-the millions magazine which his friends in college had ripped apart as "the organ of the reactionary primitives." "At the head of the empire still sits Dixon's grandfather Carter, a shrewd, earthy Troy. Dixon's father is a useless man-about-town; nobody pays much attention to Schuyler West, not even his wife, who has devoted thirty years to a career of dilligent self-pity. The editor of "Cover" is Oswald P. Boykin, an ambitious toady who changes his mind whenever he talks with one of he "important people." Boykin is the kind of man who, when annoyed with his wife, dashes a water tumbler to the parlor floor; his son Ike is a Connecticut private school heel, and his daughter Miriam is a progressive New York City school heeless.

Dixon thinks he'd like to "work his way up in the organization." Old Carter, very sensibly, vetoes the idea. He doubts if in his entire outfit there is any one idiotic enough to believe that Dixon was really working on a competitive basis. Army life should have taught Dixon that respect for authority is essential, and it would be a mistake to let his employees-to-be watch him learning his way, floundering, asking questions and forgetting the answers.

Tabloid Harlem

Meanwhile, Dixon, for no clear reason, decides to marry a hard-drinking old friend of his, a war widow and girl-about-town much better suited to his father, who has none of Dixon's social consciousness. Driving this Mig Holmes out of New York, Dixon finds his car stopped by a Harlem street mass meeting, and, backing out, bumps into something which Mig assures him is only a dog. It is, of course, a Negro child, but Dixon, unaware of the aftermath, drives on. Race riots follow, and when Dixon finally learns his own responsibility for them, he bravely says he will spend the rest of his life making up for this one. But I didn't do anything, not a thing child in Louisiana, Dixon emerges seeing new lights.

New Light

"Somebody's got to be boss," he says to himself. "If I'm going to be worried about individuals, how can I be trusted to guide whole communities of men? People like me, in an important spot, the important people, are good for Negroes, sure, but don't mix in personally. There are so many bigger problems for a man in my spot to settle." He goes home to his grandfather saying, "I know now that the best aim I can have is to become as near like you as I possibly can."

When Dixon determines to learn at first hand about life in Harlem, he naturally goes with his elevator-man as guide. The Harlem we discover is a tabloid Sunday supplement dream, complete with a mugging in Central Park, a toe-to-toe slugging match in a dollar-a-drink side-street dive and merchants of race hate. Out of this experience, and possibly can."

"When you discover what that amounts to," the grand old man replies, "I hope you won't whine a quick feverish trip in search of an illegitimate

about it."

Sometimes Mr. Van Gelder seems desperately in earnest, sometimes excitedly satirical, and sometimes merely melodramatic. There are a lot of canny insights scattered through his story, and some good bits of swift-paced narrative. But most of the time, it seems to this reader, he is just muddled.

"BRIDE OF FORTUNE"

This is a book review of a book we haven't read, or at least one we haven't finished. It is Harnett T. Kane's "Bride of Fortune," a historical novel about the First Lady of the Confederacy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis. It appeared Oct. 6 on the 87th anniversary of President Davis' election.

We are prepared to salute this work before completing the reading thereof on the basis of some impressive testimony. Before it ever appeared, book of the month clubs assured a minimum sale of 650,000 copies. Hollywood is preparing to make it a movie.

Carl Carmer, author of "Stars Fell On Alabama," testifies:

"Through his intimate knowledge of and feeling for the Deep South, through able and intelligent research, through his writer's knowledge of people, Mr. Kane has built a direct and moving narrative which has given me more of a sense of 'how things were' in the Confederacy than I found in most books whether fiction or fact. It has the ring of truth—a quietly sincere, convincingly truthful, appealingly human historical novel."

Kane quit work as a New Orleans reporter and wrote seven highly successful books, among them, "New Orleans Woman," "Bayous of Louisiana" and "Louisiana Hayride." Us, we're judging "Bride of Fortune" by "Louisiana Hayride," a book about the razzle-dazzle tyranny of Huey Long which fascinated us and which we employ with profit as a reference book.

Parenthetically, it might be observed that in addition to outstanding literary gifts, Citizen Kane has a good fairy on his shoulder. For not only have all his books been successful and not only is this last one the most successful of the lot, but it is attended by a windfall revival of "Louisiana Hayride" stemming from the return of the Longs to power. The man could dispense with half his writing talent, substitute therefor his luck and still be big business.

In view of all of that we are prepared to nail the new novel about Mrs. Davis. Kane describes Mrs. Davis, nee Varina Howell, of Natchez, as "one of the great ladies of the nation—a forthright, determined, magnificently courageous woman."

We have a hardening prejudice against historical novels, growing chiefly out of our experience with Howard Fast's "Citizen Tom Paine," the difficulty being that your fund of exact knowledge about a given historical figure has a miscegenetic union with fanciful and speculative allegations of the author.

This, as we have notably discovered in the case of "Citizen Tom Paine," exposes newspaper editors to that alert and bloodthirsty element of readers who are bushwhacker assassins whenever they encounter an historical bull.

However, we idle our prejudice in the case of this book on Mrs. Davis. Not the least reason for this is the fact that Kane began his research on Mrs. Davis a decade ago and did a great deal of it in Montgomery, and wherever else she and the President resided.

It must be added that in the portion of the novel we have read, two disappointments were encountered. Kane is unable to reveal, as have all other historians, why Zachary Taylor, whose daughter was Davis' first wife, actively disliked Lieut. Davis.

Second, we have always wished to believe that Abraham Lincoln and Davis encountered or knew each other as boys in Kentucky. But Kane points out that Davis left Kentucky when three years old and this discounts the intriguing possibility of acquaintance.

An addendum to all of which is that this is a third oasis in Mr. Mencken's "Sahara of the Bozart." Mississippi's William Faulkner, a foremost man of letters, is out with one of his best novels, "Intruder in the Dust," and, of course, there is Dothan's Dougie Bailey with his "Devil Make A Third."

HARLEM TEACHER

THE INVISIBLE ISLAND, by Irwin Stark (The Viking Press; $3).

THIS FIRST NOVEL by Irwin Stark, a young New York school teacher, is an encouraging performance. Decidedly it has its faults. It is too long, not because it grows tiresome or because it seems at times a trifle overcrowded with detail, but because the extent of its preoccupation with the sex life of its hero and its record of his spiritual adventures among the liberal and radical ideas of the thirties has a way of overpowering its central theme of a white teacher in a Harlem school.

There are occasions, also, when the novel recalls too clearly other autobiographical narratives of troubled young intellectuals and seems to stem more from them than from actuality. Finally, Stark suffers from the juvenile habit of inserting dirty words; words which, though they fit the dialogue plausibly enough, appear to be set down because the novelist feels he must fulfil some obligation to realism, and not out of any creative necessity.

Such faults, however, are only momentarily annoying in comparison to the very solid virtues of a work that is always alive and is most of the time dramatically absorbing. It is, to repeat, a highly encouraging novel, not only because it shows signs of the coming of a new writing talent but because it handles its grim and ugly theme with freshness, honesty and a kind of tough optimism that is never starry-eyed.

Too frequently pushed into the background by the rush of what must be at least in part the outline of Stark's own youthful struggles, the essential narrative is of an idealistic young teacher's effort to understand and help the embittered Negro students at the Emerson branch of the New York public-school system.

In the end he is superficially a failure. Most of his unwilling pupils are still suspicious of him and regard him as a fatuous and interfering outsider. Johnny Boston, the boy he is most eager to save and make his friend, has killed a Negro detective he hated and has died after a robbery. But basically Matthew Stratton, the instructor, wins his victory. In his heart he knows that he has found his place in the battle.

The conclusion of *The Invisible Island* is sturdily optimistic, not out of any facile triumph on the part of its central figure, but because it shows a man who, knowing the almost insuperable problems he faces, is yet at last prepared to face them to the end. It is a fighting, rather than a glib, romantic or disillusioned, conclusion, and for that reason it is effective.

The characters in Stark's novel do not always come to life, but even when he fails with them, they are the outlines of real men and women, not figures in papier-maché. The author is considerably more successful with his men than with his women, in great part because the sex episodes never become much more than scenes thrown in because they are expected.

The novel does not tip the scales to its purpose: it presents the underprivileged Negro with candor. At least two of its most unattractive characters are Negroes—the brutal detective who beats Johnny Boston and is killed by him, and a ruthless career man in the public-school system. Stark sees that one of the greatest tragedies of the white man's treatment of the Negro is the fact that it has produced a cold, ruthless selfishness as one of the chief protections against it. When he has told in quick and memorable phrases just how the detective and the teacher had become what they were, it is clear that they are as inevitably the victims of the race situation in America as the tragic Johnny Boston, who never forgot his lynched father.

Stark also depicts effectively, in the case of a Negro poet who could no longer write the poems his white public expected of him, a less frequently examined aspect of racism in the United States. That is the patronizing sentimentality that easily becomes a subconscious part of the attitude of the liberal white. Stark's exposition of the tragedy inflicted on the American democratic structure by its maintenance of second-class citizens is valid, believable and compassionate social criticism, as well as moving fiction.

Because of this excellence, the author's scheme of interrupting the most vital part of his story to provide long backward glimpses becomes annoying. Taken by itself, the tale of young Stratton's careful and tentative approach to the social movements of the Roosevelt era is interesting literary history. It has, among other things, the virtue of contemplating the rise and fall of communism among the idealistic young intellectuals of the period sensibly, candidly and without bitterness. But the main business of *The Invisible Island* is the story of the Emerson School, and it is too good to be pushed into the background.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Books

By ORVIL

SOME people don't like tropical West Africa, that strange land of wonderful old names, the grain coast, the gold coast, the ivory coast and the slave coast. They remember the heat and isolation, the fevers and running sores, and quote its former reputation as "the white man's graveyard." But Esther Warner is not one of them. She had a fine time in Liberia and wept when she had to leave it. She did not agree at all with the trader who warned her on her voyage out, "You have to have either God or Bols gin to keep from going crazy."

Esther Warner

Mrs. Warner wasn't a missionary, which is what the trader meant, and she didn't take to drink. What she did do to combat nostalgia for her Iowa home and the galloping ennui that tormented so many of the other American exiles in Liberia was to plunge into native life with tact, enthusiasm and a rare gift for making friends. She tells about her Liberian experience in "New Song in a Strange Land."*

Mrs. Warner calls herself "a professional hobbyist," by which she means that she is skilled in sculpture, wood carving, painting, weaving, textile designing and anthropology. With such interests she couldn't just settle down into the routine of boredom and frustration of the other wives on the Firestone rubber plantation where her husband was a research botanist. She might have allowed the irritations of Liberian life to get her down. There were certainly enough of them, the scarcity of meat, vegetables, fruit and other fresh foods, the necessity of boiling all drinking water, jiggers, tropical ulcers and yaws, cockroaches, termites, driver ants and snakes. But such trifles, which loomed large at first, soon were put in their proper place by Mrs. Warner's intense interest in the black life around her.

Collected Wood Carvings

She didn't have much use for the "Americo-Liberians," the descendants of the freed slaves who now rule Liberia in a shiftless, cruel and corrupt fashion. The native tribesmen of the bush country won her affection and admiration. She collected their wood carvings, penetrated into the mysteries of their religious concepts (quite similar in many fundamentals to those of Christianity and Islam), became familiar with their customs and watched their ceremonial rituals. She even went on a long safari across much of Liberia to the medical mission of Dr. George Way Harley, who must be one of the most enlightened missionaries in Africa.

"New Song in a Strange Land" is not a clear-cut chronological narrative of events. One cannot tell from its pages how long Mrs. Warner was in Liberia, what was the nature of her husband's duties or what kind of place the rubber plantation is. Rather it is an impressionistic, informal, emotional picture of black people and black ways as they struck an alert and intensely sympathetic observer.

Mrs. Warner's education in tribal ways consisted of three courses. In the first her teachers were her five "boys," the yard boy, the wash boy, the steward boy, the cook boy and the car boy. From them she learned not to take bugs so seriously ("All new Missy make palaver for bugs first time, but after, they don't care"); to understand about the Neji or water spirits that can be bought for $48, the same price as for a wife or a cow, and which are expected to supply their purchasers with gold; to know that chickens must be made drunk before killing; to make bread with palm wine instead of yeast and to speak a little in several tribal languages.

Got Examples of Folk Lore

The second course was given by the men and women of near-by tribes to whom her boys introduced her. Mrs. Warner became a trusted intimate of several chiefs and chiefs' sons, listened to examples of their folk lore and their tall stories, attended religious ceremonies and was offered rats, snakes and baboon soup to eat. She carved portrait heads and beautiful examples of native craftsmanship were presented to her.

The third and most strenuous course came when Mrs. Warner made her long journey alone, save for her bearers, to the Harley mission. She learned about the Devil Society, which is both honorary and terroristic; about the Poro, the frightful initiation to manhood that is traditional in certain tribes and which a large percentage of candidates do not survive; about the outraged punishment inflicted upon those who succumb to the civilized vice of theft, and about the financial perils of polygamy in Liberia, which may cause a wife to be seized for debt until she passes through many hands.

Esther Warner must be a woman of unusual courage and unusual charm. She went places where ninety-eight white women out of 100 couldn't be induced to go and she did things that ninety-nine white women out of 100 couldn't be paid to do. She liked and respected the natives she met, no matter how peculiar were some of their customs. And they admired and loved her. When the time came for her departure from Africa her boys wept and rolled on the ground with grief.

Writing a travel book may be just another of Mrs. Warner's hobbies; but she has done it well. If Mrs. Warner can paint, carve, sculp and weave as well as she writes, her versatility is truly formidable. Our age of overspecialization needs more people like her.

*NEW SONG IN A STRANGE LAND. By Esther Warner. Decorations by Jo Dendel. 302 pages. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

Negro Who's Who In Calif. Off Press

Negro Who's Who in California, gold lettered and red leatherette bound, is off the press.

After ten months of gathering, compiling, checking and editing information and copy on the lives and histories of Negro men, women and organizations of California, the first edition of **Negro Who's Who in California,** an authentic, comprehensive, and dignified reference volume is available to the reading public.

This volume of 133 pages promises to be one of the most interesting, informative, inspiring and exacting books published in 1948. Its importance as a reference volume, an inspiration to young people and an exciting source of information for friends and acquaintances may make it a "best seller."

An index of 664 names gives an idea of the number of biographies, histories, and comments in **Negro Who's Who in California.**

A surprising development in connection with the publication of the first edition of **Negro Who's Who in California** is in spite of the fact it meets the standard of similar **Who's Whos** of other professional and racial groups, is sales price is only $5 as compared to a minimum of $20 for similar publications. This, the publishers say, is possible because of the excellent cooperation of those who saw the need of this type of reference volume in schools, libraries and homes. Mrs. Emily Woody, teacher, and Miss Laura Slayton, social and civic leader, have consented to act as field representatives in the distribution of the limited first edition

The main office of **Negro Who's Who in California** at 2510 S. Central Avenue, room 203, ADams 1-7492 advised that a sales office will be located at the Fentress Press, 1888 W. Jefferson Blvd., REpublic 2-6357.

Some Truths About Reconstruction

THAT SO much misrepresentation, prejudice and trash have been published on the Reconstruction by those who nearly always got their information second and even third-hand, while this book written on the spot—"A Union Officer in the Reconstruction," 211 pp. (Yale University Press, $3.75), remained in manuscript for over fifty years, and long after the writer's death, is little short of an indictment on American letters.

John William DeForest, its author, though one of the leading masters in American literature, never came into his own because he would not be standardized. As David M. Potter says in the introduction, "De Forest . . . . wrote in a vein distinctively his own, so direct, so stripped of illusion, so trenchant in its perceptions that it forfeited the approval of a sentimental public."

* * *

WITH THE Civil War recently ended most individuals were so markedly pro or con that there was little or no hearing for one who wrote neither pro nor con but of life, of the psychology of whites and of Negroes, as he saw it.

De Forest, who was born in Connecticut in 1826, served as an officer in the Civil War and told of his experiences, principally in Louisiana, in "A Volunteer's Adventure" (1946).

After the war he was acting assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau of Greenville and Pickens Counties, S. C.

As such he had to listen to the complaints of both whites and Negroes. These case-histories he gives in what are in reality some of the best short stories, fictitious or true, that I have ever read. Those who wish to get the real feel of Reconstruction cannot afford to miss them.

* * *

IN THESE impartially told incidents we see whites and Negroes neither as saints nor devils; neither as all good nor all bad, but human beings who are creatures of their environment. All the Negroes were not Uncle Toms as in "Gone With The Wind," nor were the whites all brutes and tyrants.

"I knew," says De Forest, "Southerners who taught their slaves to read in spite of severe prohibitory laws and who labored for their growth in morality and piety as missionaries labor for the conversion of the heathen."

Reading this book helps to understand how centuries of slavery moulded white Southern psychology and made it what it is today. De Forest has embalmed for us the Southerner's notions of chivalry, courtesy, education and general manners.

* * *

AS FOR the white woman, though he "worshipped" her, he placed her just one grade above the Negro. As De Forest says: "Next to our (the Northerner's) supposed passion for putting the Negro on an equality with the white, there is nothing so abhorrent to the Southerners of both sexes as the movement in favor of women's rights."

One Southerner thought women's voting "just the miserablest

Interracial Love Termarriage Suns

A Review by Joy Bale

the color of night." Whether that statement be startling or merely interesting, this reviewer feels that its implication of love being unmarried

THE WELL OF COMPASSION: By David Almon. 278 pp. Sirgo & Schuit. $3.

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J. A. ROGERS.

New York, N. Y.

contracted through neither love nor passion. Since the marriage about which he writes lacks such ingredients, it can hardly be used as a hypothetical test of the success or failure of intermarriage.

Purely as a story, without sociological intent, "The Well of Compassion" is well written and capable of holding attention. It concerns Lock Sharon, a young Negro artist, who is interested only in painting. The death of his tubercular sweetheart, a girl of his own race, throws him even more intensely into his art. Through his talent and a voluptuous landlady, anxious to share his possibilities, Lock becomes acquainted with Jo, a white woman who owns an art shop. In spite of having a fiance and a career, Jo is restless and seeks a great emotional change which her psychoanalyst tells her is the experience she needs. Hoping to find that soul-developing experience through Lock, Jo arranges their marriage. Lock is grateful for her light and spacious studio in which to work. That, and a growing sensitivity about his color, seems to be the extent of his reaction. When the inevitable social complications arise, Jo's loyalty remains with her class rather than with her husband. The result is of course a breaking of relationships.

In the background is a young Jewish girl, originally a friend of Jo's, who appreciates and understands Lock. There is also a married couple who have found happiness in spite of racial differences. These three characters seem more real than either Lock or Jo whose story is more one of analytical interest than racial import.

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

(INTRUDER IN THE DUST, by William Faulkner. Random House, N.Y. 246 pp. $3.00.

William Faulkner's latest novel, his first in six or seven years, will not enhance his reputation among readers of his earlier work; and new readers will find it the very devil to break through the turgid, self-conscious, but wondrously sensuous style to get at the meat of the book. And the meat of the book, once and if ever they do get at it, may not seem worth the trouble.

For the meat is as unpalatable as boiled rags and mush. It is the diet served up by the D.A.R., the States'-Righters, the Dixiecrats, and other brands of Southern chauvinists.

Indeed, Intruder In the Dust even has something of the electioneering quality of a political tract, and this is certainly unworthy of William Faulkner who wrote Sanctuary, Light In August, and As I Lay Dying. There will be those though, who, thinking back, will say that all of Faulkner's earlier work led directly to this one.

Has Dixie Theme

The theme of Intruder In the Dust is simply this: The South must be let alone to work out its racial problem.

This is not an oversimplification of what Faulkner wishes to tell his readers; it is not even a modification of it.

It is true that the implications which Faulkner makes attend on this theme go much deeper. They go down to what has always been one of the author's chief concerns —the expiation, the atonement for evil.

What Faulkner says, therefore, is this: That the South did a great evil to colored people, and until that evil is atoned for in social, economic, and political terms, there is no salvation for the South.

But the South must make its own atonement, and it must make it alone. It will not serve the same purpose if she has help. Faulkner wishes to make this so indubitably clear that he has one of his characters preach a little sermon decrying Federal interference and Federal legislation against lynching, discrimination, segregation, and the like.

A Grotesque

The story that carries this theme is, like most of Faulkner's stories, a grotesque. It begins with the incident of a white boy falling overboard and afterwards being taken to the home of a colored person (who never acts like a colored person) to dry out and be fed. The boy, who bears the proud name of Mallison, tries to pay Lucas Beauchamp, but the colored man scorns the money.

The white boy feels he cannot accept a favor from a colored man, and the latter is too proud to sell one. From then on, the boy is obsessed by the need to get out from under what he feels to be a debt to Lucas Beauchamp.

At last his chance comes. Lucas Beauchamp is charged with murdering a white man. He is in a fair way of being lynched. Only the fact that a lynching at the moment would run into Sunday saves him.

Lodged in jail, Lucas is visited by the white boy and the boy's lawyer-uncle. Lucas swears he did not kill Vinson Gowrie, and the boy believes him.

In order to prove Lucas's innocence, it is necessary to dig up Vinson Gowrie's body. No grown person would believe Lucas and therefore none would undertake the grisly task—none but a boy and a woman "could possibly believe what is impossible of belief."

So the boy, together with his colored companion (also a boy of 16) and the old white woman spend a night of terror digging up a dead man.

The Debt Remains

But they find the evidence that is needed to prove Lucas Beauchamp innocent. The crowd that gathers from several counties to do what is traditionally done to colored people who kill white men is appeased. Lucas is set free.

The boy now feels that his debt is discharged. But Beauchamp will not have it that way. He had hired the boy's uncle to defend him in case he came to trial. He insists on paying "anything within reason."

Having paid, he asks for a receipt. The white boy and the white man — the whole white South remains in the colored man's debt.

'The Angry Wife'

IN "THE ANGRY WIFE" Mr. Sedges tells his story directly and there is never any lag in the swift action. Pierce Delaney comes home to Malvern after years in the Confederate Army, anxious to blot out those years in the work of building his estate and his family. From the beginning he feels vaguely that his life will never be quite the same and looking at his beautiful wife, Lucinda, with less dazzled eyes, he is sure of it. Lucinda has learned to live without him successfully and knowing his love for her she wields her power by using every feminine wile.

When Pierce's brother, Tom, returns a living skeleton from his years in a Confederate prison the conflict is established. Lucinda refuses to accept the fact that the war has changed anything and Tom, a Union soldier, represents all that she hates. When he falls inevitably in love with one of two beautiful servants whom Pierce had bought from the estate of her father, Lucinda is furious. The mulatto girl who had nursed Tom back to health leaves Malvern but lives nearby and bears Tom's children although she refuses to marry him.

The dominant character in the book is Lucinda and she is expertly drawn. Basic in her nature is a fear of her husband's infidelity and above all a fear of Negro women. She is coldly calculating yet she recognizes just how far she can push her husband in any direction. With her children she is less successful.

Pierce, too, is a well rounded figure as are the children although they are only minor characters. Mr. Sedges is least successful with Georgia and Bettina, the two lovely mulatto girls who change the lives of Tom and Pierce.

"The Angry Wife" although it follows the romantic tradition brings into the open the conflicts in the minds of both slaves and masters over the newly won freedom of the slave. More than that, it examines the complex emotions of Lucinda who like many a woman before and after her time buys her way with her beauty. The problem of people like Bettina who has been reared to consider herself above most Negroes is also well defined.

The labor difficulties, the growing importance of railroads and the agitation by the workers against wage cuts all form part of the accurtae background of the book.

"The Angry Wife" deals with a period which has often been used by novelists but its author has brought to it a new approach and a thoroughly believable story.

SOUTH WIND BLOWS. By Clark Porteous. 192 pp, New York: A. A. Wyn. $2.50.

By HUBERT CREEKMORE

"SOUTH WIND BLOWS" concerns the lynching of a young Negro and the Mississippi people who were concerned with it. The fact that lynching is a commonplace of the Southern literary scene in the twentieth century does not reduce its status as the most barbarous and perverted of the many facets of what we presumptuously call American civilization. Mr. Porteous, who was born in New Orleans, grew up in Mississippi and now works on a Memphis newspaper, is straightforward in his opposition to the horror, injustice, human scorn and sadism involved in lynching.

In form the book might be called radial—it reaches out from the lynching in the first chapter to each representative type of citizen who condoned, incited or perpetrated the crime. The succeeding chapters are the confessions of these people, and they are interspersed with brief "camera eye" reports of other injustices to the Negro. There is scant characterization. Each person projects one of the stereotyped attitudes toward lynching—the fanatic, the sadist, the economic coward, the half-hearted liberal, the self-appointed protector of white womanhood, etc.

Since character portrayal is at a minimum and suspense at nought, the book is repetitious and static. Though Mr. Porteous' intentions are of the most admirable, he has not organized his material into a gripping story. Narrative and personality conflict, which could reveal in exciting ways the representative attitudes of the townsfolk, are sacrificed to unmoving anthropological case histories. Only in the last three chapters, with the widow of the murdered man, the widow and the father of the lynched man, do we get back from the explicit editorials to emotion and story-telling. Even the most sincere and worthy of propaganda novels fails to convince and thus to do its job when it fails at fictional artistry; and that, unfortunately, is the failure of Mr. Porteous' novel.

BOOKS AND THINGS

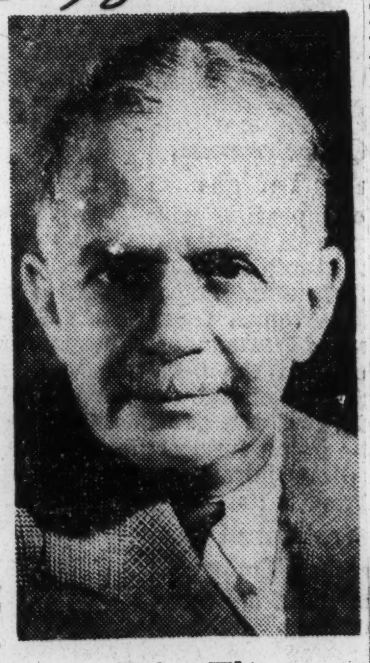
By LEWIS GANNETT

A MAN CALLED WHITE; the Autobiography of Walter White. Viking. 382 pages. $3.75.

AS A MATTER of fact, Walter White doesn't call himself white. He calls himself a Negro. Many a man, observing Mr. White's white skin, blue eyes, and blond hair, has wondered why.

When Walter White "Passed"

He could have "passed." One boyhood summer, as a bellboy in a swanky Atlanta hotel, he did. Later, he "passed" only when he went South to investigate lynchings. Once, leaving Helena, Ark., after a warning, he was startled by a conductor who said to him, "Mister, you're leaving just when the fun is going to start. There's a damned yellow nigger down here passing for white, and the boys are going to get him."



Walter White

"What'll they do with him?" Walter White asked.

"When they get through with him," the conductor answered, "he won't pass for white no more."

But Walter White continued "passing" when it served his purpose. Long ago, during the Atlanta riots of 1906, he had made up his mind where he belonged. He and his father, a mail carrier, had driven through the mobs all day, the blond color of their skin protecting them. But after dark that night he heard a voice shouting, "That's where that light nigger mail carrier lives! Let's burn it down! It's too nice for a nigger to live in." And, in the dark, his father handed Walter a gun and said, "Son, don't shoot until the first man puts his foot on the lawn, and then, don't you miss!"

The mob veered. Walter didn't shoot. But he knew then that he was a Negro. Some light-skinned Negroes fled Atlanta, and "passed." Walter White stayed in Atlanta to participate in a fight for local Negro schools, and when he left, it was to join James Weldon Johnson in the crusade for equality of opportunity of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

A Story of Many Crusades

The story of the rest of Walter White's life becomes the story of the N. A. A. C. P., of its long uphill struggles and its victories. You see Walter White as a private man only rarely in the course of that story: once when he went South to watch his father die. His father had been struck down by an automobile, and the white driver, not recognizing from the senior White's skin that he was a "Negro," had carried him to a white hospital. There he was identified, whereupon the dying man was snatched from the examination table and carried across the street in the rain to the rickety Negro ward of the Municipal Hospital, where he died.

Walter White's story of his own crusading life is a series of sidelights on melodramas: lynchings and near-lynchings; almost hopeless court fights to save the lives of Negroes falsely accused; Walter White shouting through a loudspeaker to frighten Negroes in a strikebound automobile plant and riding the streets of Harlem with Mayor La Guardia to stop a riot in New York City; crusades for equal pay for Negro teachers, equal schooling for Negro students, the right to vote, the right to own a house. Sometimes the scene is North, sometimes South. A dozen stories are baldly told here which might have been made the subject of long novels—some of them, indeed, have been fictionized. The extraordinary quality of Walter White's book is its triumphant overtones. He writes with cold clarity of direction but with singularly little bitterness. He believes in his cause, and in his cause's victory.

Sunrise in the Southland

Why not? He has seen the N. A. A. C. P. grow from a handful of pioneers to an army of 600,000 Negroes and whites. He sat in through all the discouraging stages of the fight for the Negro's right to vote, but he has seen his cause prevail, even in South Carolina, with a South Carolina judge dealing the knockout blow. In his campaign against segregation in the armed forces he discovered staunch allies in Admiral Nimitz from Texas and General John Lee from Virginia. He saw, last January, a thousand white students gather in Norman, Okla., a town once barred to Negroes at night, to cheer the effort of a colored girl to enter their law school; when a Negro mail carrier was barred from Texas' law school, he saw the white students organize the only all-white chapter of the N. A. A. C. P. on the state university campus.

He knows that it is a myth that the South is solid, the walls of Jericho are falling. He can still roar like a lion—a lion with a soft Georgia accent—at continuing abuses, and he knows that roaring is needed, but he has never lost either his sense of humor or his faith in America's ultimate decision. He learned the worst as a small boy; he is discovering the better today. That spirit gives his book its unique quality.

HOWEVER, the Negro was refused admission on a technicality. The university required a transcript of an applicant's college record, but the Negro in this case was unable to produce one. The president of the North Carolina College for Negroes had refused to issue a transcript when he learned that it was for an application to the white school of law. Much of "A Man Called White" is a review of the exciting investigations the author has made as secretary of the N. A. A. C. P. and the legal battles the association has fought. In it you will find the story of the struggle against the white primary in the South, the Scottsboro case, the court decisions furthering equality of education, the nomination of Hugo Black to the United States Supreme Court, the F. E. P. C., the 1943 riots in Detroit and New York, the blinding of Isaac Woodard and the treatment of Negroes in the armed forces during World War II.

Negro law cases, especially those Mr. White describes, are highly dramatic. They reveal the motives and basic drives of both whites and Negroes as few other situations can. In 1933, for example, the N. A. A. C. P. fought to secure a young Negro's admission to the pharmacy school of North Carolina University. The association won the case on its merits, for the court ruled that North Carolina must provide Negroes an opportunity to study pharmacy.

efforts to save democracy by widening its scope and securing its benefits to an increasing number of Americans.

It is seldom that we learn what personal sacrifices lie behind legal cases that are given such mysterious titles as Missouri ex rel. Gaines v. Canada. Mr. White goes back of these unemotional designations and shows the hope and despair that Negro litigants experience when they make the grave decision to fight for their rights from court to court over many years. For example, when he had won his case for a law school education Lloyd Gaines never entered the institution that Missouri later built as a result of his victory. He just disappeared.

This book is more than personal history. It is part of the history of twentieth century America, a vivid account of the

Mr. White's Story of De

A MAN CALLED WHITE. The Autobiography of Walter White. 382 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $3.75.

By MORROE BERGER

TO those who still see in the Negro only an object for exploitation the name of Walter White suggests the most contemptible kind of person—the light-skinned, educated, race-conscious Negro who moves easily among highly placed whites. For Walter White is the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which for almost forty years has been the leading organization defending and advancing the rights of Negroes.

As he explains in his autobiography, Mr. White is a Negro only because of his state of mind—physically he is always considered a white man except by those who know him. His appearance has, in fact, often put his life in danger during his investigations of racial conflicts, since to the whites he is a Negro bent upon enforcing the law, while to the Negroes who do not know him he is a white man in Negro territory during a violent phase of the struggle between the castes.

Under the leadership of Mr. White and his famous predecessor, James Weldon Johnson, the N. A. A. C. P. has become an important force in American life. Its program and its spokesmen are the intellectual and emotional product of more than a century of development of Negro strategies and leaders. Today the N. A. A. C. P. works in the tradition of militant democracy,

Walter White's Autobiography

Daily Worker
Mon 11-1-48

An Insurance Man's "Success" Story In "Selling" Civil Rights

By Abner W. Berry

SINCE February, 1918, Walter White has been a functionary of the National Association of the Advancement of Colored People, becoming the executive secretary of the group in 1930 upon the retirement of the late James Weldon Johnson. In this 30 years of activity on the anti-Jimcrow front, White has had the unique opportunity of witnessing every facet of racism in America. He has investigated lynchings, organized court defense for Negro victims of Jimcrow justice, lobbied for civil rights legislation and served as spokesman for a large section of Negro thought. He also has had the advantage of being a "white" Negro, able to "pass," observing the Negro question from both sides of America's racial fence.

Random House N.Y.

A MAN CALLED WHITE. By Walter White. Viking, New York,

* * *

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, A Man Called White, is the story of a Negro who began life as the son of an Atlanta mail carrier and who now has reached the point where John Gunther, writer of the "Inside" books, considers him one of the 34 men who rule America. His book reveals a mediocre, snobbish man who has learned nothing from his 30 years' activity. The same values he brought with him as an Atlanta insurance salesman persist today, except that they are now fortified with the egoism of the successful petty bourgeois.

Thirty years ago White pondered accepting the offer of James Weldon Johnson, then NAACP field secretary, to become the association's assistant secretary. He writes:

"The job in New York would pay $1,200 a year, which was less than I was then earning in salary and commissions from the sale of insurance and stock in the Standard Life. I paid only a modest sum each week to mother for board, lodging and laundry—far less than I would have to pay on my own in expensive New York."

White was all but forced into accepting the "job," by friends in Atlanta, many of whom, like Dr. Louis T. Wright, NAACP board member, are his present associates and political collaborators, White attained national publicity from his investigations of lynchings; his two books, **Rope and Faggot** and **Fire in the Flint,** aroused a mass interest in anti-lynching legislation. But not a single lyncher has been punished as a result of the investigations and White, the investigator, learned absolutely nothing about the Negro victims and potential victims of the lynchings he was so successful in investigating. To him, the people were helpless wards to whom he had been sent as a trained liberator. Even after he had seen the Negro sharecroppers of Arkansas defend themselves after World War I, he could write down his feelings from France a few years later:

Mon 11-1-48

"I had thought that, far away from the American scene . . . I would be able . . . to devote myself to leisurely pursuit of belles lettres. But distance . . . seemed to accentuate rather than diminish concern with what was happening back home to those who could do so little to help themselves."

"Those who could do so little to help themselves. . . ." That is a key phrase in the understanding of Walter White: A leader of a people who cannot help themselves.

Mon 11-1-48

BUT WHAT ABOUT those times when the Negro people act contrary to that evaluation? Then White is very angry, indeed. As he was in the Scottsboro case. The Scottsboro mothers who refused his "polite" and "dignified" leadership in the face of the bloodthirsty courts and mob hysteria aided by government, are called people of "little education," excited by "the new experience for them to be addressed as 'Mister' and 'Missus.' . . ."

The defense, based on the Negro people whom White purported to represent was called "inept" by him. And after unsuccessful efforts to hamstring the Scottsboro defense, including conferences with state and prison officials in Alabama (a damning admission), he draws the following red-baiting conclusions:

"In the intervening years it had become increasingly clear that the tragedy of a Scottsboro lies, not only in the bitterly cruel injustice which it works upon its immediate victims, but also, and perhaps even more, in the cynical use of human misery by Communists in propagandizing Communism, and in the complacency with which a democratic government views the basic evils from which such a case arises."

* * *

FIFTEEN YEARS later, White confesses, his anti-Communism again aided political reaction in Tennessee by helping to break up a Negro Independent Voters' League. Sol Blair, Negro business man of Columbia, Tenn., and a defendant in the now famous Columbia riot trials, had formed a voters' league with the assistance of Robert Minor, then the southern representative of the Communist Party. White objected and explains in his own words:

"I advised that the defendants and the Negro citizens of Columbia disband the organization and reform it under auspices completely independent of any political party at a later date." Then the author remorsefully adds: "But even as I gave this advice, which was followed, I again was depressed with the failure of non-Communist political parties who said they believed in the democratic process to demonstrate as much concern with, and freedom from, race prejudice as did the Communists."

White's fear of Communists is matched by his fawning before big names he has courted over the years. But there is still enough fear left for the Negro people themselves. In spite of his success in pleading patience on the part of Negroes before their oppressors, he writes: "There have been times when I have felt with a sweep of fear that the patience of the colored man is close to its end."

* * *

AS A JOURNALIST and reformer White has viewed riots,

WALTER WHITE

home burnings and bloody defensive actions on the part of Negroes. He has seen with a reporter's eyes Jimcrow and colonialism around the world. He has seen men killed in the Philippines and in Indonesia with the guns of imperialism because they dared to fight for the freedom they were promised. But he still courts the men who organize the bloody oppressions as allies in the fight for Negro freedom. He has learned little and forgot nothing in his (thirty) years of chasing freedom solely through courts and philanthropy.

He came to New York 30 years ago reluctantly, leaving behind a nice job as an insurance agent in Atlanta. He is a success, having replaced the old Negro educator-politician (without their scholarly attainments) as the Big Money "spokesman" for the Negro people.

In a world torn by hatreds created by capitalist rivalries and imperialist expansion, White offers his readers the personal and mystical way out of the man-made mire of racism:

"I am one of the two in the color of my skin; I am the other in my spirit and my heart. It is only a love of both which binds the two together in me, and it is only love for each other which will join them in the common aims of civilization that lie before us."

Mon 11-1-48

WHITE'S BOOK bears the imprint of Big Money philanthropy, and is a defense of charity as a means to Negro freedom. It is second-grade reporting, distorted history and a catalogue of dangerous advice to Negroes. The Negro people, who are now being joined by militant white allies in their assault on the Jimcrow system, deserve more forthrightness and independence from rich contributors from their leaders. This book should serve as a directive to act to that end.

26b 1948

A Man Called White

The Viking Press
New York, N.Y.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WALTER WHITE

Walter White is a Negro with skin so light that anyone who does not know the facts would take him for a white man. When he was thirteen years old, he and his father knelt behind darkened windows in their house in Atlanta, Georgia, guns in hand, to defend their lives against a white mob which had already killed many Negroes in the Atlanta race riots of 1906. Then and there he decided that, so long as he lived, he would never join the army of those Negroes who "pass" for white, and thus align himself with the race which could be driven by irrational race prejudice to the acts which he witnessed in Atlanta then. Twelve years later he became assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, where, ever since, he has engaged vigorously in the fight to gain civil rights for Negroes. Since 1931 he has been general secretary of the association, and has emerged as an outstanding leader of his race.

His book has a double importance and a compelling interest at a time when racial prejudice emerges more and more clearly as one of the world's most disturbing problems. It is first of all a revelation of the soul of a man who, given a choice, decided to cast his lot with that of the dark-skinned, share with them whatever cruelties and injustices might come, and spend his life fighting against the evil of racism. But historically it has a greater importance than White's personal narrative would have alone. In its factual record of the NAACP fight from its formation in 1909 to the present day, it tells the dramatic and historically important story of lynchings, race riots, discrimination in schools, the treatment of the Negro in the armed services in two world wars, the denial of civil rights and economic and cultural opportunities to Negroes, filibustering against anti-discrimination legislation in Congress, cases won and lost before the Supreme Court; the progress—which seems so heartbreakingly slow—of the fight for a better attitude toward the Negro. July-Oct. 48

A Man Called White will take its place quickly as the most important book on race relations written by an American in this generation, and will become a classic work in its field.

July-Oct. 48

AUTOBIOGRAPHY • SEPTEMBER • 384 PAGES • 5⅜ x 8⅜ • $3.75

The Story of Walter White

Walter White's skin is the color of his name, yet he is a Negro. Had he chosen to do so, he might have passed all his life as a white man. But he elected to remain openly a member of his race, which he has served with distinction and efficacy for thirty years. He tells the exciting, sometimes heartening, and often disquieting story of his life in "A Man Called White," which is not only his autobiography but a history of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and an account of racial prejudice in the American democracy that should be widely read at this disturbed period of history.

Newark Dayton Ohio
Mon 10-4-48

"A Man Called White"

Walter White has risked his life more than once in his long battle against the violence and prejudice to which his race has been subjected since the importation from Africa of the first slave. His publishers, with singular accuracy, call his story "an adventure in search of democracy." Fellow travelers will sneer at this description, for White is anathema on the far left. In that political area he has often been accused of toadying to the rich and powerful and of seeking the advancement of Walter White as well as Negroes in general. White's book, in part, is an answer to these critics.

Georgia Boy: With as much modesty as is becoming in an autobiography, White, whose ability as a writer is unquestioned, writes movingly and sometimes terrifyingly about his childhood in Atlanta, Ga. His portraits of his mother, with her mania for order and cleanliness, and of his father, a mail carrier who had an almost Yankee sense of a personal God, are unforgettable. Both were simple, honest, God-fearing people, who did the best they could under hard circumstances. They brought up their light-skinned son as a Christian and a gentleman. Mon 10-4-48

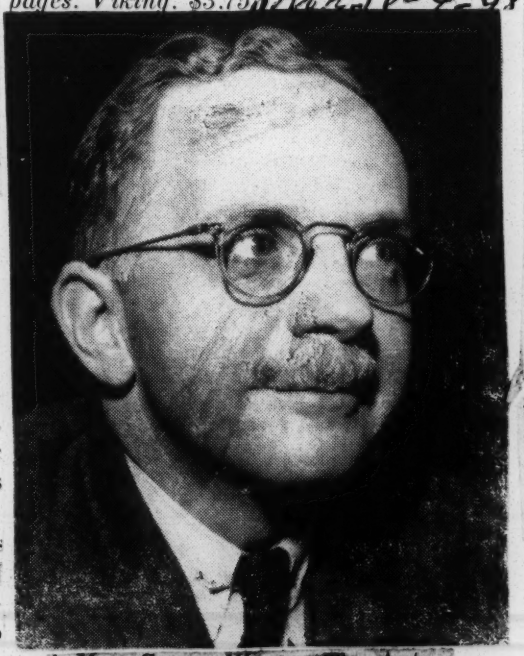
It was the ghastly race riots in Atlanta in 1906, when the Whites sat through the night with guns in their hand to defend their home against the white rioters who had been inflamed by unscrupulous politicians of their day, that first impressed Walter White with what it meant to be a Negro. At that time he swore never to try to "pass" as a white man. Against great odds he obtained a college education and started life as an insurance salesman. But the problems of his race bore on him, and when the chance came to become an assistant secretary of the NAACP he was not reluctant to make what, financially at least, was a sacrifice. He has been with the NAACP ever since, and from 1931 has been its general secretary. Mon-10-4-48

In his early years White's light skin was of great value to him. He spent much of his time investigatmg the causes and consequences of the lynchings that for so many years were a national disgrace. His reports of these crimes did as much as anything to bring the light of publicity to bear upon them, for in the South they were not news and they seldom—except when particularly brutal—got on the press wires to the North.

Battle: The NAACP was founded in 1909, and White tells the dramatic story of the association, which was almost always in financial difficulties and had to fight prejudice almost everywhere in order to exist. This part is the heartening part of his story, for it is an account of courageous men and women engaged in an unpopular cause. As such it belongs in the great tradition. Mon-10-4-48

The disheartening part of White's story is that, although he is not discouraged, he is unable really to write a success story. Hatred and violence still lie just under the surface everywhere, and, as White says, may erupt at any time. Lynchings still occur, although with less frequency. Negroes are still denied equal educational and economic opportunities. Their treatment in the armed services during the war is still a matter of bitterness. The denial of civil rights goes on, in some places more openly and defiantly than ever.

Every aspect of Negro life—political, social, economic, religious—is touched upon in "A Man Called White." If, at times, it seems that the author is a little overawed by his own importance and too greatly impressed by the distinguished men and women he has met in a busy and active life, these faults will seem forgivable. Working within the framework of American democracy, White and his colleagues have done a job of which, as this record shows, they have a right to be proud. (A MAN CALLED WHITE. *By Walter White. 382 pages. Viking. $3.75.* Mon-10-4-48



A MAN CALLED WHITE: The Autobiography of Walter White (Viking, $3.75). The life story of the general secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

White Autobiography Is Widely Acclaimed

Writer Journal
Binghamton, N.Y.
Fri 10-15-48

New York, Nov. 18—Praising Walter White's **A Man Called White** as an eloquent account of the campaign to insure justice for the Negro, the New York **Star** voices typically enthusiastic acclaim of the autobiography of the secretary of the aNtional Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The book was published in September by Viking Press and is now in its third printing.

"This is an autobiography in the most indigenous tradition of American hope, action, and idealism," writes the **Christian Science Monitor,"** It is the . . . account of fort ydeeply significant years of the NAACP during which it grew from a struggling and small idea, though wtih lusty lungs, into an organization which now has a membership of half a million white and Negro Americans and is a profound social and political power in this country."

Among the many other acclamations of Mr. White's autoboigraphy are those of the **Saturday Review of Literature,** which declared, "This book should be read by every white man who cares about human dignity;" the New York **Times,** which calls the book "part of the history of twentieth century America;" the **New Republic,** describing the NAACP struggle as "one of the most important parts of the most important struggle in America today—the struggle to realize as well as to preserve the democracy we boast of;" and the San Francisco **Monitor,** suggesting that the book "should be prominently placed in every library, school and community." Fri. 11-26-48

NEGRO'S POLITICAL ROLE
IS TOPIC OF NEW BOOK May 13, 1948

NAACP Release

NEW YORK, May 13---Henry Lee Moon, Director of Public Relations for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is the author of a book which Doubleday is publishing on Thursday (May 20). Entitled The Balance of Power: The Negro Vote, Mr. Moon's book traces the effectiveness of Negro voting from Reconstruction Days up to the present.

NAACP executive secretary Walter White has praised Mr. Moon's book in the following words: "Balance of Power by Henry Lee Moon is the clearest and hardest hitting analysis of the growth of political independence and power by the Negro which has yet been written. Every person who wants to be informed on the tremendously important role which the Negro voter may possibly play in the crucial 1948 elections should read Balance of Power."

Book Parade

Daily Worker

'Balance of Power: The Negro Vote'

New York

By Henry Lee Moon

By Abner W. Berry

AS A NEWSPAPERMAN who spent the war years in Washington and later was associated with the CIO Political Action Committee, Henry Lee Moon has written, in **Balance of Power** a helpful survey of Negro suffrage in America. He defends the Negro voter against the charge of venality and corruptibility with the materials of history, and traces the long fight for the franchise.

Balance of Power: The Negro Vote, by Henry Lee Moon. Doubleday, Garden City 256 pp. $3.

Fri. 5-28-48

The Negro vote, throughout the nation, Moon contends, because of its decisive character in 75 congressional districts and more than a dozen states, is more important than that of the "Solid South." He brings to the support of his arguments an array of factual material representing thorough research.

In tracing the history of the Negro in politics, Moon objectively exposes the nether milestones of Republican betrayal and Democratic chicanery between which the Negro has been ground politically: Herbert Hoover's "lily white" crusade; Woodrow Wilson's Jimcrow innovations in Washington; the alliance between the big city Democratic machines and the white supremacy South, even throughout the New Deal period.

While the Negro has come to exert influence in the two party system, Moon points out, he has not "been able to use the ballot to solve his basic social and economic problems." This is the lesson of hundreds of years of experience traced in Moon's work.

5-28-48

BUT AFTER REACHING this conclusion Moon puts on his two-party glasses and sees almost everything leading up to next November as if those glasses were ground by James Carey, Philip Murray and an assortment of anti-Communist, pro-Democratic labor men. He follows his mentors into the present green fields of red-baiting, using some 12 pages to slander the Communist Party.

He decries the Communists' defense of the Scottsboro boys although, "They stirred the imagination of the Negroes and inspired the hope of ultimate justice." He repeats the Rankin and Hearst lies: "It is clear that the Communists are concerned primarily with the interests of the Kremlin . . ." ". . . their sodden feet are mired in the muck of power politics . . . etc."

To Moon, a large Negro vote for Wallace in 1948 "would only be a gesture of protest and despair, an acknowledgement of defeat and hopelessness . . . The black minority cannot afford the luxury of futile protest." Uncritically, and with an air of complete acceptance, Henry Moon lauds.

Moon lauds President Truman for his civil rights pronunciamento and sees no sign of Presidential retreat on the issues. Dewey, he feels, among the GOP hopefuls, is most likely to attract Negroes. But the author doesn't think votes would be thrown away on Dewey, despite his earlier analysis of the two parties with especial emphasis upon the anti-Negro vagaries of Hoover, Dewey's closest political associate.

It should be added here that Truman and the Democratic national chairman, J. Howard McGrath, have left Moon on a limb by announcing in favor of "states rights" on May 3, last. "Such a program (The President's Civil Rights Committee report)" he writes, "cannot be implemented under the discredited and tattered banner of 'States' Rights' which certain Republican elements have lately espoused."

5-28-48

THIS REVIEWER EXPECTS this book to be used and quoted extensively by Democratic campaigners. It's definitely slanted in their direction. However, there is much valuable information for those interested in the Negro as a political force. It is the only volume brought to our attention which gives a detailed national picture of the Negro vote. It is too bad the author felt impelled to defend the two-party system AND the Negro. And it is worse that he chose this otherwise useful contribution as the bearer of his offering of fuel for the "cold war."

BOOK REVIEW

New York Post

By CONRAD CLARK

In the opening chapter of his book, "Balance of Power" Henry Lee Moon said that "nothing in the public career of Franklin D. Roosevelt, prior to his election to the presidency had given any convincing indication of a sympathetic understanding of the problems of the Negro in America."

To further prove of F. D. R's anti-Negro bias, Moon said that FDR had chosen as his second home, Warm Springs, Ga.

Nevertheless, in the closing of the book, it is said that "President Roosevelt's program of social legislation contributed immeasurably to the advancement of the common people of the country."

"Balance of Power" will be appreciated very much by students of politics, as it gives a very good insight of many of our "so-called" leaders, who too often change their political beliefs when personal advancement promises.

Sat. 6-12-48

The part that former President Herbert Hoover played against the Negro will not help the followers of the Republican Party to woo Negro votes in 1948.

The fight by Harlem to elect William O'Dwyer as Mayor of New York City, the "coming-up" of Ray Jones to be known as "the mayor's man in Harlem", and other notes of political "behind-the-scenes" in New York City, will be of much help in the coming 1948 "fight".

The NAACP and its executive secretary, Walter White have received quite a bit of favorable publicity in the book, whose author is the present public relations head of the organization.

Bookshelf

Defender, Chicago

"Balance of Power"

"BALANCE of Power: The Negro Vote" by Henry Lee Moon is no hastily prepared election year publication but a thorough, well documented study of the Negro vote "from Reconstruction days to the present, and its effect on the American political scene". Mr. Moon who has recently become relations head of the NAACP is well qualified through his work in Washington in the housing department, with the CIO-PAC and through his newspaper work to trace the Negro's popitical history. Sat. 5-29-48

Mr. Moon shows that the Negro has had to fight against terrific odds to arrive at the political strength he now posseses. He defends the Negro of Reconstruction against the charges of ignorance and venality which have so often been made to discredit the freedmen. The Republican deal in 1877 with the white South and the legal barring of Negro voters from the polls in the Southern states marked the period which the author aptly terms "The Great Blackout". This was the period in which Booker T. Washington was recognized as the Negroe's leader.

"Washington, of course, could not have stemmed the rising tide of counterrevolution, no matter how militant he might have been in demanding full suffrage rights for Negroes. But belittling the importance of voting, his leadership encountered apathy and undermined the southern Negro's will to continue the fight for the right to vote," Mr. Moon writes.

The following period was marked in 1909 by the founding of the Nat'l. Association for the Advancement of Colored People and its emphasis on "legal defense, effective propaganda, and political action." With the coming of large numbers of Negroes to northern cities, the Negro's political power was increased.

Mr. Moon brings his book up to date with a discussion of the Negro vote in 1948. He believes that Wallace may find more support in southern states than in the North where "the black politicians are more integrated into the existing party machinery." He states that "Mr. Wallace's popularity rests more upon his pronouncements than upon his record of performance. He has captured the Roosevelt appeal without matching the performance of his mentor. On the other hand, Harry S. Truman, who lacks his predecessor's appeal, has sought to improve his record of performance." 5-29-48

"Balance of Power" is an objective approach to the Negro in politics. Mr. Moon treats of the Negro vote in the South, the Negro and labor, the Negro and the Communist Party in addition to the subjects already mentioned above. His discussion of the Communist's tactics with Negroes is especially good. He brings together careful research, historical knowledge and a keen analysis of his subject. His style is smooth and readable. "Balance of Power" is a book which every voters should read and its publication in this election year is indeed timely.

"Balance of Power: the Negro Vote" by Henry Lee Moon; Doubleday and Company; New York City; 1948; $3.00.

Negroes at the Polls

BALANCE OF POWER: THE NEGRO VOTE. By Henry Lee Moon. Doubleday and Company. $3.

Nation

THIS book presents a double-barreled thesis which may upset many a political calculation, and many a candidacy, when the votes are counted next November. Developing a mass of pertinent historical and current data in well-paced, clear, and direct prose, Mr. Moon claims, first, that "in a close election" the Negro "may hold the balance of power" this year. In twelve crucial states out of twenty-eight in which a 5 per cent shift in votes might have elected Dewey instead of Roosevelt in 1944, Mr. Moon says that "the potential Negro vote exceeds the number required to shift the states from one column to the other." He predicts that 3,500,000 Negroes will go to the polls this fall—an amazing number, from any statistical point of view, which highlights the author's dramatic story of how Negroes are gradually regaining the franchise wrested from them after Reconstruction by white Republicans as well as white Democrats. Of these Negro voters, 2,500,000 live outside the South, a great majority in "balance-of-power states" like New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and California. This voting power, Mr. Moon contends, "is more decisive . . . than that of the Solid South." 6-12-48

To what party or candidate will these voters flock? Making his second major point, Mr. Moon declares that "the Negro vote today is in the vest pocket of no party." Franklin D. Roosevelt lured the mass of Negroes away from the Republicans, but Truman, despite his brave espousal of civil rights, has lost the confidence of many Negroes by his failure to act. Among Republicans "Dewey is regarded as having the best record . . . on racial issues," but should Taft, Martin, Vandenberg, or Stassen be the G. O. P. candidate, it is not likely that more than a handful of Negroes would return to the Republican fold. Wallace's "popularity rests more upon his pronouncements than upon his record of performance"; Mr. Moon believes that colored support for him "would only be a gesture of protest and despair, an acknowledgment of defeat and hopelessness." 6-12-48

This very division among Negroes may nullify their chance of swinging the election this fall. To be decisive the Negro vote must be comparable to that cast for Roosevelt in 1944, but at present it is split among all three parties. The inescapable conclusion is that only a realignment of forces—which is not altogether impossible in this fantastic election year—can draw the bulk of Negroes into a single camp and thus enable them to be the deciding factor.

On what terms can the Negro vote be won by a party or candidate? Tracing the history of corrupt voting among both blacks and whites, Mr. Moon states that neither money, favors, nor jobs will persuade Negroes to go down the line for anyone. They will cast their ballots only for those who can offer real promise of improving the condition of the race, which in the last analysis means improving, sometimes in a very direct way, the personal lot of each colored voter. Furthermore, Negroes are becoming aware that their welfare is contingent upon that of society as a whole, and will judge parties and candidates according to their stand on price control as well as on Jim Crow. In short, Negroes tend to vote liberal nowadays, asserts Mr. Moon, and this means that they will be drawn toward such natural allies as organized labor and the liberals. Negro-liberal-labor alliances in the South and North alike have already scored significant though limited successes, and if, as Mr. Moon and this reviewer hope, the Negro collaborates on a nation-wide scale with liberal-labor forces, together they may determine the political character of the next Congress.

"Balance of Power" records astonishing political progress among Southern Negroes. Not only are Southern colored voters rapidly increasing in number, but the old patterns of submission are fast wearing off—a trend accelerated by the return of Negro veterans—and it is no longer unusual to find black men standing up for their electoral rights in normally lynch-bound communities. Mr. Moon predicts that by 1956 Negroes will be voting "in all the major Southern cities as freely as they do in Boston or Detroit or San Francisco." This is of transcendental importance because, as the author concludes, "so long as the vast majority of Negroes continue to reside in the South, that region will hold the key to the destiny of the race." To that of the white race too, I may add.

DANIEL JAMES

History Weak In Ottley Book

The Commercial Appeal

Clio In Burnt Cork And White Gloves Fails To Impress Much

Memphis Tenn.

BLACK ODDYSEY. By Roi Ottley. Scribners. $3.50.

Reviewed by JIM DAN HILL, President Superior State College, Superior, Wis.

Sun-11-28-48

THE RISE of America from a wilderness to a great Nation is the most gripping drama in the literature of modern times. Individuals and groups of individuals of varied racial backgrounds and nationalities have played significant roles in that drama.

Thus, there is in America a vast racial historical literature. In some of it, Clio, the muse of history adjusts her accent, at times even her features, to conform to those of the group she serves. Thus, one is not surprised to see her occasionally with a Teutonic expression and speaking with a German accent—if the publishing agency happens to be the German-American Historical Society, if I may pick an illustrative example at random. Much of this racially inspired scholarship is accurate and sometimes brilliantly written. Without it, the story of American history would not be so accurately known as it is today.

Long Inarticulate

Of all the racial groups, few have been here longer and none have been more inarticulate than the negro. Often, his place in American history has been pictured as a liability rather than an asset. On the other hand, many able white historians, such as U B. Phillips, have closely studied the role of the negro, extolled his virtues and have done more toward giving him a creditable place in the American scene than have many negro writers.

However, there have been able negro historians in this field. Though he is approaching the twilight of his life, the writings of W. E. B. Dubois will long continue to be significant, particularly his historical studies. In recent years, there is an entire school of negro writers, more passionate than objective and more sensational than historical, who have been clamoring for more recognition of the negro in the historical writing as well as in the less serious forms of literature.

Sun-11-28-48

Roi Ottley's "Black Oddysey" is in the latter category. It assumes the pose of history, but throughout it is an unbalanced, distorted brief. It may influence the type of mind that believes everything seen in print. Few others will take it seriously. It adds nothing to the real story of the negro as a contributor to the great progress of America.

Many Claims Made

Nevertheless, the book has occasional interest in a breezy sort of way. The author makes as many claims for the negro race as the Wisconsin folklorists claim for Paul Bunyan. Right off the bat, we find that the first slaveholder in Virginia was a negro. Moreover, Chicago's first settler was a negro. In a paper read to the Mississippi Valley Historical Society in Chicago about 1933, I think it was, M. M. Quaif half seriously suggested Chicago's "first citizen" may have been a negro. Mr. Quaif pointed out that his French name translated into "Black."

The author also includes as history a number of ancient wheezes, which many readers will recognize as having seen before in a different garb. This time it was a negro soldier at the surrender of Cornwallis, who allegedly yelled: "Mr. British General, you are called Cornwallis, but I'se going now to change your name to Cobwallis, for us colored pussons has shelled all the corn offen you for General Washington!" The first time I heard that story, it was a Scotch-Irish frontiersman that made the crack. Not all of Ottley's stories are so corny, but that one will serve to identify the quality of many.

Many Omissions

This book is also one of strange omissions as well as one of odd inclusions. The dismal failure of the negroes in democratic government during the period that they were kept in office by Northern bayonets is easily brushed aside. His principal device is merely a few extracts from some southern newspapers, saying that the negroes in the state legislatures were better than the white men in the same bodies. Such casual extracts are not hard to find. Southern journals of the period bristle with them. They were inspired by the scorn of the white journalists for the scalawags and carpetbaggers, who often achieved their nefarious objectives by working on the credulity of their inexperienced negro colleagues.

Relative to the negro soldier in World Wars I and II, the author meets the situation with the same tactics. By selections and omissions, he presents a most inaccurate picture. By and large, the author has done a very poor job, unless his purpose was to pervert history into an ideological weapon. In this he has demonstrated some capability. But he who opens the book feeling that he may find an honest Clio, with a black face and properly attired for doing an honest job by God's colored children is doomed to disappointment. Instead, the reader gets a song and dance as unconvincing as the Mammy songs of Al Jolson. Ottley has given us a spurious Clio in white gloves and burnt cork.

CAYTON

The Courier

"Black Odyssey," Roi Ottley's New Book, Has the Impact Of a Sledge Hammer

Sat-10-23-48

By HORACE CAYTON

(The views expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily represent the editorial opinion of The Pittsburgh Courier. — The Editors.)

IF ANY OF you want to know what Roi Ottley has been doing in the past few years, you will find out Oct. 25, when his latest book, "Black Odyssey" hits the stands.

Ottley rode to fame with his first book, "New World A'Coming," "New World" came out just at the time when the United States was becoming aware of the pressing need for action on its Black-White race problem. A lot of white Americans wanted a quick look-see at the American Negro and his dilemma and what could be done about it in about 250 pages of reading material. No book could do this, but Ottley came as close to it as did any of the flood of books which followed his. Incidentally, it is my guess that his book outsold all of the others combined.

Mr. Cayton

* * *

"BLACK ODYSSEY," the story of the Negro in America, is, according to the author, an account of the Negro's adventure in America. "For it is a detailed story of his experiences in this country from 1619 to 1945. This is a reporter's job, and as such not an orthodox history, though I have been scrupulous about the facts . . . This book consequently is built on anecdotes and personalities, but only insofar as these illustrate the broad social and economic factors that have shaped the Negro's personality. Essentially, though, I am concerned with the Negro mass, whose frustrating search for democracy should acutely concern white America — an America reaching for moral leadership of the world."

The book is based on a careful research which utilized not only books and other published material but personal letters, wills, diaries, biographies and other secondary sources. In contrast to many other books which have recently been published on the subject (Roi Ottley, Black Odyssey, New York, Charles Cribner's Sons, $3.50). Ottley spends much of his time on the period before 1900.

Sat-10-23-48

Seven chapters totaling 216 pages of the 314 pages of reading material are given to the telling and retelling of some of the most interesting and curious facts in our American history. The rest of the book is devoted to a summary of the social history of the Negro since the turn of the century, his present position and his significance as a world problem.

Some criticism could be made at this point, for the portion of the book dealing with 1900 on is not nearly so rich in detail or, for this reader, so well pulled together.

* * *

THE TOTAL impact of the book is terrific. Ottley has jampacked an encyclopedia of facts in smooth, reportorial manner to tell the story of the Negro in America. The book will give Negro and white Americans no pat solution of the American race problem, but it will tell them of the Negroes' struggle for freedom, to achieve some worldly goods, but, above all, to obtain from the enviroment a sense of self-respect and a feeling of belonging. Ottley may not tell you what to do about all of this. He may not know himself. But for those who would know—the facts of "Black Odyssey's" subordination, humiliation and rejection will hit them like a sledge hammer.

BOOKS A

By LEWI

BLACK ODYSSEY. By Roi Ottley. Scribner. 340 pages. $3.50.

SEGREGATION IN WASHINGTON. By Kenesaw M. Landis 2d. National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital (4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago). 32 pages. 7c cents.

New York Herald Tribune

YALE has this year elected a Negro football captain, Harvard a Negro football manager, Michigan a Negro senior president; the white students at the University of Arkansas petitioned the administration asking to be permitted to attend classes with a Negro; and the only all-white branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is on the University of Texas campus, where Negro students are not admitted. The dikes of prejudice are crumbling all over the country—except in Washington, the nation's capital, where they are higher than ever before.

The Negro in America

Roi Ottley's easy-going, anecdotal story of the Negro's three and a third centuries in America offers other evidence that our history is not altogether a one-way story of progress toward the light. In Virginia in 1655 a Negro, Richard Johnson, who had been freed by his black master, Anthony Johnson, bought two white servants to accompany him to his hundred-acre plantation on the Pugoteague River; it would hardly happen today. North or South Negroes had an easier time entering skilled trades a century ago than now. Neither George Washington nor Andrew Jackson, both of whom ardently pleaded for Negro volunteers, had the scruples against using Negroes as fighting men which sometimes turned up in the Pentagon in World War II.

The Capital of Democracy?

But in 1948, a citizens' committee under the chairmanship of President Shuster, of Hunter College, has discovered that Washington is the only capital in the world where a dark-skinned diplomat has trouble finding a restaurant that will serve him, a hotel that will lodge him, a theater that will admit him, or a hospital that will give him a bed. And the dark-skinned citizen of the United States has a harder time than a foreign diplomat. American Negroes wanting ordinary service in Washington have been known to don a turban or talk Spanish—the counter man who thinks them foreign is politer then than he would be to a dark American.

Washington even has a dog cemetery which refuses to bury dogs belonging to colored owners! Most of its downtown theaters and movie houses welcome colored performers but bar Negroes from the paid seats; the D. A. R.'s Constitution Hall reverses the fine point of etiquette. The Y. W. C. A. draws no color lines, the Y. M. C. A. does. A colored worshiper kneeling in a Catholic church was approached by a priest who handed him a slip of paper giving the address of a Negro Catholic church; Protestant churches are also segregated.

School and Hospital Patterns'

In the university field the Catholics practice a wider Christian fellowship. Catholic University re- to its night classes, but is still segregated The white schools are more modern, and only three- cently gave up segregation; Georgetown, a Jesuit on its residential campus; so is George Washington fourths filled. The colored schools are old, and school which seventy years ago had a Negro presi- University. The District of Columbia's six junior so overcrowded that many of the children have dent, but thereafter accepted no Negro students, colleges and two colleges for women are all lily- has at least opened its law school to Negroes. Ameri- only part-time teaching. And it isn't true that this can University, a Methodist school, admits Negroes is because of a recent "Negro invasion"; Negroes Public schools are segregated and discriminatory. formed a larger part of Washington's population in

1880 than they do today.

Fifty years ago a sick Negro was admitted to any Washington hospital; today only two hospitals regularly admit Negroes. Three years ago one church-supported hospital generously provided a sheet to cover a Negro woman brought to its doors in the act of child-bearing. The hospital had empty beds, but refused the Negro patient; the colored child had to be born on the sidewalk.

Negroes have been progressively squeezed out of a whole series of jobs, even in some government departments; the Washington Real Estate Board (which has a so-called code of "ethics" indorsing the ghetto principle in housing) is easing Negroes out of the "better" residential districts where they have lived for generations; and the District's Recreation Board has recently decreed that Negro children may not even play marbles with white children in the public playgrounds.

Kenesaw Mountain Landis 2d's booklet, based on a mountain of research reports, is written with something of the fire of the old baseball commissioner of the same name. Mr. Landis feels—and who could deny it?—that about the most effective pro-democracy propaganda in which America could indulge would be to introduce our capital city to basic interracial decencies.

GERTRUDE *Martin*

Reveals New Material History By Reporter

"Black Odyssey"

"BLACK Odyssey" (the story of the Negro in America) covers ground that has often been covered before. But Mr. Ottley, author of "New World A' Coming," brings to his subject considerable new material, especially in his account of the years before the Civil War. His style is easy, as he writes in his Foreword: "This is a reporter's job, and as such not an orthodox history, though I have been scrupulous about the facts."

Ottley looks at the Negro's past and present through personalities rather than through the events which shaped these personalities. His accounts of slavery in the years before the rise of the huge cotton plantations, of the slave revolts, and of the status of the free Negro are especially good.

Perhaps it is because the Civil War years and the Reconstruction period have been so thoroughly reported on before that Mr. Ottley's story seems to lag here. The post Civil War years up to the present are treated in more cursory fashion, and I think, with less penetration.

Ottley's analysis of Booker T. Washington's philosophy and role in Negro history is not as accurate, it seems to me, as that of Rebecca Chalmers Barton in "Witnesses for Freedom." He devotes relatively much space to a discussion of Marcus Garvey but gives A. Clayton Powell only passing mention. Yet, in his way, the Rev. Powell is something of a phenomenon, too. Incidentally, there is no mention of Congressman Dawson of Illinois, although his two predecessors are listed.

The author notes most important Negro writers of the past few decades but omits the name of Zora Neale Hurston. He discusses various literary trends but gives no attention to the impact of books by white authors like Lillian Smith, Henrietta Buckmaster, Sinclair Lewis, Howard Fast, and many others. He lists a number of recent plays and musicals, among them "Beggar's Holiday" and "Deep Are the Roots" but does not include Lillian Smith's effective play, "Strange Fruit."

Ottley ranks Negro leaders of the '30s in importance placing A. Philip Randolph at the top and Walter White second. Mr. Randolph reasserted his leadership in the '40s with the March on Washington Movement and his recent civil disobedience proposals but in the '30s he was suffering from the decline of the National Negro Congress. Mr. White, described by the author as "one of the shrewdest lobbyists the race has produced" is unquestionably the shrewdest.

"Black Odyssey" is less scholarly than John Hope Franklin's "From Slavery to Freedom" published last year. Despite its minor flaws Ottley's work is perhaps the most readable account of the Negro's life in the United States to date. It provides much needed information for the layman who has neither time nor inclination to read widely on the subject.

"Black Odyssey" by Roi Ottley; Scribner's; New York City; 1948; $3.50

EIGHT SHARE AWARDS BY PARENTS MAGAZINE

The annual book medal and awards for authors who have contributed during the year to the field of child guidance and parental interest were presented yesterday to eight educators and writers in affiliated fields at a luncheon sponsored by Parents Magazine in the Park Lane Hotel.

Mrs. Rhoda W. Bacmeister, teacher and an authority on the development and guidance of children and on family relationships, received the medal presented annually by the publication for her recent work on growing children and community relationships, entitled, "Growing Together."

A native of Northampton, Mass., Mrs. Bacmeister has served as supervisor of family living education in Indiana and was wartime supervisor of Lanham Act centers for the children of working mothers in Philadelphia. She now lives in New York.

Honorable mention was announced by Mrs. Clara Savage Littledale, editor of Parents Magazine, for the following:

W. Allison Davis and Robert J. Havighurst, for "Father of the Man"; William H. Kilpatrick and William Van Til for "Intercultural Attitudes in the Making"; Benjamin Fine, for "Our Children Are Cheated"; Rudolph M. Wittenberg, for "So You Want To Help People," and Harriet Eager Davis, for "World on My Doorstep."

STERLING NORTH SPOTS MARXISM

Constitution, Atlanta, Ga. 1-11-48-Sun.

Disservice to Interracial Harmony

CASTE, CLASS AND RACE, by Oliver Cromwell Cox, Ph.D.; Doubleday; 624 pp. $7.50.

I am very reluctant to report that this erudite and painstaking study of social stratification, which has won the "George Washington Carver Award," is so deeply steeped in Marxism that it may do interracial relations more harm than good.

Dr. Cox, a native of Trinidad, is no superficial student of the origins of caste in India, of class in feudal Europe and of race (with emphasis on Negro-White relationships) in the United States.

His most scholarly and unbiased section, that on caste, seems to prove among other things that caste is not a matter of color or "purity of blood," thus helping to undermine the Aryan-supremacy myth which began in India. Unfortunately, anthropometrists who have carefully measured, defined and described caste types in India, do not wholly bear out Dr. Cox's conclusions. Constitution

Few scientists will quarrel with Dr. Cox's outline of class structure under feudalism. All research seems to prove that the clergy, the nobility and the common people were roughly the three major "estates" in feudal times, and that an elaborate system of land tenure and fealty mounting from slaves or serfs to the king, constituted the feudal pyramid.

It is only when the author starts describing modern society that he shows undue Marxist influence.

Caste and feudal class lines, unfair as they certainly were to those at the bottom, constitute in Dr. Cox's mind elements of a cooperating social structure. But mark the sudden change when he comes to modern bourgeoise society. Having reached the most complex, deeply interrelated and interdependent society the world has ever known, Dr. Cox falls for the old Marxist oversimplification of "exploiters and exploited," "capitalists and proletarians" — a curiously clean-cut division between two "classes," which, according to Marx, Lenin and Cox, can have no possible aims or ends or interests in common.

Dr. Cox realizes that even Marx was unable or unwilling adequately to define these classes (and for the excellent reason that they cannot be defined because they do not exist in even a remote approximation to the function they are assigned under the crude triangulation of Dialectical Materialism.) 1-11-48-Sun.

In fact the nuances of the class structure in modern times are as multitudinous as the divisions of labor, a web of interdependence as complicated as the structure of the atom.

The Marxian Dialectic, derived from Hegel, makes **thesis** (the (capitalist) wage war against **antithesis** (the proletariat) to finally achieve **synthesis** (the classless state). Atlanta, Ga

Cox accepts this blatant perversion of logic without realizing that all three concepts are non-existent abstractions, while the dialectical method itself is an utterly unscientific and juvenile exercise in mystical mumbo-jumbo about as applicable to human society as any other worship of the magic number "3."

Because he has accepted the crude Marxian formula, Dr. Cox is as incompentent as his mentor to define "class" in modern society, though he makes an heroic attempt at the impossible.

And Cox has as much difficulty as Lenin before him to make the reader believe that the state will "wither away" through disuse under Communism. Witness the "withering away" of the state under Dictator Stalin. Cox's use of the word "democracy" incidentally is precisely the use being made of that word by the Politbureau.

The author's final disservice to interracial harmony is to be found in his blueprint for action in America. Having first described with intelligence and erudition and understandable outrage the manner in which Negroes are abused and exploited in America, he jumps to the fatal conclusion that their only chance for equal status is through armed rebellion in collaboration with Communists of the white race.

It is an indictment of the white majority that a thinker of this caliber can see no other alternative but this desperate expedient.

THE AUNT'S STORY, by Patrick White (Viking, $3). A novel.

CASTE, CLASS AND RACE: A Study in Social Dynamics, by Oliver Cromwell Cox, Ph.D. (Doubleday, $7.50). Times 1-5-48

Wants Review of Daily Worker 'Cast, Class and Race'

New York

Editor, Daily Worker:

I've been watching the Daily Worker and Masses and Mainstream for a review of Caste Class and Race by Dr. Oliver Cromwell Cox of Tuskegee. From Marxists it rates a careful analysis and thoughtful critique. It is off key here and there and specifically on anti-Semitism, in my opinion, but I'm eager for a discussion pro and con from your experts and your readers.

Wed. 4- D. Worker

Ed. Note: Caste, Class and Race by Dr. Cox will be reviewed by Abner W. Berry in the Weekend Worker.

A Study of Class and Race

IN HIS "Class, Caste and Race," (Doubleday and Company, N. Y., 662 PP, $7.50), Dr. Oliver Cromwell Cox of Tuskegee Institute has covered so wide a range of the artificial divisions man has used through the ages to exploit his fellow-man and to foist the drudgery and less paid labor on the weaker, that one is hard put in a brief review to do anything near justice to its vast research, penetration and generally precise reasoning. This Chicago Tribune 1-10-48

It is, all in all, one of the finest, perhaps the finest on that phase of sociology extant. The more the pity, therefore, that I am going to skip mention of his chapters on Caste (woman, marriage, religion, occupation, etc.), and Class (estates, politics, literature on class, etc.) and come to Race in the United States which occupies a good deal of Part Three.

* * *

DR. COX STRESSES the economic cause of color prejudice, which as some would say is sound Marxism, but which is even more, sound sociology. The Negro was brought from Africa for his labor and to enrich white people. This motive has underlaid every step, every doctrine of so-called racial superiority as segregation and so-called intermarriage.

The economic, as Dr. Cox has so ably shown, is protean. It can mask itself in sentimentality and systicism and parade as "race purity," thereby trapping and making mental slaves of those whites with cluttered brains. The masters, themselves, did the most to destroy "race purity," because of the higher price for mulattoes in certain occupations.

* * *

DR. COX HAS unmasked this and other fallacies by examining the works of certain writers, among them Robert E. Park and Gunnar Myrdal, whose "American Dilemma," he calls "A Mystical Approach to the Study of Race Relations." Myrdal, he says, refuses to accept a realistic interpretation of race relations. However, he finds much value in his book.

Dr. Cox holds that exploitation based on race, that is, a difference of color, began with the invasion of the Europeans in the lands of the darker peoples in the colonial period which began in the opening years of the sixteenth century. This is true. Prior to the discovery of the New World, whites and blacks had been living in harmony so far as color, alone, was concerned, notably in North Africa, Egypt and the Near East, where for the past six thonsand years there has been no segregation.

* * *

THE NEGROES, themselves, do do not escape criticism. One of the most persistent laments among Negroes in the United States, he says, is that "the race has no great leader. There is some sort of vague expectation that someday he will arise. But Negroes will not have a 'great leader,' because, in reality, they do not want him." How true this is.

He adds that no contemporary Negro leader of major significance is without some of the Uncle Tom in him.

"Class and Caste," has received superlative praise in certain high quarters and has been damned in others. This latter is largely due to its plain speaking, which is one of its great merits. Those who wish to clarify their thinking on "race" cannot afford to miss this great book, which by the way, won the George Washington Carver award.

Combative Study in Social Dynamics

The Times Book Review

CASTE, CLASS AND RACE. By Oliver C. Cox. 552 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. $7.50.

By G. LOUIS JOUGHIN

New York Times Book Review, 1-18-48

THE first part of this book examines the origins and present nature of the caste system in India. In it the author reviews the literature of the subject, a procedure which saves him from distraction by the multitudinous details of Indian life as they would be met by an on-the-spot observer. But there may be doubts as to the value of a remote and largely theoretical study. He concludes that caste is static, fundamentally cognate with Hindu religion, and not likely to breed the germ of revolutionary action.

In his consideration of "class" the author, Professor of Sociology and Economics at Tuskegee Institute, makes a number of interesting distinctions between political, social and economic group interests. His point of view is Marxian, although he makes little use of writings by Lenin or Stalin and prefers to lean heavily upon the somewhat naive pronouncements of "American" communism. Thus, after a redundant exposition of class conflict as economic struggle, he states that "there has probably been no individual in the history of the United States who has done so much to bring about democracy and therefore communism in the United States as President Roosevelt; and there has been no individual so much beloved by the people and so much hated by the bourgeoisie as he." This view of Roosevelt is qualified in several ways, but the main idea is frequently repeated.

The Times Book Review

The last section of the book is chiefly about the race problem in this country. These chapters offer useful fact and judgment, although the good is obscured by combat dust. The author argues bitterly with W. Lloyd Warner, Gunnar Myrdal and others who propose a caste theory explanation for the position of the American Negro. Professor Cox may be right, but the reader is left bewildered by his display of anger, sarcasm and sophistry.

Chicago Sun, 1-18-48

The chief value of "Caste, Class and Race" will be as a compendium of conflicting *obiter dicta* about grave social problems. There are more than a thousand quotations drawn from a wide variety of sources.

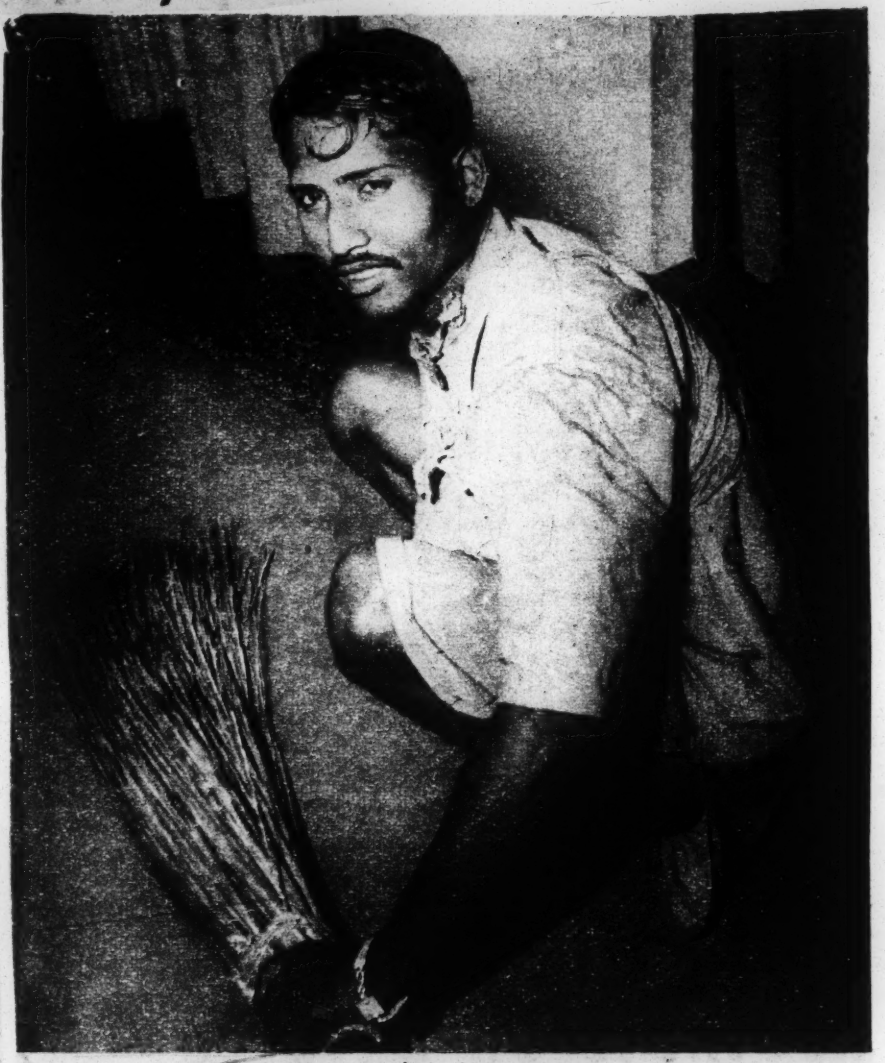
Unfortunately, the defects of the study outweigh its merits. The mountainous documentation is not, upon close scrutiny, very impressive; some of the authorities quoted are out of date, much of the material is drawn from relatively superficial journalistic sources, and there are entirely too many quotations at second or third hand. The style and the method are also erratic. The author will attack one opponent for failure to draw a necessary theoretical conclusion and another for offering abstraction unrelated to factual observation.

The Times Book Review

THE present position of the American Negro is admitted by every responsible citizen to be bad—bad to the point of being our chief national shame. It can be corrected only by a dispassionate and scientific formulation of policy, followed by a courageous and unrelenting execution of that policy. The spirit of the planning and the doing cannot be identical. When Professor Cox brings belligerency and the animus of the academic feud into his book he is fundamentally unscientific, and he leaves the reader in a more confused state than he found him. And when the author insists that the Negro will find salvation only in the democratic - proletarian - Communist revolution, he appears to offer—as a practical solution—a peculiarly hypothetical counsel of despair.

New York Herald Tribune, 1-18-48

This volume has won the George Washington Carver Award; it is also brought before the public with words of praise by several famous social scientists. This reviewer disagrees with those judgments and considers Professor Cox's book, both as scholarship and propaganda, to be of doubtful value.



One of India's Untouchables.

OUT OF AFRICA

New Republic

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY, by Alan Paton (Charles Scribner's Sons; $3).

New York, N.Y.
3-22-48

MANY GOOD BOOKS have come out of South Africa, and no doubt many more will come, but it is difficult to believe that any will compare favorably with Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*. Since Olive Schreiner's *The Story of a South African Farm* (1883), colonial literature has produced nothing like it, so far as I know. To say that Paton's is the more profound, compassionate, dramatic and important book is probably to say that *Cry, the Beloved Country* is one of the best novels of our time. In the magic, symbolic Zulu idiom of its prose, it is without doubt one of the most beautifully written.

In such praise I believe Olive Schreiner would surely join. One can imagine her sitting by her candle in the Karroo desert, following the humble old Zulu parson, Kumalo, from his Griqualand valley to Johannesburg as he goes in search of Absalom, his only son. Tens of thousands of African natives have left their families and hills for Johannesburg, for under Johannesburg there is gold—the gold which has broken up every tribal tradition, offered the native nothing in place of those traditions, and driven men of all colors to drink, madness and murder.

New Republic
New York, N.Y.

When Kumalo discovers that gold has made his brother into a "politician" who fears to speak the whole truth, his sister into a prostitute and his son into a thief, he can only turn to his God. But when he learns that Absalom, out of fear, has shot dead the black people's most staunch white supporter and only son of James Jarvis, the landowner in whose valley Kumalo has his church, the old man cannot even pray. "There is no prayer left in me," he says. "I am dumb here inside. I have no words at all."3-22-48

Kumalo never has many words, but he has such largeness of heart, such ...ity and pity with the few at his command, that he can make men comprehend what was incomprehensible. His son imprisoned, he decides to make himself known to James Jarvis. When first confronted by the white man, he again has no words to tell the terrible news. Not knowing who Kumalo is, Jarvis prompts him:

New Republic

—You must tell it, umfundisi [parson]. Is it heavy? New York, N.Y.

—It is very heavy, umnumzana [sir]. It is the heaviest thing of all my years.

He lifted his face, and there was in it suffering that Jarvis had not yet seen before. Tell me, he said, it will lighten you.3-22-48. mon

—Then, said the old man, this thing that is the heaviest of all my years is the heaviest thing of all your years also.

Jarvis looked at him, at first bewildered, but then something came to him. You can only mean one thing, he said. . . . But I still do not understand.

—It was my son that killed your son, said the old man.

So they were silent. Jarvis left him and walked out into the trees of the garden. . . . When he turned to come back, he saw that the old man had risen, his hat in one hand, his stick in the other, his head bowed, his eyes on the ground. He went back to him.

—I have heard you, he said. I understand what I did not understand. There is no anger in me.

New York, N.Y.

Jarvis holds so little anger that after Absalom is condemned to death, the white man has milk sent to Kumalo's poverty-stricken parish; he has a dam built so that the wretched soil can produce maize "standing higher than a man," and fertilizers and machines to cultivate the land. And there is so much compassion in the black man that when he looks upon the orphan girl whom Absalom has made pregnant, and sees that "nothing will come out of her at all, save the children of men who will use her, leave her, forget her. . . . Kumalo, for all his suffering" adopts her as his own daughter and takes her back home with him, so that the child of his son may not be born in Johannesburg's Shanty Town, "a great village of sack and plank and iron," where men die from diseases contracted in the heat under the earth, and women and children from coughing in the cold and rain above it.Mon. 3-22-48

I should like to predict that in the Reverend Stephen Kumalo, Paton has created an immortal figure. If there is a man who can read the tragedy of

Fine Novel of a Present-Day Zulu

The Times

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY. By Alan Paton. 278 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

By RICHARD SULLIVAN

THE "beloved country" referred to in the title of Mr. Paton's novel is South Africa, and the exhortative "Cry" is a brief, agonized expression of the very tone and substance and meaning of the whole remarkable book.

This is a beautiful novel, a rich, firm and moving piece of prose. Its matter and locale may be strange to most American readers, but its writing is so fresh, its projection of character so immediate and full, its events so compelling, and its understanding so compassionate, that to read the book is to share intimately, even to the point of catharsis, in the grave human experience treated. For what in other hands might have made merely an interesting sociological document is here intensified into an urgent, poetic and profound spiritual drama, universal in its implications. New York N.Y.

The central figure of the book is a Zulu minister of the Church of England. This Rev. Stephen Kumalo stands out as a notable feat of characterization—a big, plain old man; simple, strong; full of an erect, inborn dignity; full, too, of a sweet and generous humility; a man, in short, capable of suffering. To him, at his station in the once rich but now desolate hill country, comes a summons from Johannesburg, the great city into whose slums so many of his people—among them his brother, his sister and his only son—have vanished.

Going to Johannesburg in a search for these lost members of his family, Kumalo is confronted by the vast and sordid confusion of a whole native populace grown gross or timorous, rash or submissive, under an exploitative urbanization which has done away with the old tribal disciplines but has substituted nothing honorable in their place. He hears "voices crying what must be done—a hundred, a thousand voices. But what do they help if one seeks for counsel, for one cries this and one cries that, and another cries something that is neither this nor that." And in the welter of the general pain Kumalo finds his brother changed into a loud-mouthed disturber, his sister into a harlot, and his son a murderer.

Sun. 2-1-48

THE man murdered by Kumalo's son is, twice ironically, both the ardent champion of the black peoples in Johannesburg and the son of the great landowner of Kumalo's home district in the hills. The old parson is a man sensitive to ironies. "It seems that God has turned from me," he says. Yet in the terrible, active depths of his sorrow he accepts what has come to him. He arranges for his sister and for the murderer's wife to return with him to the hills. He parts with his brother and with his condemned son. And back at home, in a series of scenes whose emotional intensity it is impossible to suggest, he comes ultimately to a reconciliation, not only with his own tormented soul, but even with the grieving father of the murdered man.

No comment on this novel would be complete without some mention, however inadequate, of the simple splendor of its language. In "Cry, the Beloved Country," what is presumably a Zulu idiom is rendered into an English full of strange, bright grandeur. Here is a prose capable of producing again and again such effect as this:2-1-48

We do not need the doctor any more. No white doctor, no black doctor, can help her any more. Oh, child of my womb and fruit of my desire, it was pleasure to hold the small cheeks in the hands; it was pleasure to feel the tiny clutching of the fingers; it was pleasure to feel the little mouth tugging at the breast. Such is the nature of woman. Such is the lot of women—to carry, to bear, to watch and to lose.

There is not much current writing that goes deeper than this. There is not much with a lovelier verbal sheen.

Manhattan Teacher's Soul-Searching

THE INVISIBLE ISLAND. By Irwin Stark. 377 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

IRWIN STARK'S book is a first novel. The chief character is a young white man teaching in a Negro school in New York's Black Belt. The island of the title is that morally isolated area surrounded by the white populations of America's largest city. Mr. Stark's protagonist, Matthew Stratton, has come to Emerson—one of the most demoralized and difficult schools in the metropolitan system—from a school for the élite where he might have continued a placid and uninspiring career. He has come seeking for himself some social validity in a world involved in a war from which physical injuries have excluded the possibility of his direct participation.

Mr. Stark has been prodigal with characters, with events and with themes in his writing, and, with whatever great a respect a reader may appraise the lavishness of the work, the novel at last must be considered as a tree on which too great an abundance of fruit has been permitted to remain. Matthew Stratton, as we follow him through the pages of "The Invisible Island," is in search of a confusing number of things. In teaching he seeks social service and self-identification with the youth of an oppressed race. He is also a writer of radio plays; a novelist living the engrossing pleasures and debilitating frustrations of his craft; an immature male seeking belief in his own masculinity through too-casual affairs as well as a more spiritual relationship with a woman whom he really loves; in short, a modern man trying to discover unassailable beliefs.

The novel is filled with notes on the principal episodes of the most disturbed decade of this half-century. Those events (which the chief characters do not themselves share, are re-created in their memories, in their letters, in words of witnesses, or by authorial interpolation. In their sweep they include the departure

William B. Smith.

League for Democratic Rights, and the death of men in World War II. Whatever perfections Mr. Stark may achieve in his future novels, there is much credit to be given to the unusual fullness with which he has presented recent social history.

A SINGULAR flaw in his main characterization handicaps Mr. Stark's work and deprives it of some of that completeness of moral triumph which is anticipated. Matthew Stratton, with whose personal evolution readers will be most concerned, is surrounded by lesser characters of more firmly established moral strength. In seeking to solve problems concerning himself and the school, he asks aid from his Negro friend and colleague, Ben. In literary problems he turns to Howard Whitman, an instructor at Columbia. In sexual development he is the led, not the leader.

In social decisions he is at first the almost accidental agent of more positive fellow-students at college and later of the not entirely wholesome Karnap, founder of the League for Democratic Rights. Each of these minor characters is, in less thoroughly extended example, made to seem more convinced of his ultimate purposes than is the figure with whom we are chiefly concerned. The effect is in the end a discouraging one, from which this first novel need not have suffered.

L. L.

have been told before, but they gain in repetition because of the tight writing and understated drama the editors have chosen as their medium.

The Tragedy of Lynchings

A Review by Paul Hughes

SOUTH WIND BLOWS: By Clark Porteous. 198 pp. A. A. Wynn. $2.50.

IN THIS unique approach to a shameful American problem, the blight of lynching, Clark Porteous of Memphis, Tenn., a careful and capable newspaper craftsman, has painted a picture so realistic that you are left convinced that he himself must have witnessed the tragedy he describes and that it must have occurred in his own Mississippi home town.

"I'm Charley Porter—I'm supposed to be a reporter on The Daily Blade in River City," writes Porteous, starting the story of the lynching of Ab Lacey. "But what I really am is a yellow coward without any guts." The author's device is to unfold the events by having each witness or other character in the novel tell the part of it he saw, and each first-person-singular is a chapter.

"Charley Porter," tipped by a Negro preacher in "River City" (the book actually carried "River City" as "Memphis" in one or two places!) that Ab is to be strung up at "Kilton," Miss. (and you can't help but feel sure that "Kilton" is in reality Laurel, where Porteous went to high school), dashes by motor to the town to cover the story for his paper. He sees the hanging, sees the victim shot as his body still swings from a tree limb in a rural schoolyard, sees the drunken mob disperse.

"I kept thinking I might have stopped it, if I had just spoken up . . . I began to think of the great wrong that had been done in that schoolyard. Ab Lacey began to seem a symbol—as he moved back and forth in the south wind, like the very pendulum of time itself. Somehow, he seemed to represent to me all the Negroes and all the injustices that had been done to them in the South; he seemed to represent all the Ab Laceys of the past who had died of a lynch mob's madness, the Ab Laceys who were apt to die in such a way in the future.

"It was then that I saw my own salvation. I might never have such a chance to stop a lynching physically. But I could write in such a way as to help stamp out this evil. Please, God, give me the skill to write in such a way that I can spread light into some of the dark places of the South."

In his incisive style, Porteous has done a first-rate job of laying bare the very heart and soul of a fear-ridden, deeply-prejudiced, easily-stirred people staking their all on fabled white supremacy but, meanwhile, possessing few of the ennobling attributes such a torch should call for. Even if the situations developed aren't new, they at least make a provocative story you won't soon forget.

BEST SELLERS

According to Publishers' Weekly

FICTION: (1) The Naked and the Dead; (2) The Loved One; (3) Melissa; (4) Shannon's Way; (5) The Heart of the Matter.

NONFICTION: (1) The Gathering Storm; (2) How to Stop Worrying; (3) Peace of Mind; (4) Malabar Farm; (5) Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.

Citizens Below a Shadow Line

THE NEGRO GHETTO. By Robert C. Weaver. . . . *404 pp. . . . New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. . . . $3.75.*

Renewed by WORTH TUTTLE HEDDEN

Author of "The Other Room"

HERE is the factual story, sinewed with charts and statistics, of the rise, development, and cost to city, state, and nation of racially discriminative housing. As Dr. Weaver shows in meticulous detail what has happened in northern, western, and border state cities with the influx of dark-skinned citizens from the South, one sees the formation of an over-all, unvarying pattern.

Black Belts are as modern as skyscrapers, the result of the Great Migration which began with World War I. Today, spatial separation of the races is greater in Manhattan and Chicago than in Atlanta and Macon, Ga. Prior to the arrival of more than 50,000 Negroes in Chicago between 1915 and 1920, housing for Negroes did not differ appreciably from that available to other races. There, as in other cities north of the Line, Negroes in the professions and in the upper income groups had a wide range of choice when they bought or rented homes; others settled with poorer immigrants from the Old World in centrally located slum areas. Unlike their new-American neighbors who with better pay can find better shelter, Negroes, regardless of character, position, and ability to pay, lately have been denied freedom of acceptance and perpetuation of agreements, local government's fear that adequate housing will encourage Negro migration, and neglect of the Negro rations will find "The Negro Ghetto" a technical manual eliminating all guesswork as to the relative advantages of segregated property or interracial building. Welfare, public health, and juvenile court movement. In 1939, an association of real estate boards defined an objectionable purchaser as a bootlegger, a madam with a number of call girls, a gangster, and "a financiers. Segregation is, in the long run, an asset only to the owner of sub-standard within the ghetto who can rent to colored people at exorbitant prices strictions, Dr. Weaver finds three principal causes for the Negro's lack of a Fifth Freedom: FHA's

In addition to such realty restrictions, Dr. Weaver finds three to the poorest white tenements they would not offer whites. In Chicago basements and attics described in with the privilege of shocked by local accounts of arson

or of burning crosses on the new homes of Negro urban pioneers, here will see such acts of violence not as isolated incidents but as the typical accompaniment to the fascistic design in United States housing. 7-11-48

Dr. Weaver, who prepared the socio-economic brief used in the recent successful argument against racial covenants before the Supreme Court, writes with a scientist's caution and precision. When he entitles a chapter in the present book "A Ray of Hope" and detects a tendency toward democratic housing in some post-war building, there is reason to believe that the North may accept his challenge and "start . . . to make real its pronouncements of civilized behavior in relation to Negroes." 7-11-48

Republic in Indonesia

Sun 8-22-48

THE INDONESIAN STORY. The Birth, Growth and Structure of the Indonesian Republic. By Charles J. Wolf. 191 pp. An Asia Book. New York: The John Day Company. $3.

By GEORGIANA G. STEVENS

Herald 8-22-48

COMING at this time when a solution of the conflict between the Netherlands and the Republic of Indonesia is still being sought by the United Nations, this book supplies much needed clarification of basic issues. Mr. Wolf, who was American Vice Consul in Batavia in 1946-47, gives a brief history of the Indonesian independence movement, beginning with the organization in 1908 of the first party dedicated to the nationalistic cause, and culminating in 1939 in the federation of all the native nationalist parties which had developed during the intervening years. Times

He then shows that whatever adjustments the pre-war Netherlands Indies Government might have found it possible to make to this rising pressure were swept aside at that time by their overwhelming need to draw from the Indies the fullest possible war production. Strict and uncompromising repression of the movement therefore continued, with the usual imprisonment of key leaders. New York

That was 1940. When the curtain rose again in the Indies after Japan's surrender one of the first shocks for the returning Netherlanders was the proclamation of the Republic by those same leaders. The author elucidates here the issue of collaboration, showing its opportunistic character among completely defenseless Indonesians, who gradually improved their bargaining positions with the occupation forces; and, with Japanese arms and help, built up the first elements of a native army and government.

Mr. Wolf observed the consolidation of that Government and reports its strengths and weaknesses in revealing detail. In its stress on education, on a mixed economy, in which foreign investment is solicited on a non-monopolistic basis, and in its labor program he sees convincing evidence of its moderate Western orientation. He sees no danger of a turning toward communism unless the Republic is frustrated by the West.

Sun 8-22-48

IN analyzing Dutch prospects in Indonesia Mr. Wolf emphasizes the need primarily for a psychological adjustment to the symbolic strength of the Republic, and to the trend it represents in Asia toward a new self-conscious sense of dignity and determination to resist political domination. In his view, however inconvenient it may be for the hard-pressed European powers in Asia to meet this revolutionary trend, it is too late to reverse it. To him, the Dutch, specifically, hold every advantage in the post-war race for economic position in the Indies—at the price of generous political concessions. He finds hopeful signs of recognition of this basic reality among enlightened Dutch leaders and writes, in summary: "The challenge before the Dutch is to maintain their economic position in Indonesia through reliance on their own superior ability, and nothing else." 8-22-48

Hotbed of "Irrepressible Conflict"

Times

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN SECTIONALISM 1819-48. By Charles S. Sydnor. A History of the South. Vol. V. 400 pp. Baton Rouge, La.: Louisiana State University Press. $6.

By ROY FRANKLIN NICHOLS

7-1-48

SINCE the close of the Civil War many Southerners have wandered along willow-shaded paths of remembrance to mourn at the tomb of the Lost Cause. After World War I, as a part of the cultural renaissance which has been gathering strength in the South, this interest in the War between the States became less mournful and more militant. The issues of the ancient quarrel have been reargued, its causes restated and its battles refought.

The series of which this book is a part is a possible climax of this interest. Southern scholarship endowed by Southern capital has essayed "a full and impartial study of the South and its part in American history" in ten volumes. This is the second to appear. New York Times

The central fact in the history of the South is the extreme self-consciousness of its people, their sense of being a part of the United States and yet a separate group within it. This self-consciousness, this sensitivity has produced emotional tenseness, civil war, political solidarity, racial friction and an attitude toward the Federal Government which is threatening new repercussions in this Presidential year of 1948. The main problem in both historical and popular interest is: Why did the South become so self-conscious?

This volume bids fair to be one of the most important books in the series, for it deals directly with the main problem. The roots of this self-consciousness can first be really studied in the period which it covers, 1819-48, for a change of vital significance occurred in the prevailing Southern attitudes during these years. Book Review

FROM the successful outcome of the Revolution onward the South enjoyed a sense of power. Almost uninterruptedly Southern statesmen ruled the Federal Government. The Southern states themselves had stable, though conservative, leadership in the hands of local magnates. The cotton and tobacco kingdoms were prosperous, if unenterprising in their refusal to divert much of their profits to a better-rounded economy. Negro slavery provided a labor force which was cheap and easy to manage.

Within these three decades the situation changed. The South's political power was under attack, and the census showed the approach of minority status. Its economic leaders saw their wealth failing to bring great returns and their profits largely controlled by their Northern agents. Their morals were under fire because of slavery. Within some states, leadership was giving way to new men who arose from those whom the current movement toward democracy had enfranchised. Abolitionists were believed to be stirring up slave revolts. Fear of an inferior position was taking the place of the old sense of power and drove many to extravagant talk and behavior. Reason was taking flight. There were evil omens which can be more easily recognized now than they could be understood then. 7-1-48

Mr. Sydnor of Duke University has written a revealing book with a commendable freedom from bias. He understands the basic forces in molding behavior. Most fortunately he is able to create a synthesis which brings these forces into a coherent narrative. As a result of his labors we can advance a long step forward toward a better understanding of the South of today.

© *Punch.*

The Fugitive Slave Question as a Contemporary Cartoonist Saw It.

Bookshelf

GERTRUDE MARTIN

Defender Chicago

"The Invisible Island"

"THE Invisible Island" by Irwin Stark is an unusual first novel set in New York City and concerned with a young man's coming to grips with life around him. Matthew Stratton finds his greatest challenge at Emerson High in Harlem where he is one of the few teachers who approaches his students as human beings. As a white man he is shocked at the harsh brutality of Mallory, the Negro policeman, the cruelty of Johnson, the Negro assistant principal, and the frightened indifference of Connors, the white principal. The other teachers, white and Negro, are for the most part cynical, and the system in which they find themselves helpless has killed most of their good impulses.

Although it is at Emerson that Matthew at last finds direction, his earlier experiences in school, in the post office, and at the two other schools at which he teaches before coming to Emerson, are recounted in detail. His friendship with Howard Whitman, a university instructor and writer, and his various love affairs are handled with great skill. 7-31-48

Mr. Stark makes Matthew Stratton's gropings and conflicts wholly believable. His impulses are good but he is blocked by an inability to take action on most occasions. The other characters are all seen through Matthew's eyes although in some cases their pasts are recreated in flashbacks. Chicago, Ill.

"The Invisible Island" would style that is direct and escapes being cloying most of the time. have been an even better book, if the author had not attempted to put so much into it. There are numerous characters and a number of sub plots which detract from the unity of the book. Mr. Stark is most successful in his description of the Harlem school and its students and teachers. He does not gloss over the unpleasant aspects and his villains are not all of one color.

"The Invisible Island" is a mature book. The style is polished and the characterization good. There is too much talk which often slows up the action, but in spite of its faults his book is an excellent reflection of its period and locale. 7-31-48

"The Invisible Island" by Irwin Stark; The Viking Press; New York City; 1948; $3.00

"The Best Is None Too Good"

This book was written because its author, Ralph Martin "wondered what had happened to the men and women who had come home, and this is what I found." Most of his material first appeared in the New Republic where Mr. Martin is a staff member.

His unpretentious book has caught the hope, the bitterness, and the fears of the returning service men. Here also are thumbnail sketches of some communities; Hood River which refused to honor its Nisei soldiers, Peoria which has a plan that works to meet its veterans and find them jobs. The Lafargue Clinic in Harlem, what the Negro faced overseas and the

search for housing and for jobs, jobs are still prime problems for are all here. Reading "The many millions. Best Is None Too Good" no one Mr. Martin writes in a folksy What he saw in his travels around the country is important to all of us because the situation has changed little. The high price of living, finding good housing (or any housing), and decent

"The Best Is None Too Good" by Ralph Martin; Farrar Straus; New York City; 1948; $3.50

Manor House vs. Cabin

HEARTHSTONES. By Bernice Kelly Harris. 273 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.

By NASH K. BURGER

BERNICE KELLY HARRIS has, by now, pretty well established herself as the official chronicler of the back-country folk of North Carolina. She has presented in a series of novels, of which "Hearthstones" is the latest (and which have included "Purslane," "Portulaca," "Janey Jeems"), the people and country she knows so well in affectionate, satisfying terms. Her rural characters are intriguing and colorful without being grotesque, primitive without being perverse; the life they lead is at once rigorous and satisfying, intricate and idyllic.

As for structure, "Hearthstones" demonstrates what has been evident all along: Mrs. Harris is at her best when least concerned with plot. Her portrayal of people and setting is first-rate and sufficient in itself. In "Hearthstones" the ante-bellum life of the Day family in the Roanoke River country of eastern North Carolina achieves an interest and atmosphere that is in pleasant contrast to the high-pitched, super-charged tone of much current fiction.

The agrarian, workaday world of the small farmer Caje Day, his wife and children; the slow movement of the seasons with the resultant variations in jobs to do and pleasures to be enjoyed; the relations of the self-reliant, yeoman Day family with the slave-owning Allisons of nearby Seven Hearths plantation—these things, as Mrs. Harris can project them, contain sufficient elements of struggle, suspense and accomplishment to hold any reader.

FOR good measure, Mrs. Harris extends her narrative into the period of the Civil War and gives us the effect of that conflict on her remote community, a conflict that in its familiar, military phase is chiefly seen as at a great distance, but as affecting in infinite and basic ways the life of the Days and of the Allisons of Seven Hearths. It is a conflict that, as here presented, brings to a head an underlying antagonism between two ways of life: of the small farmer who works his own land and of the plantation-owner whose land is worked by slaves.

Unfortunately, as it seems to this reader, complications of plot take precedence over the rich store of setting and character; there is a great jump in time at the middle of the novel, and the entire latter half tells us about World War II, a GI deserter and Caje Day's daughters in old age. Whatever may have been gained by this device of balancing off two wars, two deserters as framework for the story of the Days and the Allisons, it is more than counterbalanced by the weakening of conviction and necessarily increased sketchiness of treatment. * * * Besides, personages and impedimenta of the twentieth century outside world have no place in Mrs. Harris's pleasant, bucolic landscapes.

Rantumscooter Ernst

SO FAR SO GOOD. By Morris L. Ernst. 271 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.

By R. L. DUFFUS

THIS new book of Mr. Ernst's (his twelfth, if one counts five collaborations and a symposium) is so much like good conversation that one is sure Mr. Ernst wrote it because he had been told he talked so well he ought to write more. Good talk doesn't always make good writing, but Mr. Ernst's does, practically always. Behind it is the kind of good thinking that has made him a notable lawyer in the field of civil rights. If anybody tampers with the first ten Amendments or with the Thirteenth to Fifteenth Amendments, inclusive, Mr. Ernst is often heard from.

Lawyers have to have logical minds. If they do not, they can rarely afford to spend three or four months a year on Nantucket Island, as Mr. Ernst does; or frequent expensive night clubs, as Mr. Ernst seems to like to do; or to take cases for small fees or no fees, or go on Government errands for nothing, as Mr. Ernst does. Lawyers with logical minds can afford the luxury of public and humanitarian service, along with other luxuries. But good talk is logical only in the sense that each topic is intelligently dealt with. Otherwise it wanders, one thing suggests another and people who begin an evening talking about over-population end it talking about small-boat cruising—and with no really perceptible break. It is this way with Morris Ernst.

Indeed, Mr. Ernst admits this to be the case. He pleads guilty to what he and other Nantucketers call "rantumscooting," which means driving over the moors, "never knowing which turn you will take" but "none the less sure that you can always get home."

HE writes of tolerance and civil liberties, of planned parenthood and the unfair burden of taxes on literary folk; of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who incidentally kept a "fun file" that he dug out when he needed, as he often did, a laugh; of his own efforts to solve the tragic Displaced Persons problem; of the annual wage and the "escrow plan" for promoting industrial peace; of the public's right to know who is contributing to what propaganda organization; of the newsprint problem—we in this country use sixty pounds per capita a year, the British fifteeen and a half pounds, leaving only two pounds for the rest of the world, per capita; he is talking about cruising off Naushon or Winter Harbor and suddenly recalls a visit with Ernest Bevin in London; the poet in him emerges when he suddenly remarks, "No one bird, blossom or mishap can make much of life."

He is hard-hitting and frank. He thinks some marriages should end in divorce and that birth should not be accidental; those who differ with him on religious, moral or sociological grounds at least know exactly where he stands. He thinks minority groups are sometimes too sensitive.

Mr. Ernst's zeal for human rights doesn't lead him to believe he can remove prejudice by getting a law passed.

Bigotry is a local problem. It is in the hearts and minds of individual men, women and children wherever they live. Each state, city, town and village should re-examine its own folkways of man versus man. Each village should have a contest for the best article by a school boy or girl on the strides in reducing bigotry since 1933. * * * Let's start with pride and hope. More progress can be made by examples of decency than by picket lines of cynicism and despair.

MR. ERNST has no more use for the buncombe of the extreme left than for that of the extreme right. He thinks he understands the pathetic psychology of many frustrated souls who take up communism as a refuge and relief. It is none the less clear to him that though we guard the rights of minorities "we must soon develop defensive tactics to safeguard a free uncontrolled majority against secret regimented minority activity"—in the labor unions, for example. But this statement is not to be construed as an endorsement of the Taft-Hartley Law, not by Morris Ernst.

This is a good, sane, warm-hearted book, as even those who may vehemently object to one or two of its contentions will probably admit. Perhaps the best way to get at the thinking of Morris Ernst would be to sit for a few hundred hours with him in a New York night club or on a Nantucket beach. Since this sort of town meeting is impossible one can profit by knowing him in print. The style is good. One hears the sincere and eloquent voice behind it.

Race Tangle In Spanish America

THE FALL OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN EMPIRE, by Salvador de Madariaga; Macmillan Co.; 443 pages, price $5.00.

Spain's Conquest of Central and South America, and centuries of rule of the vast domain constitute one of the romantic and fascinating stories of world history. It is timely to have this scholarly account of the fall of that Spanish American empire and it is instructive to read such an able historian's approach to Latin America's problems.

In the first place it is important to know that the writer of this history is one of Spain's great scholars, a former Spanish ambassador to France and to the United States, a permanent delegate to the League of Nations, who was forced to go to England to live when Franco rose to power. It is only about a year since his previous volume appeared with the title "The Rise of the Spanish American Empire," and the present book completes the comprehensive study made of his subject.

There has never been a time when so much interest is shown by the United States in the life and customs of the Latin American neighbors to the south as now, and this volume contributes greatly to a better understanding of the people and their problems. DeMadariaga is not only a careful student of history, but has a lively and interesting literary style that makes reading his books an unusually pleasant experience.

One factor of the Spanish American situation in Central and South America to which we in this country have never given sufficient emphasis is the complexity of its race problems and the enormous difficulty of dealing with them. This author discusses that whole subject with a fullness and frankness and intelligence not usually found. It is revelatory to find how necessary it is to depend upon evolutionary processes to bring some order out of the complex race situation and even to understand the motives and the course of action that so often puzzle us in the Northern hemisphere.

We are to remember that at the time of the Spanish invasion and conquest after the Columbian discoveries the area was inhabited by such advanced Indian races as the Incas in South America and the Aztecs in Mexico and Central America. The relationship of the Spanish conquerors and the daring pioneers who followed them to the native race immediately brought enormous complications. Before many years Negro slaves began to arrive from Africa until the annual stream amounted to many thousands. The relationship of Spaniard and Inca and Aztec to these new arrivals added something else to the cultural and race pattern of the whole region.

Mr. DeMadariaga relates a remarkable story of the four kinds of people who sprang from the race relationship.

Mestezos are the decendants of Spanish and Indian marriages and intimacies.

Zambos are the offspring of Negro and Indian contacts.

Mulattoes are the result of the mixture of Spanish and Negro blood.

Creoles are the American born descendants of pure European Spanish and French stock.

Some of the marriages between Spanish conquerors and Inca and Aztec royal families resulted in new lines of aristocracy. Contacts without marriage vows resulted in a large population of the mestezos, and other race mixtures between peoples far from their homes, and in a wild, tropical and strange environment had remarkable results. All the while the Church was present, was a dominant factor in the daily lives of all these peoples, and the combination produced a daring, restless and hybrid empire under Spain's control whose acts then, and even now under independent auspices are often hard for us to understand in this country.

No Mint Juleps Here

HUGH DAVIS AND HIS ALABAMA PLANTATION, by Weymouth T. Jordan. Published by the University of Alabama Press; 177 pages; $3.

This history explains much for us, and explains it in a most graphic and readable way. After reading it we shall be much better able to understand what the Spanish American countries do and why they act as they do.

This is a serious and meaty account of the economic life of a fairly large plantation in the Black Belt of Alabama. Its author, a remarkable story of the four kinds of people who sprang from the race relationship. Its author, a research professor of history at Auburn, displays the careful and objective scholarship for which he is already recognized.

Basing his study on a large collection of family letters, farm books and account books, Mr. Jordan gives an important picture of the Beaver Bend plantation on the Cahaba River near Marion from 1848, when Hugh Davis bought the place, to 1901 when his descendants disposed of it. After sketching the fam-

ily background and the legal successes of Davis in Marion before he became a planter, the author devotes most of his space to the management of the plantation down to Davis' death in 1862. He reveals that the planter was systematic in his records, his farming, his handling of money matters, and his marketing of crops. Although Davis did not give a great deal of time to the agricultural fairs and societies which were spreading throughout the South in this period, he read many agricultural journals, worked out fairly effective means of combatting erosion, and succeeded in producing a large portion of the food which was consumed on his plantation. He experimented with improved cotton seeds, devised various methods of destroying pests, and used domestic fertilizer for increasing his production. He treated his overseers and slaves well, even offering the latter bonuses for good work and allowing them to sell vegetables and fruits for their own profit. He followed closely the fluctuations in the markets. As a result of his wise management, he was, according to the author, a successful planter.

Contrary to the popular conception of the plantation as a place of constant parties and the planter as one who gave most of his time to enjoying his wealth and especially his mint juleps, Mr. Jordan reveals that Davis was a hard worker who led a rather plain and Puritanical life. He was active in the temperance movement of the Methodist Church.

This study, which is in keeping with the best scholarship, is a significant contribution to the history of Alabama and to the Old South. It should have a particular appeal to Alabamians, not only because of its own worth but also because it is another one of the attractively printed books from the University of Alabama Press. — HENRY T. SHANKS, dean, Birmingham-Southern College.

New Book On Hair Styles Available

By DAISY C. HICKS
For the NNPA News Service

EACH time a new idea is born or a new product is created which gives more attention to the makeup problems of the colored women it only serves to indicate that she is more and more coming into her own glory.

And what is her "glory." Well, among other things, it certainly includes the right to be able to find lipstick, rouge and powder blended and shaded to suit color and texture of her skin. It also includes the right to have her hair styled in a coiffure suited to the contour of her face and to the length and texture of her hair.

QUITE A NUMBER of cosmetologists have seen the need for a different type of cosmetics for colored women. And, as a result, it is a rare sight to see a colored woman with a pale ashen look because the powder she is wearing is too light for her complexion. Nor do we see the colored woman wearing deep purplish black lipstick. Instead, she has learned to appreciate the beauty of her own skin through the use of the correct shade of powder and lipstick. In short, she has learned the importance of looking natural.

A hair style book for colored women is one of the more recent steps taken to help the colored woman find her place in the sun.

Surprisingly, the credit for this helpful book goes not to a woman but to a man, one of New York's better commercial photographers, Arnold DeMille.

DeMille saw the need for such a book while working as a publicity director for a beauty shop. He saw finally that women saw long ago that it was and is impractical for colored hair stylists to copy the hair styles illustrated in magazines published for members of races having entirely different types of hair and different environments in which to wear their hair.

* * * *

WHENEVER HAIR STYLISTS attempted to copy such syles for colored women they ran into all kinds of troubles. For instance, the popular Page Boy style is flattering to very few colored women because of the length of the hair required before the coiffure is attractive. DeMille attacks such problems in his book, "Artistic Hair Styles."

In order to get examples of hair styles on all age levels with all the facial features, including styles suitable for all occasions, a woman is likely to have to prepare for, DeMille used eighty-one models, all colored.

The models photographed in his book are typical American colored women. The result is that virtually any colored women can pick up the book and find out not only the type of model she herself resembles but also the type of hair style most suited to that model.

DeMille has done an objective job in his book and it should go a long way toward filling an obvious need.

What We Know--and Don't Know--About "Race"

The Times Book Review

RACE AND NATIONALITY AS FACTORS IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. Humanizing Science Series. vii + 216 pp. New York: The Ronald Press Company. $3.

By LOUIS WIRTH

New York N.Y.

THIS is a controversial book, and some of the controversies will derive less from what it says than from how it says what it has to say on race, culture, and what Professor Fairchild calls "nationality." The first few chapters contain a readable and reasonable, though oversimplified, account of what we know and do not know about race. The author (formerly of New York University and author of "The Melting Pot Mistake," "Economics for the Millions" and other books) is critical of what some anthropologists, moved by sentiment rather than knowledge, have tried to teach us about the various branches of the human race, their likenesses and differences in traits and capacities.

Much of the confusion of thought and some of the dilemmas of action might be avoided, the author claims, if we recognized that in talking about what we call race relations we are not at all concerned with the biological groupings of human beings into "races," but rather with nationalities. He coins the adjective "nationalital" to refer to phenomena pertaining to "a group of people that are characterized and distinguished by a cultural pattern which embodies certain definite features." Why he does not employ the already well-established term "ethnic," which means essentially the same thing, he does not say. 1-18-48

His definition of nationality, however, is itself ambiguous. At one point it is a people with a cultural pattern. At another, it is a "spiritual reality." At another, it is a people who feel alike and together about a considerable number of major interests and values of life (which, of course, might also apply to a religious denomination or a political party). At still another, it is a group of people striving for political autonomy.

Much profit may be derived by reading Professor Fairchild's warnings against loose thinking about race relations, and especially his restatement of the well-known fact that prejudice is not identical with antipathy, and that some antipathies rest not upon judgments without experience but judgment and feelings *after* experience. There is also some justification for the author's warning to liberals that they should not allow their liberal biases to mistake the desirable for the actual or for the possible. The confidence with which these warnings will be accepted from the author, however, is considerably undermined by the author's own biases which appear throughout the book, especially in his discussion of assimilation, where he betrays his strong nationalistic convictions.

Sun. 1-18-48

HE argues, contrary to the best thought in the field, that assimilation is not a give-and-take process, but rather that it involves the acceptance by the immigrant of the "intellectual concepts, emotional reactions, and spiritual values and loyalties" of the nationality of the United States. He underestimates the extent to which "the nationality of the United States" is still being shaped by the contact and blending of peoples and of cultures. He argues that the first comers, the colonists, had qualities which were quite different from subsequent immigrants, and in contrast to the robust trailblazers of American history, "it is the unsuccessful, the weak, the dependent, the followers instead of the leaders, who make up a large part of a modern immigration stream." 1-18-48

This bias, of course, accounts in part for Fairchild's view of American immigration policy. He views with alarm any tendency to relax our immigration policy. He feels that

> the numerical restriction of immigration came just about in the nick of time, and if the current had been allowed to continue and to increase in the former proportions for another two or three decades, irreparable injury to the national integrity of the United States might have ensued.

One wonders what enables Professor Fairchild to anticipate this "irreparable injury," especially in view of the fact that on the very next page he states that the efforts to "describe, define, and delineate the American nationality" have not been entirely convincing and conclusive. At no point does he indicate what a sound national immigration policy might be, or that such a policy might be restrictive from the standpoint of total numbers involved without being discriminatory.

1-18-48

IN the same vein the author believes that democracy is not incompatible with the differential treatment of different groups of inhabitants, and he holds that: "Two of the first, and most clearly justifiable, limitations of democracy that almost any country will make, take the form of distinctions between the native-born and the foreign-born, and between the citizen and the alien." He calls attention to the problem of reconciling cultural pluralism with national solidarity, and uses the Jews as a case in point to show the difficulties inherent in preserving some degree of cultural autonomy consistent with national efficiency and solidarity.

In the case of the Negro, he urges that we

> give up recourse to dubious and devious lines of argument in order to demonstrate the Negro's essential equality * * * let it be assumed that the Negro, though perhaps not identical in his mental and emotional equipment, is certainly the equal of the white man.

Professor Fairchild concludes that "the United States has gone just about as far as it can safely go in permitting, in the name of humanitarianism and liberalism, the dilution of its own nationality." One wonders how Professor Fairchild has discovered the limits beyond which the United States cannot go in this respect.

PROFESSOR FAIRCHILD has nowhere demonstrated that the United States has been weakened either in its internal unity or in its external position in the world by having played the historic role of a society and a nation composed of many heterogeneous elements. On the other hand, there is an impressive body of evidence to show that the United States derives its fundamental strength and its democratic and free institutions in large measure from the fact that it has been a multi-cultural and multi-racial nation. Sun.

One might raise the question whether it is not more important for the future of the United States and of the world for us to chart a course which will create and maintain conditions under which racial and cultural conflicts will be minimized, and to demonstrate to the world that we can be both strong and free, than to worship at the shrine of exclusive nationalism reminiscent of a bygone age. That Professor Fairchild is entitled to his opinions on these and all other questions goes without saying. It should be understood, however, that despite his repeated statements to the contrary, his conclusions and suggestions as to national policy rest not upon scientific demonstration but upon personal prejudices and predilections. 1-18-48

Louis Wirth, Professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago, is author of "The Ghetto" and other books and editor of "Contemporary Social Problems" and "A Decade of Social Science Research."

Polish Immigrants at Ellis Island Before World War I.

Point, Counterpoint

MY SONGS. Aframerican Religious Folksongs Arranged and Interpreted by Roland Hayes. x + 128 pp. Boston: Atlantic—Little Brown. $3.

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

ROLAND HAYES, the first Negro to achieve an international reputation as an all-around concert singer, made his career as an interpreter of the songs and arias of many nations. Whatever else he sang, however, he always made room for the music of his people, and when he sang these songs he turned them into gems of expressiveness.

Interpretations of such depth and penetration stem from study and understanding, of course. They require, in addition, an emotional identification that no amount of cerebration can provide; personal experience is the only source. Mr. Hayes soaked up the deepest meaning of his people's songs from his mother, from what he calls the "master-singing ministers of my people," from living in a milieu where the songs took on the stature of a race's self-expression.

If you did not realize this from hearing Mr. Hayes sing these songs in concert and on records, his brief and touching commentary in this book would make it amply clear. The distinguished tenor, in putting together a volume of thirty of the finest religious folksongs of his people, has provided a short introductory chapter to the volume and shorter prefatory paragraphs for each song. His pages contain a distillation of the meaning and creative springs of this music.

He insists that the songs have direct African roots. Having studied the forms and sources of African songs, he seeks to prove the direct relationship between them and the American folk product. For this reason he prefers to call the songs "Aframerican religious folksongs" rather than "Negro spirituals."

THESE songs were many things to his people, he points out. They were an oral Bible for many Negroes who could not read. He recalls that his mother exchanged cookies "for a daily report from her master's children on what they had learned that day." He remembers that in Georgia, where he was born and grew up, the [illegible] were often a means of communication that the overseers of the slaves would not grasp. And he sums up, "Aframerican religious folksongs are belatedly discovered to be emblematic not of weakness and degradation under slavery but of power which carried the race through slavery."

He argues that these songs are not outside the evolution of music as characterized by the works of such masters as Giovanni Gabrieli, Heinrich Schuetz and J. S. Bach. He tells of the time when he went to a famous teacher and scholar in Vienna to seek guidance in mastering Bach's style. Mr. Hayes sang some Negro folksongs for the teacher, and the latter said, "But you have it all there, it is the same language."

Great music, whatever its origin, may be judged by the same touchstone. Does it say

Roland Hayes.

something memorable that cannot be expressed in any other way? Certainly songs like "He Never Said a Mumberlin' Word" and "Were You There?" meet this test. Mr. Hayes ranks these songs among the masterpieces of religious folksongs of all peoples, and he is right.

His thirty songs are grouped in three panels of ten each. The first is devoted to "Events of the Old Testament" and includes such pieces as "I'll Make Me a Man," "Let My People Go," "Deep River," "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel," "Dry Bones" and "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?" In the second group, "Abstractions from the Teachings of Both Old and New Testaments," there are, among others, "You're Tired, Chile," "Heaven" and "'Roun About de Mountain." In the third, "The Life of Christ," Mr. Hayes has assembled some of the greatest, including the two he places among the world's masterpieces.

Bookshelf

By GERTRUDE MARTIN

This handsome volume by Selden Rodman contains an appraisal of the work of the Negro artist Horace Pippin, 40 collotype reproductions, 4 color plates and 10 other text illustrations of Pippin's work. Included in the appendix are a brief chronology of Pippin's life, the artist'e autobiography from 1888-1940 and a complete catalogue of his work.

Horace Pippin died in 1946 at the age of 47 only six years after his "discovery" by the world of art. A "primitive" in the true sense of the word, Pippin had no art training and little formal education of any kind. Except for the years in the Army during World War I he spent all of his life at Goshen, N. Y. and West Chester Pa. In 1940 Dr. Albert Barnes of the Barnes Foundation in Merion wrote: "It is probably not too much to say that he (Pippin) is the first important Negro painter to appear on the American scene and that his work shares with that of John Kane the distinction of being the most individual and unadulterated painting authentically expressive of the American spirit that has been produced during our generation."

Although the price of this book is high ($12 00), it is well worth it. No library, public or private should be without it and even the casual reader will appreciate the beauty of the reproductions. The four in color are suitable for framing.

"H. Pippin" by Selden Rodman: The Quadrangle Press: New York City: $12.00.

"Paul Dunbar and his Song" by Virginia Cunningham; Dodd Mead and Company; New York City: $2.75.

"Puerto Rico, Caribbean Crossroads"

The aim of this book is to introduce Puerto Rico to Americans who know too little of that island country. The excellent photographs are by Charles E. Rotkin and the text by Lewis C. Richardson. The book was produced under the sponsorship of the board of publications of the University of Puerto Rico. It is a comprehensive glimpse of the island showing the homes of urban and rural dwellers, the leading industries, the people at work and at play, religious festivals etc.

It is true that most of us know too little of Puerto Rico and the condition of its people. As Mr. Richardson points out "Puerto Rico is a complex of problems-economic, social and political in their nature." Lacking natural resources, over-populated and depending on the land for a livelihood. Few of Puerto Rico's millions' rise above the poverty which surrounds them. Mr. Richardson also insists that the United States must give American democracy an opportunity to flourish in Pureto Rico. Negro Americans have a great responsibilty to see that this is done.

This book of photographs and text is a simple way to become informed on Puerto Rico and its people. It should be widely read.

"Puerto Rico, Caribbean Crossroads" photographs by Charles E. Rotkin; text by Lewis C. Richardson; U. S. Camera Publishing Company; New York; $3.50. York City: $12.00.

"Paul Dunbar and his Song" by Virginia Cunningham, a biography for older boys and girls was published near the forty-second anniversary of his death. Miss Cunningham has consulted a large number of Dunbar's friends and relatives and the result is a well rounded picture of the poet. The book's weakness is its writing rather than the information it gives which is both interesting and full.

Among those who were consulted by the author was Orville Wright who was a schoolmate of Paul Dunbar in Dayton and who saw much of him as the two grew up. Mr. Wright's recent death brings to mind again the tragedy of Dunbar's premature death in his early thirties.

Although Dunbar did achieve a measure of fame before his death he was never free from money worries. Tuberculosis from which he suffered and his grief over the separation from his wife made his last years sad ones.

Dunbar is remembered chiefly for his dialect pieces but he wrote many poems which were not dialect. Had he lived his normal life's span it is likely he would have turned completely from dialect which is less admired today and his lyric talent would have expressed itself freely. Miss Cunningham points out that he did not prefer the dialect poems but these were most popular.

"Paul Dunbar and His Song" by Virginia Cunningham; Dodd Mead and Company; New York City: $2.75.

Sparkling Story Of Alabama Family

Montgomery Advertiser

WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT, by Viola Goode Liddell; University of Oklahoma Press, 1948; 261 pages; $3.

Alabama Journal

This factual account of an Alabama family from the 1880's until the 1920's will draw many a chuckle and laugh.

Mrs. Liddell, descendant of an old Alabama family, portrays here a graphic picture of the life of a rural family. And those readers who were born and reared in the country or a small, rural town, will find many of her family's experiences running parallel with some of their own.

What rural-reared person can't remember the ole swimmin' hole? And who can't recall the escapades and mischief that three healthy, growing boys get into regularly?

While much of Mrs. Liddell's story is on the humorous side, instance recalled by Mrs. Liddell, a Camden, Ala. how racial trouble ERN ACCENT is a well-written ned by radical, Com- story and one that is well worth er and housewife own family as book because my own fam- get mad, and my rs couldn't get that

WITH A SOUTH-

VIOLA GOODE LIDDELL

Africa Speaks—Columbia Picture

CENTRAL AFRICAN PYGMIES
Even if the bomb falls, there is still a grain of hope.

After Us, the Insects?

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL (263 pp.)—*Arnold J. Toynbee—Oxford* ($3.50).

"The Kingdom of England is only 1,000 years old." "These last 6,000 years—brief though they are . . ." "After all, the reign of man on the Earth . . . is so far only about 100,000 years old . . ."

This is British Historian Arnold J. Toynbee speaking. As readers of his abridged, bestselling *A Study of History* (TIME, March 17, 1947) well know, on the Toynbee time-&-space scale the Dark Ages are a mere cat nap and the British Empire a flash in the pan. In these 13 essays, mostly written in the past two years, Toynbee again underlines "the lone and outlandish music of . . . parochial history" and speaks of the nations of this world as "subordinate and ephemeral political phenomena."

Don't Fence Me In. It has always been irresistibly tempting, Toynbee says, for a great or ancient body of human beings to think of itself as "The Chosen People." As late as the 18th Century, the emperors of China took for granted that they were the divine rulers of "all that is under Heaven"—despite the fact that their neighbor, the "Caesar" of Moscow, had assumed much the same title and traced his primacy back to both pagan Greece and the prophets of Israel. Londoners, cheering a march-past of Dominion troops at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, could not only assert a similar claim but even believe that at last a point in history had come when the sun would stay obligingly at full noon.

A New Lease. Mad as such delusions were and always will be, says Toynbee, a morsel of truth is often hidden in them. This morsel is recognizable to men who, first, think of their national welfare in terms of a civilized inheritance, and second, think of the world itself as "a province of the Kingdom of God." In his view, it is, for example, of minor importance that the old apartment house of Western Europe has recently collapsed: what matters is that Christendom has found a newer, physically stronger home on the North American continent.

But, Toynbee warns, it would be absurd for us to imagine that this trans-oceanic shift of the Western-Christian heritage is likely to ensure "Western ascendancy" for very long. Political unification of the world "in the near future" is, he thinks, a "foregone conclusion," and once it is achieved, orthodox Christianity will be as old-fashioned as "parish-pump politics." Our descendants, as well as the descendants of our Oriental contemporaries, will be heirs to a religion and a civilization distilled from the teachings of many spiritual messiahs, including Confucius, Socrates, Christ, Buddha, Zarathustra and Mohamed.

This world unification may begin with violence (in the way, say, that Bismarck forcibly united the German states) or it may emerge from a compromise between the free enterprise of Western Christendom (the U.S.) and the totalitarian economy of the Byzantine orthodoxy (the U.S.S.R.). Only one thing can now prevent one world, says Toynbee: the destruction of all our major civilizations by the atom bomb.

Little Mammal, What Now? Even if the bomb falls, muses Author Toynbee there is still a grain of hope. The people most likely to survive and to be capable of salvaging "some fraction of the present heritage of mankind" are the Negrito pygmies of Central Africa (*see cut*)—a race "said by our anthropologists to have an unexpectedly pure and lofty conception of the nature of God and of God's relation to man."

If even the well-sheltered pygmies go up in the explosion, the bereft earth may have to fall back on the descendants of "the winged insects [which came] into existence about 250 million years ago." Could these ants and bees "acquire even that glimmer of intellectual understanding that man has possessed in his day," they might rebuild civilization—looking back on "the advent of the mammals, and the brief reign of the human mammal, as almost irrelevant episodes, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'"

Bookshelf
By GERTRUDE MARTIN

"A Clouded Star"

This novel based on one journey on the Underground Railroad led by Harriet Tubman reflects the faith and courage of an unusual woman. The nine whom she led on this dangerous trip were only a few of those whom she brought through to freedom, surmounting dangers on all sides. Miss Parrish writes with understanding and a sure knowledge of the period in which Harriet Tubman lived. She presents 'Moses,' as Harriet was called, through the eyes of Samuel Mingo, a nine-year-old boy, who was one of those who escaped with her, and through her own thoughts.

Few periods of history are as replete with stories of heroism and humanity as is that of the pre-Civil War years when men were hunted down like animals. The friends of Harriet Tubman who aided the escaped slaves were subject to reprisals themselves but they continued to offer rufuge.

The author has drawn on published records of Harriet Tubman's experiences and on the stories told her by her own great aunt who knew Harriet Tubman. She writes with great simplicity and understanding and makes Harriet's fears and faith come alive. "A Clouded Star" although a short book succeeds in showing the life of slave and slave owner as well as in giving a more detailed account of the journey of the nine to freedom.

"A Clouded Star" by Anne Parrish; Harper and Brothers; New York City; 1948; $2.75

"Georgia's Dark Night"

The current Harper's Magazine has a timely article by Calvin Kytle called "A Long, Dark Night For Georgia" which tells what that state may expect from a Talmadge era. Mr. Kytle is a former journalist with the Atlanta Constitution and is now on the faculty at Emory University. He quotes one Georgian as saying "From the day Herman's elected, you'll probably see more and more floggings and more cross-burnings. His election will act like a signal on people of Klan mentality. They'll consider themselves free to commit all manner of atrocities all with impunity, all in the interests of 'true white Southerners.'"

New Subscription Rates

(Now in effect.)

In order to promote a wide use of THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY during the Presidential campaign, and to serve a greater number of regular readers, the paper has been "stripped for action," so to speak, and it is offered at more attracive subscription rates.

The annual subscription rate is now Three Dollars, instead of Five Dollars.

During the Presidential campaign the paper will be sent to new subscribers for twenty weeks for only One Dollar.

Or new subscribers can have the paper for twenty weeks and a copy of the Molyneaux book, "The South's Political Plight," for Two Dollars.

And finally, bundles of any single issue, if available or if ordered in advance, will be delivered promptly, in lots of fifty or more, at five cents a copy.

The single-copy price of THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY is unchanged, ten cents.

And the single-copy price of Peter Molyneaux's book, "The South's Political Plight," postpaid to any address, is $1.50. Reasonable discounts are allowed if purchased in quantities.

The Southern Weekly

P. O. Box 2089 Dallas, Texas

Lynching He Witnessed Gave Author of "South Wind Blows" True Understanding of Orgy

Clark Porteous, reporter for The Memphis Press-Scimitar, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, would not seem to have the background that would cause him to write a book indicting lynching. Yet his book, "South Wind Blows," does just that. It shows the inside workings of a lynch mob, and the impact of a lynching on a Mississippi community, and is critical of the status quo in the South.

Mr. Porteous

How did this Southern-born white reporter happen to write such a book?

Father a Confederate

Porteous was born in New Orleans 36 years ago, a rather typical Southerner. His paternal grandfather, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, fought through four years of the Civil War as a Confederate artilleryman. He owned no slaves. His maternal grandfather, a Louisiana rice planter, owned slaves, but was not a soldier.

At the age of 7, Porteous moved to Laurel, Miss., and finished high school there. He delivered newspapers, some in colored sections, but never had any particular reason to be prejudiced against colored people. He found that they paid for their papers promptly, and they seemed like his white customers, except for the color of their skin.

As a young boy, he learned of the lynching of John Hartfield, a colored man, in a nearby town, heard some of the bitter talk, and was shocked at what happened.

However, he did not see the lynching and the fact that Hartfield was colored was rather lost in the greater fact that a human being had been tortured and killed by a mob.

Porteous worked his way through Southwestern College in Memphis, and began to become aware that colored people were treated as second-class citizens. He was interested in Norman Thomas and became politically conscious.

At college he labored with a colored crew, found them to be real persons whom he liked. He was not aware of having any personal prejudice, though no doubt he had absorbed some from his Mississippi environment.

The day after starting out as a reporter, he saw a lynching, from a distance of about 300 yards, while running toward the scene. He and a photographer made pictures and talked to members of the mob.

Lynching Did It

The impact of this lynching did something to Porteous. He was determined to do what he could to stop such outrages. He began to do the best he could with news about colored people in his paper.

Porteous wanted to use the lynching he had covered as the basis of a book, but found it impossible to write a book while doing a daily job of newspaper writing.

He did write a short story based on the lynching for the Southwestern Journal, a literary publication at the college he had attended. But he kept wanting to write that book.

Porteous got his chance when he was awarded a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard during 1946-47. He got into Prof. Ted Spencer's novel writing class at Harvard, where he had to turn in a chapter or more a week, and he wrote the book in this class.

Incidentally, while at Harvard, one of his classmates was Fletcher Martin, city editor of the Louisville Defender, and if Porteous needed any further inspiration that people are the same, regardless of color, Martin, the first colored newsman to win a Nieman Fellowship, certainly was a help there.

Porteous said the things he had long wanted to say in his book. Some of his friends thought there would be reprisals, that the book would hurt his reportorial work in Memphis. So far this has not been true. — L. O. SWINGLER

Reporter punches lynchers over kidneys

NOVELS DENOUNCING LYNCHING and people who condone or participate in lynchings have been written by Southerners, but none, to our memory, by a Southerner in the position of Clark Porteous. Porteous is not only a resident of a Southern city, but a newspaperman and, like all newspapermen, dependent on the good will of the community for his news sources and livelihood. We met Porteous in the office of his publisher, A. A. Wyn, the other day and asked how his first novel, *South Wind Blows*, had affected his life in the South.

Porteous, a tall, well-knit, graying man in his early 40s, and a Southerner by birth, is a reporter on the Memphis, Tenn. *Press-Scimitar*. His book had been out only three days when he came to New York on business so he hadn't fully faced the music yet, he said, but he'd gotten some inkling of what to expect from response to advance copies he'd received about a week before the publication date.

The book, he said, opens with a description of a lynching (only slightly fictionalized) which he had witnessed in a small town in northern Mississippi in 1936. This is followed by a series of monologs by key citizens of the town in which they reveal their fears, hates and prejudices and the underlying social, economic and psychological factors which led to the lynching. He had pulled no punches, Porteous said. "If a character was foul-mouthed, foul-minded and ignorant—and there are plenty like that—I let him reveal himself as such. I knew I was punching 'em over the kidneys, but I wanted to be honest. I had an angry feeling. I didn't want to be nice about a thing like lynching."

They're not happy

When he'd received his advance copies, Porteous went on, he'd given one to his editor, one to a close friend and one to his mother. His editor, he said, had been "put out with me at first," contending that Porteous had had no right to use material gathered while working on the paper. He'd "come around" since then, but Porteous believes he would be happier if the book had not been written by a member of his staff. "I don't know, of course, but I think he was worried about the possibility of reprisals by politicians."

His close friend, known as a liberal, hadn't been happy about the book, either. He had found the book all very true, but felt no good could come of "stirring things up." Some things were better left alone and Porteous, he maintained, had done a disservice rather than a service to liberalism. The book, as the friend saw it would succeed only in pouring oil, instead of water, on the fires of the Southern prejudice.

As for his mother, Porteous said ruefully, she hadn't spoken to him since receiving her copy. Apparently shocked by references to sexual matters as well as by the main theme of the book, she had gone to the family pastor. A day or two before the official publication date Porteous, a devout Catholic, had received a phone call from the parish priest who said he wanted to call on him.

"I was about to do a church story and thought that was what he wanted to talk to me about," Porteous said. "I said, 'Sure, Father. I'll be home at five.'"

When he got home his own pastor and two other priests were waiting in the living room. They made small talk for a while but soon something in the atmosphere made Porteous realize that it was not the church story they had come to discuss. Taking a shot in the dark, Porteous alluded to his book. That was it, they said. They mentioned passages in which vulgar colloquialisms were used by characters in the book. They said if this book fell into the hands of high school children it would surely "damage their souls." They wanted Porteous to have the book suppressed.

Angry, scathing review

Porteous seemed troubled as he told us this. "I wouldn't want to damage the souls of young kids. If the book should run into another edition, I'd delete certain passages. But I couldn't see the justice in having the book suppressed."

The official date of publication was May 21. Three days later Porteous came to New York but his wife has kept him posted by telephone. His first review, highly favorable, appeared in the local Negro paper, a biweekly. The review was written by a white woman. The reasons for that were obvious, Porteous said. *The Commercial Appeal*, Memphis's morning paper printed an angry, scathing review which said, in effect, that the book should never have been written. His own newspaper reported the publication of the book but refrained from any evaluation or critical comment.

During the first week after publication the book, though not on display, was available in only one book shop in Memphis. Since then one other book shop has begun to carry it. He doesn't know if his authorship of *South Wind Blows* will result in difficulties for him in relation to his work as a reporter, but he hopes not.

"The South is my home. I like my home and my work and the newspaper I work for," he said. "The Memphis *Press-Scimitar* is a good paper. It's not quite as hard-hitting as I'd like, but it's liberal and intelligent and is working toward things I believe in." In addition, Porteous said, he felt he could be most useful in the South where he was born and educated. "I've got some things started down there. I want to stay with it. I'd like to see Democracy restored. I'd like to see Truman's Bill of Rights passed and put into effect. There's lots to be done in my part of the country, and I'd like to have a part in it."

ELLIS ARNALL

We Need a Good Dose of Democracy

Constitution, Atlanta Ga.

(From Former Gov. Arnall's forthcoming book, "What the People Want," as previewed in Survey Graphic.)

It was early in 1947 that I set out on a speaking trip that carried me into every section of our country. I talked with a great many Americans. They differed very little in their thinking. They wanted a program of liberty and progress for our country. But they wanted it to be THEIR program. They were unwilling to accept a ready-made concept of American policy, either foreign or domestic. 5-19-48

Men will not get their desire in a day. They must move forward clumsily and experimentally, tasting of this or that forbidden fruit, and wandering down one or another bypath that leads nowhere. But they will press on.

Nothing that I have seen in the United States alters that conviction. Nor is the conviction altered that the best defense of democracy can be provided by an extension of democracy, and that the application of democratic methods to a solution of our domestic and foreign problems is essential if we are to have either national or personal security. There is nothing the matter with America or the world that a good dose of democracy will not cure.

What do the people want? I asked that question in every State that I have visited. Although there were differences in emphasis, because of different local conditions, the answers were essentially the same.

The people of America read the same newspaper accounts, furnished by the great wire services; they read the same columnists, the same magazines, the same books; they listen to the same radio programs and laugh at the same jokes.

The people want peace and national security, but they want these as elements in individual security and not at the sacrifice of any essential freedom. They are hostile to imperialism. Wed. 5-19-48

The people want homes, and they want these to be available to all classes of citizens. The American tradition is a home for every family. The American dream is of a comfortable home; perhaps, a little overcrowded with gadgets, but it represents their belief that comfort is not a reprehensible ideal in a free country.

The people want jobs. They believe in an economy of abundance, in employment for every person able and willing to work. They believe that depressions can be averted, if government, labor and industry show good sense.

The people distrust monopoly. They distrust American industrialists who enter into private trade treaties with European cartels. In the South and West, they are especially concerned with the transportation monopoly. In the Missouri Valley and New England, it is the electric power monopoly that they fear. While they recognize the expediency of monopoly in some fields, which they think should be regulated drastically, they believe that competition is the basis of the American free economy, and they want freedom of competition restored by vigorous law enforcement.

The people want labor organizations held accountable for their contracts; they oppose unreasonable and restrictive labor practices in the same way that they do monopolies which slow down production. The song of scarcity, whether sung by monopoly or labor, is out of tune with American aspirations.

The people want a reasonably stabilized standard of living. Throughout the nation, the standard of living of the white-collar worker has declined since 1942, while that of the industrial worker has dropped sharply since 1945. Throughout the country, there was a suspicion that many shortages were deliberate, and that full production was not being attempted. They noted that the greatest shortages occurred in those industries that were cartelized.

The people want a program of education that will be both realistic and democratic. Among the younger Americans there was a demand for more instruction in history and government, as well as a greater variety of vocational training. The people wanted good schools and, in most sections, felt that Federal assistance through an equalization fund to economically depressed sections was essential.

The people want a health program. They are weary of a discussion of this-or-that alternative plan of providing health insurance, of the failure of the colleges to provide more physicians and of the political disputes over their ability to pay for a comprehensive public system of hospital and medical care. They want more doctors and nurses and dentists and hospitals and clinics.

The people want an end to the preaching of racial and religious hate. While they suspect some minorities of an unjustified sensitiveness, they are weary of the failures to adjust these problems upon the American ideal of freedom.

The people want their civil rights protected. Many were perturbed because of the un-American attitude of some congressional committees. More were concerned with censorship sprees that are common at this time. Labor leaders were concerned about the reappearance of the labor spy. 5-19-48

The people want equal rights and justice for all citizens and sections. Sensibly, they recognize that no American can be deprived of his rights without establishing a precedent that may rob all of us of some essential freedom.

The subdivision of our nation into regions, each with a peculiar economic problem due to the distortion of our principle of domestic free trade or the exploitation of the people and their land by colonial methods, is distasteful to every citizen. 5-19-48

The division of our country into classes and castes is also distasteful. Essentially, the American dream is of a classless and equalitarian society. Equality is not a matter of the size of houses or the number of automobiles owned; equality is the recognition by each citizen of the dignity and worth of every other individual.

Americans see all those things as desirable, in themselves; but they see them as only means toward an end. The end is freedom for the individual.

There have been many changes in our country since the first colonists appeared. The great forests have been cut, and the prairie has been broken by the plow, and cities have been founded, and rivers harnessed. But the changes in America have been superficial, for the dream is the same.

It is the dream of a country in which men and women can do as they please, where they can live their lives as they choose, where they are the masters of their fate, and where they can pursue elusive happiness in the manner that best satisfies their hearts.

Books:

'With a Southern Accent', Plantation Philosophy

New York

By David Carpenter Daily Worker

WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT is the naive autobiography of the daughter of a plantation owner and business man in a Black Belt county of Alabama during the first quarter of this century. It deals mainly with the life and customs of her middle-class, well-to-do family, which cannot have too much interest for circles much beyond her own quite large collection of relations. Mon. 4-12-48

WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT. By Viola Goode Liddell. 261 pp. Norman, Okla. University of Oklahoma Press. $3.00.

But the most significant thing in the book is the revelation of her attitude toward the Negro question. Mrs. Liddell is a typical cultured Southern woman who crowned her education at a church college.

* * *

THOSE WHO THINK that education alone is going to change the situation and that the bloodthirsty profit-grubbing lynch landlords are going to give up without being forced to should read what Mrs Liddell thinks: 4-12-48

"That age of a few years ago, which reaches into today and is still clinging by its finger tips has not been exactly an age of indolence, as some would insist, because we do many things here where the Negro outnumbers us four to one; but being able to pick and choose what we do, naturally we have chosen the pleasant and more profitable part of work.

"That is why it has always been easy for others less fortunate to criticize and condemn us. I wonder whether in past years the Yankees were not jealous of us for having such a good thing of it, and even now whether other unhappy souls do not envy us, who are still finding life pleasant and enjoyable . . ." (p. 194)

"Having been accustomed for some generations to serve as we had been taught to direct, they (the Negroes) had enough humility toward their work to somewhat make up for their lack of disposition and training for it. Where there was an abundance of labor and little money, services were cheap. No wonder the servant who worked in our homes got little cash. They ate a lot and were given much, and for the rest they were forced by necessity and inclination to steal; and every white woman had her household help at a dollar or two a week and every white man his hired hands at fifty cents a day."

4-12-48

THIS IS NOT THE ATTITUDE of a woman born after the Civil War but one who was born in the 20th century and still living in an area where the plantation system continued to be perpetuated by people like herself.

Looks at Books

Tense Novel Ends Disappointingly

CAN YOU READ anything interracial — fiction, biography or what have you — without an accompanying feeling of apprehension and an increasing analytical attitude? It's that fear, you know that the author will have an event or a character who will create for up to a climax that is too large a number of readers antagonistic reactions to the minority group to which they belong or

AN INTERRACIAL novel written for white people, not steeped in gloom and connivings, but is splendidly equipped with good looks, education and the fire and drive to use them where his people need them most a small, Southern town. What he revealed, the example he set, the many and various reactions to his achievements, is informative and engrossing, not only in the situation, but in the North as well.

Here is a study of the racial Mr. Neff analyzes the picture as he sees it, forcibly and clear.

A Racial Study American

WHAT NEXT FOR THE NEGRO by Lawrence W. Neff, Banner Press, Emory University, Ga. 1948; 69 pages; $1.

Mary Jackson King's "Vine of Glory" (the Bobbs-Merrill Company, $3). If you have that feeling it is more important to you than you realize for, like "growing pains," to it is indicative of your development and most likely will make you acutely aware of the importance of fairmindedness in either our dealings or judgments.

Every character has a definite role in the part and carries it through; there is none of that winding in and out of nondescripts. Most of the characters are convincing. The colored hero—heavens be praised!—is not full of hatred

EDWINA STREETER DIXON
Chicago, Ill.

While much of his reasoning sounds like good, common sense, a few discrepancies pop up now and then. Sun. 12-12-48

The author, to settle the racial issue, would have the United States re-settle the Negro race on some other continent, Africa, perhaps. Montgomery, Ala

There are many reasons why this is impossible, but the most pertinent one is this: Who is going to produce our crops, and who is going to do the work that so many whites feel themselves above doing? Then, of course, the expense of re-settling the entire Negro race would be another Marshall Plan. Sun. 12-12-48

While the reader may not agree with all of Mr. Neff's ideas, he'll have to admit that the author knows how to say what he wants to say.—O.

Romance Of A Near White Mongrel

SIX SECONDS A YEAR, by Frederick Laing. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 307 pages. $3.

This is a readable entertaining novel of contemporary life, written with contageous enthusiasm, a first novel, spoiled in its climax by that recently popularized dramatizing of the mongrel so offensive to good taste, particularly in the South.

There is little doubt that that borderline mongrel, neither white nor black, is a pitiable creature, respected and accepted by neither race. There are always Sinclair Lewises who would glorify the creature. The surprising thing is that there should be either sufficient white men or black men among the reading public to make the theme profitable.

Like a suppurating wound, none would deny the possibility of truth in such a situation. But life is too short and a reading choice too broad to waste on a theme that is both unpleasant and unhealthy. Sun. 4-11-48

For those who are interested, the book is a first person story of the Ezra Cobb Clock Company, told by one of the star salesmen, Floyd Sheldon, who has New York for his territory. The girl in the case, Anita Gerrity, he meets at a party in an artist's studio and sleeps with that same night.

Some 200 pages later, after he has found her a job as receptionist with the clock company, and after he has one of the sub-executives pursuing her with honorable intent, he decided he too wants to marry her. It is near the finish that it develops, at a company party, that Gerrity Blake, the Negro poet, is her half-brother. 4-11-48

Floyd Sheldon still wants to marry Anita Gerrity, but what they do about his wants is for those who still would like to read the book.

—W. J. M., JR.

"The best written, most interesting, accurate, and concise work for the general reader."

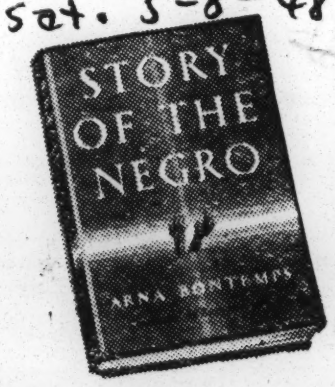
—ARTHUR B. SPINGARN, *President, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People*

Story of the Negro

by ARNA BONTEMPS

Chief Librarian of Fisk University

Sat. 5-8-48



In this authentic, unbiased history of his people Arna Bontemps offers the facts that challenge prejudice at its source — in ignorance. A thoroughly readable and dramatic story, it is written simply and dispassionately. There is, throughout, an inherent dignity — the dignity of a people fighting for freedom—a people about whom too little is known.

Illustrated by Raymond Lufkin

$3.00 wherever books are sold

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

The Caribbean Problem

Nation

THE UNITED STATES AND THE CARIBBEAN. By Dexter Perkins. Harvard University Press. $3.

THIS excellent study of our policies in the Caribbean, one of the volumes in "The American Foreign Policy Library" prepared under the editorship of Sumner Welles, presents an arresting analysis of those economic, social, and political forces now operating in the independent republics of the Caribbean —Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, and Panama.

It contains chapters covering the background and psychology of the peoples, their economies, their political and social structures, and their relation to the United States. All nine of these countries have agrarian, one-crop economies, although, ironically, as the author points out, they do not enjoy a "monopoly position in their distinctive fields." They are victims of absentee ownership, chronic unemployment, low standards of living, and widespread illiteracy. Though their governments are nominally republican, none is a mature democracy. *El caudillaje* exists in most of them, with the possible exception of Costa Rica. Sat. 6-5-48

At all times they are absolutely dependent on foreign markets and foreign price fixing, but nowadays they are especially dependent upon the economy of the United States. We not only take the bulk of their exports but are also their largest foreign investor. Given this relation, it is inevitable that the small countries of the Caribbean should be drawn into the American diplomatic vortex. No one can conceive of Cuba or Panama or Haiti having a foreign policy diametrically opposed to ours. And obviously no realistic observer believes literally that the Good Neighbor policy makes nations in the Caribbean equal in influence, power, or prestige to the United States. Nor can any honest person believe that pressure does not continue to be exerted, discreetly or otherwise, to persuade Caribbean governments to follow certain lines of conduct.

It is Dr. Perkins's belief that an awareness of these problems and a wise and consistent use of our power will do much to resolve them. He himself offers some suggestions in his two terminal chapters. However, one factor which he glosses over in his discussion of irritants is our race prejudice. He also fails to make clear in his discussion of the percentage of Negroes in the area the difference between the Latin American definition, which excludes the mixed bloods, and our own American definition, which takes in everybody of known African ancestry. 6-5-48

All too often his interpretations of controversial issues seem to follow those offered by our State Department. Witness his handling of SHADA in Haiti, for example, and of Mr. Welles's role in ousting Machado in Cuba and later unseating his successor, Ramón Grau San Martín. It is likewise misleading to give the impression that Oswald Durand (1840-1906) of Haiti wrote only in Creole. Nevertheless, the material in this book, while it is already familiar, will repay study in this period of distressing national tensions.

JAMES W. IVY

Author Views Dixie Race Complications'

The Tuscaloosa News Sat. 4-3-48

A RECENT ADDITION to the growing body of literature which tackles (or attempts to tackle) the South's half-worlds of black and white is John Hewlett's "novel of the deep South," "Wild Grape" (Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York. $2.50), a somewhat ambitious volume of 364 pages of something which could have been warmed up and served more appetizingly.

I have no quarrel with the author because he flatters himself that he knows a lot about the Negro and white South. He probably does; but the ragged (albeit highly colored and descriptive) apparel with which he clothes his straining and tenuous plot hardly supports this thesis.

Premised on the white South's double-standard of sexual conduct for white males and Negro females as opposed to that allowed white females and Negro males, Mr. Hewlett emphasizes the important role that breaking of the Seventh Commandment has played in complicating the complexion of the South's citizens of color. He also takes some poorly aimed pot-shots at the Ku Klux Klan, of which he is credited with being a pioneer exposer.

IN "DEE I," the "white-as-driven snow" female bastard offspring conceived in the rape of a soot-black virgin by a small-town Georgia Klansman, the author has is "wild grape," a character deserving of a worthier story and a more convincing plot.

Too many facets of the many-sided paste gem fail to stack up; the story lacks conviction. One gets the disturbing impression that even the author is like the Negro bishop whom he caricatures, stripped of his dignity and his bifocals groping his way along the outside of a train as he is driven from a Pullman into the jim crow coached by a hooded mob of Ku Klux hoodlums.

Perhaps if Mr. Hewlett had spent less time on descriptive effects and caustic characterizations of "darkies" and the trite parodying of what he apparently considers Southern Negro types and behaviorisms, and had gotten more to the point of his plot, the results would have been happier. That is if there was a point to the plot in the first place.

THELMA T. GORHAM

Jefferson City, Mo.

The Negro Ghetto New Book Title

On the heels of the Supreme Court decision outlawing court enforcement of racial covenant comes the announcement of Robert C Weaver's new book, THE NEGRO GHETTO, to be published by Harcourt, Brace on June 10th. The recent decision has been generally hailed as the first major break in the segregation pattern of living that has so long harassed Negroes. It is recognized as one of the most significant, if not THE most significant, ruling of the Supreme Court in several generations, the culmination of decades of litigation and research. THE NEGRO GHETTO outlines the issues involved in this momentous decision, indicating the problems in the future. The book is a source of information on residential segregation and a guide for action to abolish this serious disability facing colored Americans.

BUSINESS SURVEY OUT

NEW YORK (ANP) — "Negro Business and Business Education," a new book by Dr. Joseph A. Pierce of Atlanta University, has been released by Harper and Brothers. It sells for $4.

22 Loan Associations List Nine Million Dollars in Assets

WASHINGTON — The largest savings and loan association in the United States is the Liberty Savings and Loan Association of Los Angeles, Calif., with a million and half dollars in assets.

The second largest is the Mutual Building and Loan Association of Durham, N.C., with a million in assets, while the Berean Savings and Loan Association of Philadelphia, Pa., with a million, and the Illinois Federal Savings and Loan Association of Chicago, also with a million, rank third and fourth, respectively.

These facts are revealed in the third report on colored savings and loan institutions recently issued for the United States Department of Commerce by Emmet M. Lancaster, Special Adviser.

9 Milion in Assets

Mr. Lancaster lists 22 building and loan associations with nearly nine million dollars in assets and over seven millions dollars in loans out.

In 1930, the U.S. Government report listed 63 colored institutions with assets of six and a half million dollars. During the next 10-year period the number decreased to 40, in 1938, and 24, in 1943, with assets worth $3,348,000 and $3,131,000, respectively.

Since the close of the war the volume of assets has ascended to the 1947 peak of nearly nine million dollars for 22 institutions listed in the report.

18 Others Listed

Other associations listed with the amount of their assets are:

Atlanta Mutual Building and Loan, $662,987; Berkley Citizens Mutual Bldg. & Loan, Norfolk, Va., $293,345; Broadway Federal Savings & Loan, Los Angeles, Calif., $669,809; Calvary Bldg. & Loan, Philadelphia, $77,334; Columbia Savings and Loan, Milwaukee, Wis., $576,436; Community Bldg. & Loan, Norfolk, Va., $20,920.

East End Investment and Loan, Cincinnati, O., $125,642; Eighth Ward Settlement Bldg. & Loan, Philadelphia, $39,535; Home Federal Savings & Loan, $159,500; Homeseekers Savings and Loan, Kansas City, Mo., $22,859; Imperial Bldg. & Loan, Martinsville, Va., $29,975.

Industrial Savings and Loan, Cincinnati, O., $207,866; Magic City Bldg. & Loan, Roanoke, Va., $151,963; Morgan Park Savings and Loan, Chicago, $44,931; New Age Bldg. & Loan, St. Louis, Mo., $151,958; People's Bldg. & Loan, Hampton, Va., $649,037; Tuskegee Savings & Loan, Tuskegee, Ala., $229,242; Zoar Community Bldg. & Loan, Philadelphia, $135,309.

Bookshe

The Negro and the Navy

THERE is no better time than the present with our young men signing up for the draft to examine "The Integration of the Negro into the United States Navy" by Lt. Dennis D. Nelson, U. S. N. R., published several months ago. Lt. Nelson is justifiably proud of the fact that the Navy has beat the Army to a trial of a non-segregated training and service program. In fact, "From Revolutionary War days until the latter years of World War I the United States Navy had no definite policy of separation and segregation, as had the Army . . ." writes Lt. Nelson.

However, once it put its mind to it, the Navy learned fast, and by World War II it was able to match the Army in segregation —and exclusion. Today as Lt. Nelson so ably points out the Navy has learned from its past mistakes in working with all-Negro groups. In 1944 the "Guide to the Command of Negro Naval Personnel" stated in unequivocal terms: "The Navy accepts no theories of racial differences in inborn ability, but expects that every man wearing its uniform be trained and used in accordance with his maximum individual capacity determined on the basis of individual performance."

Lt. Nelson traces briefly the role of the Negro in the Navy from the Revolution up to the present, but notes that there is a dearth of records. There is ample evidence that the Negro's role is a gallant one and it is especially interesting that from 1864-1872 six Negroes received the Congressional Medal of Honor, the country's highest award for gallantry.

The author does not attempt to gloss over the shortcomings (past or present) of the Navy nor to ascribe to it idealistic motives in its decision to try integration. The Navy discovered segregation bred "bitterness, multiple problems and wastage" and found integration of personnel in training and utilization "more practical, desirable and efficient" according to Lt. Nelson. The segregated training program at the Great Lakes Training Center was a fiasco and was finally recognized as such by Lieut. Commander Daniel Armstrong himself, one of the chief advocates of the segregated program.

Today with only three Negro officers on active duty the Navy has far to go before its stated goal of integration is reached. Lt. Nelson points to this and other changes that must be made. His is a forthright presentation of the subject and a very timely one. A number of photographs illustrate the book.

"The Integration of the Negro Into the United States Navy, 1776-1947" by Lt. Dennis D. Nelson; Howard University; Washington, D. C.

* * *

White Profile in New Yorker

The first of two parts of a profile of Walter White by E. J. Kahn, Jr., appeared in the September 4 issue of the New Yorker. Mr. Kahn's writing is up to the New Yorker's best, high praise indeed, and in this first installment he has presented an excellent word picture of the NAACP secretary.

The same issue has an unusual piece on the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood by Edmund Wilson, former book reviewer for the New Yorker.

* * *

Alain Locke On PBK Committee

Alain Locke, professor of philosophy at Howard University, is one of four members appointed to the Key Reporter's Book Committee. The Key Reporter is the Phi Beta Kappa News Magazine. Other new members are Armour Craig of Amherst College, Marc Friedlander of Women's College, University of North Carolina and Eric F. Goldman of Princeton. The two other members of the six-man committee who were reappointed are Bennett Cerf, president of Random House, and Kirtley Mather of Harvard University.

"Victims of Circumstances"

A Chicagoan, Abel C. Anthony, is the author of "Victims of Circumstances" which tells of the plight of Negroes caught in the slums of a great city. One of the principal characters is Dr. Ricardo, like the author a physician, who befriends the Singleton family.

The author's sincerity and vigorous championing of the underprivileged compensate in some measure for his stylistic faults. The book does fall short of the description on the flyleaf: "The most sensational, illustrated novel of the century."

"Victims of Circumstances" by Abel C. Anthony, M. D.; Mid-State Publications; 4641 Wentworth Avenue; Chicago 9, Illinois.

Book Sale to Educate Young Sharecropper

O. L. ELLIOTT
. . . Philantropic Author

TOLEDO, Ohio—A little colored girl from a Mississippi cotton field is well on her way to attaining heights she had only dreamed of. Before her lies high school in Toledo and college in one of the Nation's best Northern universities.

O. L. Elliott, an author seeking material for a book on the sociological aspects of the Southern Negro, found Dorothy Lee Roberson, 13, working on a plantation in Greenwood, Miss. She represented a whole race to him and he immediately set about guiding her elementary education. Dorothy is presently a pupil in a Greenwood School.

Elliott's book, "The Mississippi Girl," was inspired by Dorothy and proceeds from the book will be used to educate the girl. A second edition of the book, with the same title, will be published the first of the year.

DOROTHY LEE ROBERSON
. . . Cotton Field to College

Looks at Books

Fallacious Thinking About a Negro State

Ever so often someone with more time than logic on his hands attempts the time-honored task of solving America's most knotty problem, the so-called "race situation." By and large few of these efforts would ever come to our attention if some hardy perennial weren't occasionally impelled to put his solution in writing and have it published in book for.

TOO OFTEN THE FEARLESS souls who rush in where angels fear to tread show themselves abysmally ignorant of historical, social and economic factors affecting the question to which they so naively propose all the answers. Too often they cause reviewers to wish they would stick to their own special fields and leave the race question to someone else better qualified to tackle it.

A current case in point is Bernard S. Maloy, M. D., who recently authored "A Negro Nation" (Chapman and Grimes Company, Boston, $1.25), a thirty-one-page hard-cover bound book which proposes as the answer to America's racial dilemma "a Negro State" to be set up on some island in the Pacific. Dr. Maloy manages to get off his chest some much-worn cliches and some profoundly fallacious thinking concerning Negroes; but his chief concern appears to be that of getting the Negro out of the U. S. should our national economy fail to continue expanding.

* * *

FINDING A PERMANENT home for Negroes would be one of the best means to keep white men at work in this country for the next hundred years and even longer," he writes.

"It seems, too," he opines further, "that if black men strive to keep the races unmixed and separate from one another and if they teach their coming generations of Negroes to regard the white man as somewhat of an outcast who might be attracted by one of their women, they will be elevated immeasurably in the esteem of all leading nations."

THELMA THURSTON GORHAM
Berkeley, Calif.

Books of the Times

By ORVILL

MOST of North Africa, according to an only slighty exaggerated Arab saying, consists of a desert seven months wide and four months deep. Although men have found their way across the Sahara for thousands of years, its very existence has crowded most North African history into the coastal strip along the Mediterranean and into the Nile Valley. Spectacular, heroic, bloody though it is, it is little known and no general book about it was ever written until Galbraith Welch wrote her "North African Prelude: The First 7,000 Years."*

Galbraith Welch

Mrs. Welch has lived long and traveled much in North Africa. She has steeped herself in medieval Arabic histories and other obscure source books. She collected Africana for decades and spent nearly seven years writing "North African Prelude." The result of her labors is a curious combination of strenuous scholarship and breathless literary mannerisms. Mrs. Welch has unearthed much rich and fascinating material; but she has written about it with such grim determination to be lively and popular that she often seems frivolous and superficial. Her style is lush and ornate, frosted over with strained figures of speech: "The Arabs were ready to flash their eyes proudly across the menu of the world, ordering what pleased them."

At Least 8 Civilizations Treated

"North African Prelude" is a very long book; but in spite of its massive size it seems like a hasty survey, a hop, skip and jump affair which never pauses long enough to penetrate deeply into any particular subject. Seven thousand years and at least eight civilizations, Egyptian, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Berber, Negro and Arab, are too many for one book. Rushing along from one to another, Mrs. Welch has condensed drastically and omitted ruthlessly. She has never allowed herself sufficient space to characterize individuals or to develop the story of a particular situation in any detail.

What she has done is to concentrate on the fantastic melodrama of African history, the rotating dynasties, the conquests and massacres and epic deeds, the crimes and betrayals and fanatical sacrifices. Assuming rightly that most readers are at least not total strangers to the history of ancient Egypt, of the Punic Wars and of the Second World War, Mrs. Welch has brushed them off in a few pages and concentrated on the almost unknown story of the Berbers and Arabs, especially in the Middle Ages. That story is as cruel, violent and horrible as any in history, and exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Welch is so interested in it that she doesn't even refer to three North Africans who profoundly influenced the history of the Christian religion, Arius, Athanasius and Saint Augustine.

The most famous woman in history and the most famous of all Africans, says Mrs. Welch, was Cleopatra. The oddest character in history, she thinks, was an elderly woman known as the "Cahena," who was a general, prophet and queen in the seventh century. She was probably Jewish and led a Berber army against the Arabs with great success. The "greatest and most interesting Negro who ever lived," in Mrs. Welch's opinion, was Kankan-Musa, who was the Emperor of Mali in the West Sudan in the fourteenth century. Kankan-Musa had such wealth and power, so many warriors and slaves, that he upset the entire economy of the great city of Cairo when he went on a pilgrimage to Mecca and bought nearly everything in Cairo on his way.

Some of Its Characters Fantastic

There are stories in "North African Prelude" about demented African despots which rival anything ever recorded about Ivan the Terrible or Gilles de Retz. Victory in African war nearly always brought torture and massacre. But peace was never peaceful. Rival Moslem sects were always ready to fly at each others' throats. Sultans were always murdering their brothers and uncles. Ibrahim II, for instance, of the Aghlabite dynasty at Kairouan, a sex maniac and religious zealot, beheaded his sixteen daughters just for fun. Another conqueror brought the heads of his enemies back to be used as toys and footballs by his children. Moula Ismail, a seventeenth-century sultan of Morocco, had 500 women in his harem at one time and acknowledged 700 sons old enough to ride horseback.

So much of "North African Prelude" is about slaughter and conquest that it has little to say about African religion, literature, culture and civilization in general. Such information of this nature as there is is mentioned only casually in passing. But Mrs. Welch does include the surprising news that camels were unknown to both the ancient Egyptians and to the Carthaginians; that one African princess left 12,000 dresses at her death; and that once when the city of Cairo suffered from a particularly horrible famine starving citizens used gigantic fishhooks to fish for men from roofs. Once a victim was caught he was hoisted up, murdered, and eaten raw!

Galbraith Welch may have written "North African Prelude" with excessive concentration upon bizarre melodrama; but there can be no doubt that she has produced an original work of research and assembled quantities of good stories.

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

(The Protestant Church and the Negro, by Dr. Frank Loescher. Association Press, Madison Avenue, N.Y. 159 pp. $3.50)

To members of the Protestant Church of almost all persuasions—Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Disciples, and Presbyterian—Dr. Frank Loescher's book will come as a shock.

Those who point out the failings of organized religion, the wide gap between profession and practice, will hail it with malicious glee. Dr. Loescher's book is the kind of searching analysis of the American Protestant church that has long been needed.

Has Become Sensitive

Surprising as it may seem to colored people who are, generally speaking, on the outside looking in, the Protestant Church in America has become extremely sensitive to the race problem.

Over the past fifteen or twenty years, it as come out with some surprising pronouncements. It has said:

"Mob violence in every form is wrong; it is a clearly defined and imperative Christian duty to sustain the civil authorities in the righteous exercise of their powers in seeing that even-handed justice is unfailingly administered according to due and lawful processes."

It has said that:

"Christ's teachings concerning human brotherhood demand equal justice and opportunity for all persons regardless of race, color or sex."

It has said:

"We will seek to eliminate from our own lives and through our influence seek to free others from the embittering prejudices of nationality, color, and creed. Remembering that in Christ there are no such distinctions, we will lend our support to efforts to eliminate from our institutions the evidences of such prejudice—segregation, denial of civil rights, social intolerance, and bestial lynching—so that brotherhood may find a more perfect expression."

Action Different Matter

At one time or another, all the Protestant churches have fulminated against lynching and the grosser forms of race hatred. But to make a pronouncement is an entirely different thing from taking

"All the rich gifts which God imparts to man should be available to all without distinction as to race, color, sex, birth, nationality or creed."

It sounds like the old blarney, but this time it may mean something.

Catholic Record Worse

But the Catholic Church, even in the face of the Protestant record, cannot point to itself with pride. If anything, the Catholic record is worse.

The Catholic Church has not only done almost nothing (it did admit colored students to Notre Dame and to Catholic University of years ago) to change, it has helped to solidify the pattern, as in Xavier University and in dozens of elementary schools declared on Oct. 3, that: "When one considers that the mandatory. 12-16-48

Actually, of course, the Protestant Church has done little to change the vicious pattern of segregation and discrimination, although it has built in the South over the Protestant Church controls almost a third of the colleges and universities in this country," and owns "one fourth of the properties involved," while they easily furnish "a third of the endowment," one gets an idea of the difference between word and deed.

The Impact of Capitalism on the Negro Family in the U. S.

By ABNER W. BERRY

FROM the time when he was considered "an animate tool" and his sex life conformed to bare biological necessity, the American Negro's family life has struggled against brutal odds for development. The so-called "immorality" of the Negro was, in fact, the human reflection of the moral and physical crimes of the slave-holders. Slave-breeding reduced the Negro male to the role of "stallion" and converted slave women into producers of future slaves.

Slave-Holders Sex Practices

It was different in the beginning, in the latter half of the 18th century. Male slaves predominated in the period and there were many instances of mulatto children born of sex unions between Negro males and white women indentured servants. But when a court ruled that the offspring of such unions were free persons laws were enacted in state after state. Sex among the slaves was controlled in such a way as to replenish the supply. The state formally introduced the revolting practice of slave-breeding.

It was important to the slave-holders that the infant slave grow up into a strong worker, so the black mother was the beginning and the center of the incipient Negro family. Having reared her offspring—many of whom were forcibly fathered by slave-holders—the Negro mother was often whipped and maimed in the struggle to prevent the "sale down the river" of her children.

This furnishes the background from which E. Franklin Frazier, Howard University sociologist, traces the development of the Negro family. The present edition of the **Negro Family In the United States** is revised from its original, first published in 1939. Frazier shows that as slavery became stable and slave and master established human relations over a generation or more, romantic love and sentimental attachments developed among slave men and women. The family life of the "big house" was dimly reflected in the cabins. And many slave unions were "honored" by selling entire families rather than break them upon the auction block.

These developments were broken however, during unstable periods, as during the westward expansion experienced in the early 19th century, and again immediately following emancipation.

The oldest Negro families were established in those mulatto communities of manumitted slaves. Property and the absorption of ruling class culture aided in stabilizing these family groups. A part of the ruling class culture which the early Negro communities absorbed was white chauvinism which put a premium on skin color, making a light skin synonymous with superiority.

Frazier takes note of this, but in my opinion, belabors the point and gives it a prominence in contemporary Negro life out of keeping with reality. The impact of capitalist society, southern "racial laws" and national Jimcrow has just about shattered the intra-racial color line. In the social and geographical flux which characterizes Negro life, the shift of entire cities of population, the augmenting of the old mulatto intelligentsia by new forces from the sons and daughters of croppers, small farmers, city workers—all of this has had a unifying effect ideologically upon the Negro people.

I seriously doubt the validity of Frazier's description of city Negroes becoming white men when their complexion is light enough; "if it (the Negro's skin) is too dark for that, then he becomes Spanish; or, if he is darker still, he may assume the garb of Hindu or Arabian." While it is true that there is plenty of "passing," it is also true that the "passer" is the exception which proves the rule. The Negro remains as a people.

The entrance of the Negro men into industry, Frazier points out, has had a lasting effect on the Negro family: It has raised the man to the position of head of the family and overthrown the matriarchiate which ruled the Negro family almost from the beginning in America.

And despite this relative stability of the Negro family and its reflection of partial integration, there still remains a large percentage of Negro families with women heads. There are places where Frazier attributes this tendency to the Negro's "folk culture" when I think it should be laid to the special oppressions of the Negroes which prevent the Negro male from assuming the traditional role.

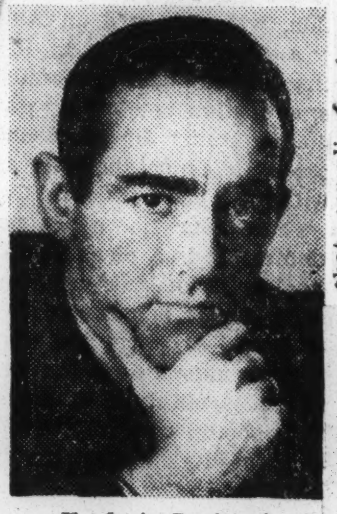
At other points extensive case histories of successful mullatoes and demoralized pimps and prostitutes are given to back up Frazier's "folk culture" theory. But the characters in the histories are twins of any hobo or tramp regardless of racial or national origin. Not "folk culture" but a decadent capitalist culture and environment which denies the expression of personality is the root cause of these social abberations.

However, in fairness to Frazier, it should be said that his conclusions are sound in the main. He contends that the Negro family will find its flower only when the Negro people are full integrated into American economic and political life.

Even if blurred at times he has given us a terrible picture of heartless profit-takers setting millions adrift in free enterprise America. It is worth viewing and acting upon by democrats and patriots who want to see America and the family preserved.

Books of the Times

THE African literary renaissance continues this morning with the appearance of Frederic Prokosch's "Storm and Echo,"* a rather overheated novel about the Congo lands by the man who wrote "The Asiatics," "The Seven Who Fled," "Night of the Poor," "The Skies of Europe" and "Age of Thunder." It's not as massive as Camus' "The Plague," as memorable as Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country," or as entertaining as Forester's "The Sky and the Forest," to take three other African books of the day. Yet it undoubtedly will bring pleasure to people who take pleasure in Mr. Prokosch's genuine hand-painted prose.



Frederic Prokosch

And he has his eminent admirers, make no mistake about that. William Butler Yeats once said: "Mr. Prokosch's gift is one which strikes me as astonishing. It is rich and immediate, musical always; the talent of a real visionary, and often magical." Thomas Mann counted "The Asiatics" "among the most brilliant and original achievements of the generation."

It seems only fair to quote these immortals, and to forbear from speculating on what they might have said about "Storm and Echo," with its lacquered platitudes, its desperate sultriness, and its sticky meditations on man's fate.

Quest for "a Curious Fellow"

Mr. Prokosch's story is told in the first person by an American who is plunging into the African jungle on a quest. That quest is wreathed eventually with a lather of cosmic significances. Specifically, however, it is to try to find a lost friend he'd known in Paris before the war, "a curious fellow," as he puts it mildly, who had variously been a school teacher in Kansas, a sculptor in Greenwich Village, an architect in Miami, a gambler in Cannes, a restaurateur in St. Tropez and a bookseller in Geneva.

The narrator is accompanied on that quest by three not-so-good companions. They too, tossed together by Prokoschean chance, are on quests of their own, plainly stated at one moment, veiled in allegory the next. It is quite a relief to find nothing particularly inscrutable about the motives of a colonial lady who decides to join their cavalcade at one point on the journey toward a terrifically forbidding mountain.

It's not what you'd call a very sociable safari. On the twenty-second day of assorted harassments and intimations of sudden death the narrator reflects: "I felt abominably alone. Twelve men and a woman marching in a column through the Equator. No other traces of humanity. No trace of history even. It might for all we knew have been the wastes of Betelguese. Human feelings shriveled and expired like a drop of rain in a volcano."

Now when you consider the number of tribes they've encountered along the route, that bit about "no other traces of humanity" seems unjust. Indeed, more than one tribe had gone out of its way to put on for their benefit some of the most gruesome rites to be encountered outside Sir James Frazer's collected works. Yet, by and large, you can see what the man means. He and his fellows are convinced that the world at large is in grim shape; things are obviously tough in Africa, too.

If you want to know how New York looks to a Prokosch character in Africa, listen to this equatorial soliloquy on our town, known, in the local patois, as N'Yuruka:

"It was neither a city nor a prison; it was only a hallucination, glittering and simmering like the lowing like Niagara, dry and sinnabulists wandered—Gobi. And there the somnambulists pass, in and out up and down those mountain paths, in and out of those arid wastes which they call Madison, Lexington, Fifth; up and down those creaking of musty hearts; struggling to rediscover the laws stairs, in and out of musty rooms, in and out of the monkeys, the python, the salamander, the gorilla, the hyena, the lizard, the rhinoceros, the laws of nature, and baboons, and such.

The data also have a certain variety. Thus on one page you may learn that "There's no twilight in Africa. Night falls like a curtain the moment the sun has set," and, on another, read: "Now it was twilight—that strangely beautiful and incredibly brief interval between day and night, which in Africa is like a sudden lapse of consciousness, a momentary withdrawal into another epoch. * * *"

Africa, in general, is endlessly characterized, by all hands. It is "the land of the unborn" and

"Prison" Looks Good to Native

Yet when the fellow says that N'Yuruka is not a real city, it's just "a rocky island which has turned into a great prison," where everything "leaps and roars and plunges," fighting unexpectedly says: another Maburu will go on a ship to N'Yuruka." That's the sort of attitude

"the last cavern of refuge." It is a place where evil is "everlasting and inexorable, leaking continually from the mind like resin from a tree." It is called the Dark Continent, but it is "a blaze, a dazzle of truth compared to the rest of the world." In Africa there is no happiness, "no such thing as hope, or lucidity, or reason"; though there is a moment when the man says: "The monstrous loveliness of the land was beginning to grip me."

Well, there must be *something* about the place to account for this year's African literary renaissance. As for us, we plan, for obvious reasons, to start rereading Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa" and Conrad's "Heart of Darkness."

GERTRUDE Martin
Chicago Defender

"By Secret Railway" Recommended For Youth

BOOKS for the young fry were crowded off last week's suggested list of books for Christmas gifts. This year as every there aren't many books which introduce Negro characters naturally and treat them with understanding. One that stands out in this respect and has the approval of my juvenile jury is "By Secret Railway" by Enid La Monte Meadowcroft. Set in the Chicago of 1860 this is the exciting story of the friendship of a white and colored boy and how they learned about the Underground Railroad. Older boys and girls will certainly enjoy it.

Another book dealing with the same general period and designed for the same age group is "Mary Montgomery, Rebel" by Helen Fern Daringer (Harcourt, Brace). This one is set in Atlanta and as the title indicates centers around a young daughter of the Confederacy. Before the book ends she learns that Union soldiers are human, too.

Several publishing houses have excellent editions of the classics for children. Among the best of these is Grosset and Dunlap's Illustrated Junior Library. Recent additions to their list are "Kidnapped" by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Little Lame Prince" and "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." These books come in three editions at $1.25, $2,00 and $3.00; the latter a very handsome one. The cheaper editions are also very attractive.

"Storm and Echo"

Africa has certainly come into its own this year in the literary field. Another new novel written about that country is Frederic Prokosch's "Storm and Echo," an exotic, disturbing book. In it four white men and their native guides set out for Nagala, mountain of mystery feared by the natives. The safari is a strange and frightening one on which they find themselves pitted against the heat, the insects, animals and the natives. All the lush, decaying beauty of the jungle is described here in mounting detail. The superstitions of the natives and the secret life they lead ar emade very real.

"Storm and Echo" is packed with horrors. Mr. Prokosch brings alive the almost human country reaching out to defeat the four men seeking an answer to their own lives. The natives here are for the most part ignorant and disease ridden. This is far from the Africa of "Cry the Beloved Country" or "Path of Thunder." But as dramatic and exaggerated fiction it is very effective.

"Storm and Echo" by Frederic Prokosch; Doubleday; New York City; $3.00

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"By Secret Railway"

Lincoln Figures In A New Book

IN HER new book "By Secret Railway" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., September 21: ($3) Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft describes Lincoln not only as a national hero, but as a human and lovable man as seen through the eyes of an American boy.

The Lincoln incident in "By Secret Railway" is an authentic one, described also in a book by Carl Sandburg. And this story of the underground railroad, which was no railroad at all in the ordinary sense, but a means of getting fugitive slaves from slave states to freedom, brings to life again one of the most exciting and momentous periods in American history.

Two American boys, one white and one a Negro, are the travellers in "By Secret Railway" from Missouri to Illinois. Through their eyes the America of 1860 is seen, teeming with vitality and color, divided against itself, with the great figure of Abraham Lincoln always in the background.

Through the eyes of the two boys is also seen a special aspect of America which we are seeing again this year—a presidential election. That year, too, was a crucial year and its events are vividly "re-created in "By Secret Railway."

The author, who lives in Connecticut, is well-known for her books on America's past, including "On Indian Trails with Daniel Boone" and "Silver for General Washington."

Black Africa

AFRICAN CONTRASTS. By R. H. W. Shepherd and B. G. Paver. . . . 266 pp. . . . *New York: Oxford University Press. . . . $9.00.*

Reviewed by
MARGARET HUBBARD

THIS study of the position of the Bantu, or native, in South Africa could not be more timely. It appears just as the Nationalist party takes over the government in the union, committed to implement the policy of Apartheid—the separation of European and non-European cultures and life.

"African Contrasts" is a scholarly presentation, in text and in fine photographs, of a subject that arouses much bitterness in South Africa. Yet there the problem is handled in an equitable spirit and with an optimistic hope for the future. However that may develop, the facts are here on which to determine the needs of the future. Here is the Bantu in his tribal past and the Bantu of mines and industry today; his position as wage-earner, his standing before the law, his health and education, his hopes and frustrations and his political standing, or lack of it.

This is, however, no dry-as-dust statistical study. The facts and figures are related to the Bantu as a person, not a mere impersonal problem. This approach is predicated on the belief that black and white together make up the South African Union—not merely the two million odd whites in the country. That is not the view of the present government. But the facts are here, presented without rancor. Whoever is concerned with racial problems in general or the policy of South Africa in particular will find the book an invaluable and up-to-date study of an explosive subject.

'American Me' Lacks Authenticity

AMERICAN ME. By Beatrice Griffith. 341 pp. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin. $3.50.

Beatrice Griffith's American Me deals with the Mexican youth in the Los Angeles area. Ostensibly its purpose is to lay bare the problems of the youth of this national group as a minority in the predominantly "Anglo-Saxon" culture of the area.

However, the book fails of its ostensible purpose, because of Griffith's approach. Particularly to be criticized are the fictionalized accounts of the activities of the Mexican American youth which occupy such a prominent place in the book.

These stories do not ring with authenticity, despite Miss Griffith's technique, which is to make them appear as though they were told by the youths themselves. And what is even more dangerous, they all give the reader the feeling that all Mexican American youth are juvenile delinquents. Also too much stress is laid on the conflict between the backward parents and their children as the basis for this juvenile delinquency.

Probably the basic weakness of the book is due to that fact that Miss Griffith, who is a social worker, approaches the book with the attitude of the professional "do-gooder." She is well-intentioned, undoubtedly, but she fails to get at the core of the problem of the Mexican people in the United States.

There certainly is the need for a first rate analysis of the Mexican question in the United States. But it still remains unwritten. Such a book needs to be written on the basis of the understanding of the economic foundation of the discrimination, the Jimcrow practices, which hold down the 3,000,000 Mexican Americans in our country.

Only the Communists, with their knowledge of the interrelationship of social forces, are capable of presenting such a thoroughgoing analysis, with a perspective for solving the problems. Let us hope that soon we shall have such a study.—D. C.

Role of Tan GIs in World War II Is Told

Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.
Sat. 1-17-48

SOONER OR LATER it was bound to happen. There have been books, an endless number, about white Americans in World War II. Someone was bound to do an authoriatative like book about colored Americans.

It has now been done by Arthur J. Furr who has had enough contact with things military to know what ought to be said. 1-17-48

Mr. Furr calls his book "Democracy's Negroes," (House of Edinboro, Publishers, Boston, Mass., $3.50), and if you'd like a book where one who has been a soldier has literally reassembled documentary information from governmental files, covering the Negro's efforts in all branches of the military services, this one will give it to you. Sat.

* * *

THE BOOK is not exhaustive, however, and Mr. Furr might have written more critically, or at least, he might have offered some pointed solutions to problems and thus have presented much more convincing evidence, consummate with his aim, instead of merely chronicling events. 1-17-48

Otherwise it is a well written book that should be quoted from often. It is excitably readable, too, and you'll marvel at the almost super-human exploits of the men (65 per cent were Negroes) who moved 52,200,000 cubic yards of earth in building the Ledo Road; the all Negro 161st Chemical Generator Company, and how it shrouded with smoke the upper Saar River Valley; how, a Negro 155mm Howitzer battalion within a short while, hurled nearly two million pounds of steel into the Siegfried Line; an account of the heroes, Col. B. O. Davis Jr., First Lieut. John W. Madison, Dora Miller, Vernon J. Baker, John J. Suggs, is but to mention some of the thousands of individuals and group exploits that displayed the Negroes' heroism, skill and accuracy in helping to win the most destructive war yet recorded.

A Reporter Views Latin America

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky. 26

If you are interested in reviewing, through the eyes of an ace newspaper reporter, the turbulent and internationally portentious events which occurred in eleven of your neighbor countries in this hemisphere during the period June, 1947, through June, 1948, you cannot afford to miss Ray Josephs' latest volume, "Latin America: Continent in Crisis" (Random House, Inc., $4.50).

In an outstandingly complete unusually revealing fashion, Mr. Josephs has looked inside Chile, Columbia, Cuba, Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina, Ecuador, Venezuela, Uruguay, Peru and the Dominican Republic. Uuder his expert observation, the moving forces in Latin America today come alive. Sat.

It is all here in this book. The cultural and social trends of the various countries are discussed, as well as the military strengths, natural resources and industrial developments of each. Here is laid bare before you the patterns of corrupt graft, the structures of the dictatorships, the personalities of the dictators—with no punches pulled and no feelings catered to in the least. 12-4-48

What are the comparative strengths, strategies and qualities of leadership in the opposing ranks of communism and fascism in the lands to the South of you? The author offers you a remarkably impartial insight into the best obtainable answers to these questions. Sat. 12-4-48

Mr. Josephs' book, although sketchy in some details and guilty of certain serious omissions in others, represents the labors of a conscientious working journalist. It can be easily considered the next thing to that longed for trip to Latin America that you would like to make yourself.

Birmingham News

IN HENRY'S BACKYARD, by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish. Published by Henry Schuman; 50 pages, $2.

During the war Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish, anthropologists in Columbia University's distinguished department, wrote a little pamphlet for Public Affairs Committee, Inc., entitled "Races of Mankind." The pamphlet aimed at promoting greater tolerance and understanding by stating the simple anthropological facts of race. Later an animated color cartoon called "Brotherhood of Man" was based on the pamphlet. "In Henry's Backyard" is a picture-book combination of the two: the text adapted from the pamphlet and the pictures taken from the film. The result is a commendably simple and dramatic statement of the essential humanity of all peoples, a statement which may be read with profit by both children and adults.—HOWARD HARLAN. 2-28-48

A Southern House And Its Downfall

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.

A Review by Dayton Kohler

MANNERHOUSE: A Play in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Thomas Wolfe. 183 pp. Harper & Bros. $3.

Sun

"MANNERHOUSE," Thomas Wolfe's full-length and unproduced play, has been the subject of so much literary gossip that it is certain to be widely read. It is, among other things, the work attributed to Eugene Gant and described with considerable detail in "Of Time and the River." Aside from its interest as an association item, however, the play can add little to Wolfe's literary reputation or personal legend. The truth of the matter is that Wolfe's imagination was, except for short flights, lyric rather than dramatic, and his play shows his inability to sustain the passage-work of action and dialogue the theater demands. The Wolfe rhetoric and the youthful agony are here, but their effect is curiously static without Wolfe himself to stand at the reader's elbow in the combined role of property man and chorus, as he did in his novels in those long passages of poetry and rhetoric which were the expression of his tremendous but private sensibility. 12-12-48

What he attempted in "Mannerhouse" was dramatic treatment of a Southern myth. The house of the Ramsays stands for a culture, a social order, built according to the old plan and the old values. Its disintegration begins with the Civil War; its degradation is shown by a new proprietorship of the materialistic but ambitious poor white; its collapse is symbolized when the black servant, descendant of the slaves who built the house, pulls down the sagging structure upon fallen aristocrat and grasping exploiter alike. But Wolfe's play lacks the deeper realism, personal bitterness, or social significance of William Faulkner's treatment of the same theme in his stories of the Sartorises and the Snopeses. "Mannerhouse" is a young man's literary effort owing more to sentimentality and a reading of other playwrights than to the realities of Southern life.

Another Story Of Racial Grief

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.

A Review by R. F. Peters

HIGH JOHN THE CONQUEROR: By John W. Wilson. 165 pp. Macmillan. $2.50.

THIS simple and quietly compelling story of Cleveland Webster, a young Negro farmer in the Brazos country of Texas, brings into bold relief certain significant aspects of the Negro problem. There is nothing sensational or melodramatic about Mr. Wilson's treatment of the story of Cleveland Webster, his wife, Ruby Lee, and the white man, John Chaney. With consummate artistry, the author permits us to see the workings of the mind of the young Negro, as he watches the white man's callous efforts to possess Ruby Lee, just as he possesses the land and the small people who live on it. Sun. 11-28-48

Futility, frustration, resignation—these are the elements from which Mr. Wilson derives his formula. Even the minor characters, Bully, Daly, Unca Dempse, Vincent, Tina, Hoodoo and Little Suster, are the victims of circumstances which keep them in a state of virtual slavery. They, the petty "hewers of wood and drawers of water," are never entirely free of the specter of flood, bank foreclosure, dispossession and want. "Us goin' to town Sadday" is their conception of sufficient reward for their labors in John Chaney's corn and cotton fields.

Mr. Wilson's fine first novel poses no ponderous sociological problems, makes no appeal to racial prejudice and suggests no solutions. Through symbolism and exceptionally authentic dialogue, he gets under the skin of his characters and makes them live. That is the stuff of which distinguished fiction is made.

RENAISSANCE IN HAITI. Popular Painters in the Black Republic. By Selden Rodman. 43 plates. 234 pp. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $4.50.

IN another part of the hemisphere a stirring of artistic interest has been taking place within the last decade in impoverished Haiti, the black republic of the Caribbean. Here for centuries the African cultural strain had been dormant, the very crafts seemed sterile, the superficial overlay of Christianity became mixed with voodoo or "vodun" worship. Yet suddenly there appeared a curious mixture of tribal art, mixed religious and naive popular painting—a story now breathlessly yet engagingly told by the poet Selden Rodman.

Ten years ago M. J. Herskovits, an eminent anthropologist, felt compelled to write that there was an "absence of graphic arts in Haitian culture," and to all appearance he was quite right. The present author states that nobody but an oil salesman, traveling to obscure parts of the island, might have known that at Bainet a vaguely ambitious cobbler was sketching chickens and palm trees on discarded company calendars, and that other artists dormant were a police stenographer, an itinerant tailor, a carpenter and a houseboy. In time they and their work have come to the Centre-d'Art at Port-au-Prince, set up by its founder, De Witt Peters, in 1943. Later some of the work attracted attention at a Paris UNESCO exhibit, and some of the artists have been shown in New York. Mr. Rodman has told the brief but exciting story in a colorful book that is part snapshot album, part contemporary history, and is enlivened with many illustrations of the paintings, some in color. 12-5-48

'Harlem Story' Slanders Negroes

Daily Worker
New York

By John Hudson Jones

HARLEM STORY is a repulsive slander against the Negro people of that community. Of what purports to be a novel, its author declares he has written about "the biggest Niggertown on earth." The blurb claim that it is "rich in Negro idiom and robust humor," proves false when a cesspool of minstrel show shenanigans, and an Amos and Andy portrayal of Negroes unfolds. Such content cannot be written well.

The story mainly concerns Flutie, a very fair Negro woman in love with a white man, Jim, and of her attempt to be his wife, pass as white, and be a prostitute.

New York. N.Y.

Hewlett describes Harlem as "400,000 gregarious blackbirds, neither fowl nor flying fish, in the nest of a troubled white swan. . . . Harlem is a hot trumpet, a trap drum sounding like a tom tom, a shuffling foot, a modern black mammy in high heeled pumps atomized with imported perfume and gaudy scented domestic abortions."

12-6-48

CONSIDER SOME of the names of Hewlett's characters. There's "Peachy" who speaks with "a Harvard accent," and "Mississippi." They are described by Hewlett as "ogling Negroes dressed like banana splits." There's "Madame Sally Sue Jones," "Cozy Beau," "Dusty and Dusky," and "Miss Cream Puff." Hewlett's locale is "Monkey Curve" where the businesses are named, "The Garden of Allah Board House," "The Deep Fat Chicken Coop, a fashionable Negro restaurant . . .," "the Dixie Chitterling and Mullet Fish Joint, Inc." the "Bargain Chip Diamond House," and so on ad nauseum. The very creation of such caricatured names, not to speak of Hewlett's obscene characterizations, reveals his thinking about the Negro people.

Sun. 12-6-48

HEWLETT, the author of two other such monstrosities of a "racial" trilogy, is a native of Georgia and once operated a 2,000-acre plantation. He was also once a reporter for the New York Daily News, Mirror, and Journal, famous for their anti-Negro slurs—not that working on them inevitably produces attitudes like Hewlett's.

N.Y. 12-6-48

But it is revealing when, talking about his novel and his newspaper experience, he recently boasted, "I researched Harlem for 20 years trying to find out what happened to the southern Negro that had come up here. . . ." And, according to his novel, Harlem life is mainly prostitution, razor fighting, chicken-frying, dream and numbers books. One can imagine what Hewlett used to write in the newspapers, when the city editor wanted a Harlem "crime wave."

1948 'Handbook of Adult Education' in U. S. Off Press

The Northwest Enterprise
Wed 5-12-48

NEW YORK—(G)—The 1948 Handbook of Adult Education in the United States, edited by Mary L. Ely, has been published by the Institute of Adult Education, Teachers College, Columbia University.

Over two years in the making, the 1948 Handbook is the first comprehensive inventory of adult education in this country since 1936. Since that time adult education has, of course, grown by leaps and bounds. The new Handbook represents the collective effort of several hundred workers in adult education.

Seattle Wash.
Wed. 5-12-48

Fifteen separate groupings of areas of activity—from Vocational Efficiency to Media and Methods—are analyzed by 50 different individuals, each a veteran worker in his own field.

A second section of the book, closely correlated with the articles by means of cross-references, consists of a classified and annotataed list of agencies involved in the education of adults.

With a comprehensive index the 500-page, cloth-bound book sells for $5. Orders are now being accepted.

A Picture Story of Joe Louis

THOSE OF YOU who are interested in subtly projecting a symbol against racism should buy yourselves some copies of Neil Scott's book, "Joe Louis," (Greenberg: Publisher, $1), which is paperbound and contains 128 pages, a hundred or more of which are action shot of his important fights.

The author mentions Joe's Caucasian lineage and plays up with pictures relatives with Indian features but does not emphasize his basic African ancestry. Joe is depicted as a symbolic force that helped to thwart racism the world over, but ironically the effect of that force here in America is not dwelt upon objectively.

It should be imperative in a complete picture story aimed as this one is, that one should mention, that the captains of industry and government in no commensurate manner have used Joe in the movies or his pictures in the newspapers and on billboards as other popular champions have been used. The book is helpful, however. HANDSEL G. BELL

Berkeley 3, Calif.

A Great Encyclopedia

St. Louis Argus
Fri 10-1-48

A compilation of Historical Facts of the A.M.E. Church And Other Important Data Contained in 688 Page Book

An encyclopedia of the African Methodist Episcopal Church has just reached our desk. We regard it not only as the book of books, of the AME Church but, the who's, who among many men and women of the race.

The encyclopedia is a unique compilation of historic facts bound in a cloth green covered back (9x12), containing 688 pages. Printed by the AME Book concern at Philadelphia, Bishop R. R. Wright Jr., Editor-in-Chief Price $10.00.

St. Louis Mo.

With more than fifteen hundred biographies of men and women who built the African Methodist Church, Richard Allen, the first Bishop of the church and his work is highlighted. Thus from Bishop Allen, 1816, down to that eventful general conference at Kansas City in 1948 at Kansas City, a story which will interest both old and young, regardless of religious denomination.

The publishers claim that this is the largest historical and biographical book ever printed by a Negro press and they have posted $5,000.00 cash in a bank to be given to any person or persons who can successfuly dispute their claim.

The most interesting part of the [illegible] outside, as well as inside the church circle, is Part II, which is an arrangement in alphabetical form of paragraphs giving definitions and descriptions of "every important subject connected with the AME Church" and scores of others for the church and race in general. To give an example of this, there are listed under 'A', the following subjects: Abbreviations, Abandoned Property, Abstinence, Active Bishops, Addresses of Active Bishops, Addresses of General Officers, Administration, Admission into Church Membership, Afflicted Members, Africa, Africa, South, the AME Church, Cape Annual Conference, Natal, Annual Conference, Orangia, Annual Conference, Transvaal, Annual Conference, Zambesi Annual Conference, Africa, West African Methodist Episcopal Church, African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, Alternate, The Allen C. E. League, Altar, The Allen University, Columbia, S. C., Alms Giving, American Bible Society, Annual Conference, Annual Conference Boundaries, Antinomianism, Apoorypha, Apostles Creed, Apostolic Succession, Appeal, Appeals, Triers of, Appointments, Arbitration, Arkansas, Annual Conference, Armmianism, Articles of Association, Articles of Incorporation (AME Church) Articles of Religion, Assignments of Bishops, Atlantic City, N. J., St. James, Atlanta, Ga. Alexander Memorial A.M.E. Church, Audit, Auxiliaries, Avery Fund.

St. Louis Mo.
Fri 10-1-48

Chaplains Listed

Besides the above, there is a complete list of all the Negro Chaplains (some 400) who have served in the U. S. Army and Navy; Negro graduates from West Point; of every Negro elected to Congress; lists of Negroes in legislatures and public offices; Negro populations in states, cities, etc.; statistics of all Negro churches; history of AME Zion, CME and other denominations. There are more than 1,000 subjects treated.

RAMPART STREET, By Everett and Olga Webber (Dutton) 12-3-48

WHAT! New Orleans again? But of a certainty. But also of a delight. For here is another about the land of the Creoles that captures the spirit and the colorfulness of its denizens.

These denizens make a big package of reading. Chief among them are a Yankee sea cap'n (a gentleman, but yes) and a lovely Creole gal and an equally beauteous slave gal (blonde). The cap'n gets fearfully tangled up in his emotions, to the entertainment of the reader, who may or may not decide which of the lasses he should have known all along he loves.

Skeletons in the Magnolia-Tree

A LONG FOURTH. And Other Stories. By Peter Taylor. Introduction by Robert Penn Warren. x + 166 pp. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. $3.

By HUBERT CREEKMORE

FOR a long time a considerable segment of readers has complained that Southern authors write only of the extremes of violence and degeneration in Southern life and never portray nice, moral people such as they, the readers, are. Peter Taylor's first book, "A Long Fourth," should come to them as a cheering and welcome confirmation of their existence.

Fortunately, the nice people in his seven long stories are just as interesting (if not as exciting) as those skeletons—the perverts, rapists, lynchers—who have escaped from the magnolia-scented closet of Southern suppression. Though their reality depends in large part on fundamental stigmata of the degeneration so often deplored, the neat balance of strength and weakness in the characters and the conventions of their social life give a humanness and fascination to the stories.

Peter Taylor's first story appeared in the little magazine River (Oxford, Miss.), but those in this collection were printed in what might be called the "literary axis" in America—The Partisan, Sewanee, Kenyon and Southern Reviews. No doubt Mr. Taylor's future work will reach a wide audience—to its delight and profit—for at 30 he has produced a book at once entertaining, perceptive and well written. He has a traditional, but rewarding, style, resembling conversation or the "atmosphere of family tale-telling," as Robert Penn Warren notes in his excellent introduction. The setting is "the urban, middle-class world of the upper South."

All but two of these stories concern the mores of family life in Nashville, Tenn., but they also, except when making a tangent with the ethos of their special social and political landscape, concern all United States family mores. The tensions, affection, longings, the "shoddiness, stupidity and even cruelty" are equally true for any family confronted with the attack of modern industrial forces on inherited standards. The disintegration which results from this clash flavors all seven of the stories, but in the five family stories a rueful, personal triumph of character remains to the older people. The effect of this triumph on their children produces the ironic effect with which most of the stories end.

IN "The Scoutmaster" a daughter commits the social indiscretion of being discovered by her parents while virtually unchaperoned and kissing the man she loves. Nostalgia for "the golden days when a race of noble gentlemen and gracious ladies inhabited the land of the South" hangs blindly over the grown folk—so blindly that Uncle Jake, at a Scout meeting, can emerge adolescent enough to urge on the Scouts a return to the days before "the morals and the manners of the country had been corrupted."

THE irony is double-edged (as in "A Long Fourth") because, although the realistic stand of the characters is false, their impulses and abortive altruisms are worthy and true; and in spite of this truth, they cannot satisfy both their human nature and their inherited standards except momentarily, and they end in a stalemate of romance about ideals and the past.

In addition to the ironic values and the family portrait, "A Long Fourth" reveals the despair of woman at separation from the man she has reared and the delicate, frustrating and perhaps eternal suspension in the relationship of white mistress and Negro servant, each of whom is losing her boy. "A Spinster's Tale" and "Sky Line" both mirror the deterioration of urban family life, the first through a girl's developing neurosis, the second through a boy's vision of shifting economic patterns. "Allegiance," through an interview between a young soldier in London with his long-expatriated aunt, suggests an old Tennessee family crisis of jealousy, hatred and estrangement. In effect, it is the most subjective of the family stories.

THE most [illegible] Taylor's stories (which might be called a family story by echo), and certainly the most amusing, is "The Fancy Woman." From Josie's viewpoint, we get glimpses of the rich man who is keeping her on his country place, of the dead wife and the two young sons. We also see, when a group of his friends arrive unexpectedly, the society which shaped this callous, selfish, arrogant man. "Josie observed their grooming. . . . Their figures were neatly corseted, and Josie felt that the little saggings under their chins and under the eyes . . . made them more charming; were, indeed, almost a part of their smartness."

The most personal story, "Rain in the Heart," telling of a sergeant's evening with his bride, might be considered the beginning of the young generation's family life. But primarily it is the sergeant's struggle toward completeness of marriage and against the wartime "sense that no moment in his life had any relation to another. It was as though he were living a thousand lives."

Occasionally one has a feeling that the stories are rather attenuated, perhaps because their action is not violent but quiet—almost quotidian. This is especially true of the early parts of "The Scoutmaster," "A Long Fourth" and "Rain in the Heart." It is a tribute to Mr. Taylor's talent that by his rendering of atmosphere, nuances of character and barely perceptible conflicts he is able to keep such episodes from rebuffing the reader.

Analysis of Intolerance

A Review by Argus J. Tresidder

THE MORE PERFECT UNION: By Robert M. MacIver. 311 pp. Macmillan. $4.

ANY book which sincerely aims at the elimination of racial prejudice deserves reading, even though it is as formidably textbookish as Mr. MacIver's analysis of intolerance, which he calls "a program for the control of inter-group discrimination in the United States." The author is an English sociologist, now professor of political philosophy and sociology at Columbia University. He has written a thoughtful, hopeful study of the various aspects of racial prejudice in this country and the political and educational methods of combating it.

The first chapters, which outline the situation, are heavy with formulas and sociological jargon such as "self-fulfilling postulate" and "the indifferent equilibrium." Discrimination builds up into a vicious circle, bringing harm to both the prejudiced and those against whom the prejudice operates. "The world of prejudice," says MacIver, "is a world of false fears leading to real sorrows."

The discussion of the economic, political and educational influences on intolerance and the final concrete plan for the solution of the problems are far more readable than the academic section. MacIver believes that through such federal devices as the Fair Employment Practice Committee and through integrated, directed education the serious threat to democracy manifest in hatred of religious, racial and ethnic groups may be reduced in America. "The More Perfect Union" will doubtless be more successful as a reference work in college classes than as a popular equivalent of "Gentleman's Agreement" or "Kingsblood Royal," since it has the advantage over those books of being carefully documented and completely scholarly.

Tragedy In Black and White

A Review by Barry Bingham

LAST OF THE CONQUERORS: By William Gardner Smith. 262 pp. Farrar, Straus & Co. $2.75.

THIS is a deeply disturbing novel. It is the story of a young Negro G. I., Hayes Dawkins, who serves with the occupation army in Germany after the war's end. He meets a blond German girl, Ilse, who falls in love with him. They live together, are separated when Hayes is transferred from Berlin to Mannheim, are reunited by Ilse's devoted determination, and are parted again when Hayes ships home.

It is a conventional enough love story, except for the Negro-white element. But that is the whole point of the book. Hayes shares some of the loneliness and frustration of every G. I. in a strange land, but on top of the usual adjustment is piled another that dwarfs it: the experience of living in a world where your enemies treat you as an equal and your own countrymen as an inferior.

This is no tract. The people are made of flesh and blood. The point of view of Hayes Dawkins is not Communist, but something the reader is compelled to accept as normal for a young American Negro of good intelligence. He knows what Hitler wrote about his race in Mein Kampf, and he feels little sympathy for the Germans. He is deeply shocked when a white officer who betrays no color prejudice says in the presence of Germans that "Hitler was right about one thing, the Jews." He never contemplates following some of his companions who slip across the line into the Soviet zone and lose themselves in the Communist world. It is only that he realizes gradually that he has become a free man for the first time in an alien land, and that he never wants to go home again.

The novel was written by William Gardner Smith when he was only 20, two years ago. It is not smoothly constructed, and at times the writing is as awkward as a labored translation: "Ilse had spoken much of me, the aunt, whose gray hair was tied behind her head in a knot, said." The great virtue of the book is its transparent honesty. The story seems little affected by either literary or political influences, but grows straight out of the rich earth of experience. It is startling to find that the description of Dawkins' arrival in Berlin contains no slightest reference to the desolate ruins that bowl the white visitor off his feet. But is such squalor impressive to a young man brought up in the black slums of Philadelphia? The things that strike him are the comfort of the requisitioned German quarters, the ample food at the mess, the white girls who sit on the desks and flirt with the Negro office workers. We are looking at the Germans, the Army and the world through a pair of candid Negro eyes.

The theme is handled with surprising restraint. Hayes Dawkins suffers no major violence from his countrymen. The brutalities are casual rather than calculated. The story seems on the point of building up to a climax of naked melodrama toward the end, but the final episode of murder and vengeance is told obliquely and at second hand. The book closes on a note of brooding melancholy. The tragedy depicted is not the personal affair of Hayes and Ilse, but the sweeping tragedy of black and white in America, the land dedicated to equality.

MARY JACKSON KING

Negro-white relations in the South today receive dramatic treatment in her first novel, VINE OF GLORY (Bobbs-Merrill, $3). She offers the reader a deeply personal experience in presenting an individual's fight against prejudice and an individual's learning not to hate and fear.

Books of the Times

WHEN I read Tom Marvel's "The New Congo" a few months ago a cloud of gloom engulfed me. What kind of an Africa was this, infested with air-conditioned movie theatres and defaced by modern industrial plants? What would Paul du Chaillu and Henry Morton Stanley think of such goings on, right in their own private preserves in the middle of the dark continent? And what would Alan Quatermain think of them? The doughty hero of Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" and a dozen other romantic adventure stories would never have had any truck with such nonsense. If unerring markmanship, a keen eye for the faintest spoor, a knowledge of native languages and a courage which could outfight or outbluff yelling hordes of cannibals were no longer even useful in Africa could that be called progress? Who would not weep to think of lungs and witch doctors being turned into hewers of wood and drawers of water, of Birmingham, Ala., spreading over Africa?

Maj. P. J. Pretorius

One man Alan Quatermain would have been proud to call his friend and equal was the late Maj. P. J. Pretorius, a hunter in the great African tradition. Major Pretorius was a Boer, a descendant of a leader of the Voartrekkers, an ivory hunter, an explorer, a trader, a scout, a master of guerrilla warfare and a very tough customer. He lived for years in the wilderness, fought cannibals, poached ivory, killed Germans and penetrated many a remote region unknown to white men. He did all these things with such professional skill that he took the details of the jungle lore he acquired over a long period largely for granted. The only thing Major Pretorius couldn't do was write.

Book Has Ring of Authenticity

At the insistence of friends he tried to write his autobiography. The result was so crude that the manuscript was worked on by at least two persons, a friend in Africa and an editor in London. The product of their joint labors, "Jungle Man,"* still isn't any good as an autobiography. It omits a host of details which would have explained, filled in and made matters more understandable and dramatic. It is cluttered with phrases which seem preposterous in the mouth of the old warior who kept order with "a few cuts of the sjambok" and who killed lions at four paces with a shotgun. Imagine Daniel Boone saying that he was a slave "to the saucy hoyden Wanderlust"! Major Pretorius wouldn't have said it either.

Nevertheless, "Jungle Man" is a fascinating document. Anyone who ever succumbed to the

Matabele War at 15

divine unrest of adven- across Africa and shot thousands of beasts, in- y interloper?) young Pre- cluding 557 elephants. Matabele war at the age In the course of his adventures Major Pre- urn to his birthplace on a torius learned some surprising things: enty-five years. He hunted nks of the Zambesi when He learned that pygmies have messy table note he did not even hear manners. They always eat meat raw and like it was over. He investi- to eat their way into an elephant's belly and sit ry in the Congo, hunted there feasting on raw intestines.

He Went to

Suffering from "the div ture" (another literary int torius went off to the Mat of 15 and did not return t Transvaal farm for twenty- and traded on the banks hat region was so remote of the Boer War until it w gated cannibal cookery in elephants on the Rufiji R Africa, served as Chief Sc first World War and in the

down the German cruiser Königsberg hiding in the Rufiji delta, trekked thousands of miles

spects to their dead relatives.

He learned that sharks swim sixty miles up African rivers and hippopatamuses swim five miles out to sea.

He learned that rhinoceros meat tastes terrible and that hippo meat is delicious, just like beef.

He learned that poisoning from porcupine quills will cause a lion's claws to drop off and his tongue to fester away. And that crocodiles lay sixty eggs at a time; that babboons can be maneaters; that lion lard is no good for waterproofing tents (it smells too bad and attracts hyenas); and that he had a sixth sense which warned him of danger.

He learned a lot of other surprising things, too, which you can find in "Jungle Man."

Migration to the 'Negro Ghetto'

THE NEGRO GHETTO. By Robert C. Weaver. Harcourt, Brace, New York. 404 pp. $3.

By ABNER W. BERRY

THREE waves of Negro migration northward toward the "promised land" since the end of the Civil War have burst the bounds of the heretofore flexible city "Black Belts." The United States Supreme Court has registered this fact in its recent decision limiting the enforcement of restrictive covenants to the voluntary actions of their signers.

Robert C. Weaver, the distinguished Negro economist, sociologist and author, in **The Negro Ghetto**, assembles the facts and dynamics of the Negro migrations and argues for the introduction of democracy in the field of housing.

* * *

"Each time we establish new segregated areas," he writes, "we are increasing the opposition to any future expansion of living space available to minorities. Sooner or later the concept of separate areas for racial groups in America must give way if we want to make a rational approach to our housing problem and avoid the constant threat of racial conflict over space and facilities."

WITH maps, tables, graphs and a book full of meticulously collected detail the author proves the point that in most cities private and public authorities have blocked additional Negro housing because laws or Jimcrow custom makes re-location during building difficult if not impossible. Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia and Indianapolis are some of the cities mentioned in this regard.

The Jimcrow barriers to re-locating Negroes, now living in blighted areas, also act as obstacles to the development of housing and city planning for whole communities.

Financial organizations, real estate boards and every level of government (in addition to courts), Weaver shows, act in unity to prevent the breakup of the Negro ghetto. A cooperative housing development in California was refused mortgage financing by the banks and government agencies when it was learned that the project was inter-racial.

Defense housing projects for Negroes in Detroit had to be placed in the blighted areas on strips of vacant land. And both local and state governments refused to authorize a private project in Philadelphia when it was learned that the land it was to occupy was outside the Negro community.

In some areas where Federal Public Housing Authority regional directors fought for a democratic policy Negroes and whites were integrated in the projects. This was true on the West Coast, in Pittsburgh, New York City and to a lesser degree in Philadelphia. In most cases, however, these projects were colated in new territories and the projects themselves were new communities.

"The classical example of the use of financial controls to perpetuate residential segregation is the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.'s 'Stuyvesant Town, in New York City," writes Weaver. And he goes on to argue that the practice of building the "exclusive" subdivision and the one-class, one-race neighborhoods spells the doom of democracy and democratic thought and practice.

THE method used by Weaver is a part of the new trend in Negro scholarship. The Negro and housing are discussed as they relate to the economy, history, politics and culture of America. Weaver recognizes the Negro proletariat as being different from those classes which reflect the "values and manners of the rich or middle class employers." He also recognizes that for a section of the propertied Negro classes, segregation "developed in them a vested interest in "the institution, "since it was in the ghetto that most of their clients were concentrated."

Weaver proves that the slander, "Negroes bring property values down," is only a dodge for the privilege of squeezing profits from the ghetto dwellers. Using official figures he shows that in Chicago during the depression all-white, restricted properties dropped lower in value than did Negro-occupied properties adjacent to them. On the other hand Negro-occupied properties rental properties brought more money to investors, and banks realized fat mortgage profits in financing quick-turnover ghetto rent gougers.

During the war—and before—vacancies just outside the Negro-white dividing line in cities were offered to Negroes at greatly inflated prices. This method of ghetto expansion is now coming to an end with the housing crisis hitting all income groups, Negro and white, alike.

DR. WEAVER will be remembered as wartime director of Negro Manpower Service on the War Manpower Commission. He also served, in 1916, as Reports Officer on the UNRRA Mission to the Ukraine. His **Negro Labor; a National Problem** was published in 1945. Parts of his present work were used in preparing the Supreme Court case against restrictive covenants.

"The Negro ghetto" is a valuable reference work—in a sense a monumental work — on the crimes committed against the Negro and democracy in the field of housing. If Dr. Weaver had the eloquence, say, of Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, added to his research and analysis, the book's value would be increased. But I predict that this work will be the basis for many reports and programs. No leaders in groups interested in housing can afford to be without it.

Slum yards are play yards in Harlem. Will these kids finally succumb to the filth they have to play in?

Deltas, Urban League Release Second Negro Heroes Book

NEW YORK.—Responding to a nation-wide demand, the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority and the National Urban League released this week 300,000 copies of "Negro Heroes," second picture-color true stories of outstanding Negroes.

This issue features life histories of Jackie Robinson, Booker T. Washington, Sadie T. M. Alexander, Toussaint L'Overture, Mabel K. Staupers, Sugar Chile Robinson, and the adventures of the 784th Tank Battalion in World War II; and short sketches of Frederick Douglass, Katy Ferguson, Phyllis Wheatley, Tom Molyneaux (early 19th century boxer), and Alexander Pushkin the Russian poet.

The true stories in the 32-page booklet supplement Negro history texts and promote interracial understanding. Following the publication of the first "Negro Heroes" in 1947, hundreds of enthusiatic letters were received by the National Urban League from teachers, counsellors, and parents, commending the venture and urging additional issues.

Many of the letters came also from boys and girls who listed the names of other Negroes they would like to read about, several of whom are included in the second issue.

The successful publication of the second NEGRO HEROES is the result of an unprecedented gesture of cooperation on the part of Delta Sigma Theta, one of the oldest national sororities of Negro college women. The sorority selected the magazine to implement its national project on Job Opportunitiies.

Black-and-White Turns Dreary Gray

VINE OF GLORY: By Mary Jackson King. 357 pp. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

A Review by Joy Bale

AN INTELLECTUALLY emancipated Negro, returning to the Southern town where he had spent his boyhood, finds his own race in need of guidance. More pertinent to the novel's plot, he becomes reacquainted with Lavinia Westwood, a white girl It is then that Augustus Stockton, the

who has a child-like wonder of the local d
allowed, as was the custom, to play
with the colored youth on the ancestral a
grounds. Over the years, the West-
wood prestige had dwindled, leaving r
and row small-town background, peopled
her almost wholly by smug little char-
line. acters, its black-and-white demarcation
merges into over-all depressing gray.

LIBERIA

The Lighthouse and Informer done

By GLADYS P. GRAHAM

The brief and descriptive book of Charles Morrow Wilson, well-known newspaperman which charts the progress of Liberia from 1847 to 1947, is a fitting salute to the acheivement of that unique republic on its centennial.

According to our author, Liberia originated as a "refuge" for freed slaves from the United States. Its capital, Monrovia, was named in honor of President James Monroe, who gave encouragement and guidance to the early pioneers that settled in the country.

Liberia is considered a country of contrasts, primitive vs. the modern and the traditional vs. the progressive.

MADE ACCESSIBLE

The hard work of the Tubman administration, to make the interior of the country more accessible to the outside world, is tremendously intriguing and serves as an unstinted source of encouragement to those on the outside who have watched with unusual objectivity the growth and constant achievement of the little nation.

The real piece-de-resistance, however, comes with the advent of Harry S. Firestone the rubber king from America. His scientific interest in the various hardships described economically set Liberia on its feet and established it once and for all as a potential democracy.

The entree of Firestone made way also for the extensive experiment in tropical medicine by Harvard which proved fruitful for the natives as well as those who glean ed from this venture new light on some of the ravaging diseases of the tropics

MONUMENTAL TASK

The complete cooperation of government officials with Mr. Firestone and others who were anxious to do their bit in developing the country, makes for a monumental task attacked with an understandable, intercultural, approach that apparently secured excellent results for the republic of Liberia. 1-18-48

Mr. Wilson has nibbed at a huge chunk of historical cake and has jumped in rapid fashion from one adventure to another, in an effort to cover 100 years of progress in 217 short pages. He has pricked the outer skin so to speak and left traces for others interested in this field of research to follow. For that the reader should be grateful. He has gleaned some idea of this extraordinary "experiment in democracy," in one of the two Negro republics.

First L.

BRIDE OF FORTUNE. By Harnett T. Kane. 301 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75.

By NASH K. BURGER

IN February, 1845, at The Briers, Natchez home of the prominent Howell family, pretty, 19-year-old Varina Howell was married to a comparatively unknown, up-river widower. Although the husband that Varina Howell had unaccountably chosen was a West Point graduate and had served briefly in the Army, no one knew much about him or his family (it was rumored he had been born on a farm in Kentucky). He was nearly twice as old as Varina, he was a Baptist and he was a Democrat. It was almost too much.

There was agitation in the Episcopalian-Presbyterian-Whiggish society of Natchez. But Varina Howell, then as always, knew what she was doing. That very same year her husband ran for Congress, was elected and began the long career in public life that was to include Congressman, Senator, Secretary of War and President of the Confederate States of America.

In taking the life of Mrs. Jefferson Davis as subject for his newest excursion into the Southern past, Harnett T. Kane (author of "Louisiana Hayride," "Natchez on the Mississippi" and other books) has availed himself of a heroine that even the roseate imagination of a practicing historical novelist could scarcely surpass. Contemporary accounts, historians North and South, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy for once are in agreement. Varina Howell was witty, beautiful, animated, charming and intelligent. She wrote her husband's letters. She helped and advised him with his campaigns. She pleased his friends and she charmed his foes.

After the Civil War, when Jefferson Davis was imprisoned in an underground cell at Fortress Monroe, for a time in irons, and treated so severely that he nearly died, it was she who aroused the sympathy of leaders in the North that led to his release. Inevitably, as a woman who was possessed of both beauty and a lively tongue and who was married to the President of the Confederacy, she made enemies, but the overwhelming weight of the evidence is on the side of Varina Davis as one of the notable women of American history. Certainly that is the way she emerges from Mr. Kane's fond narrative.

Through most of his story Mr. Kane maintains a nice balance between the personal and public life of the Davises. The parents, the brothers and sisters of Varina, Joe Davis, Jefferson's dominating older brother, and other of his relatives, all are presented convincingly, realistically and as individuals. Many well-known historical figures appear in the narrative and these, too, are portrayed with evident care and authenticity. Prentiss, Quitman, Calhoun figure early in the narrative; Sam Houston, Zachary Taylor, Lee, Franklin Pierce, Seward, McClellan, most of the politicians and generals of the Confederacy, later.

Varina Howell Davis.

Sectionalism In South

New Book By Dr. Sydnor Traces Its Development Here

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN SECTIONALISM. By Charles S. Sydnor. Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge. $6.

This is the second published volume in the projected ten-volume "History of the South," being prepared under the editorship of Wendell Holmes Stephenson, professor of Southern history at Tulane university, and E. Merton Coulter, professor of history at the University of Georgia. The first volume appeared in 1947, "The South During Reconstruction," by Dr. Coulter. Others in the projected series are "The Southern Colonies in the Seventeenth Century." "The Southern Colonies in the Eighteenth Century," "The Revolution in the South," "The South in the New Nation," "The Growth of Southern Nationalism," "The Confederate States of America," "Origins of the New South," and "The Present South."

While the ten volumes, when completed, will constitute a history of the section from 1607 to 1946, they are being published as the manuscripts are completed. The first to appear was Volume 8, and the present is Volume 5. The editors feel that there is no valid reason for withholding publication of completed volumes until those dealing with prior periods can be published —the amount of research necessary in preparing those covering the earlier periods is tremendous, probably involving a longer time for their preparations, to say nothing of the magnitude of the task of producing a work of ten large handsomely illustrated volumes. Incidentally, the mechanical perfection of the volumes that have appeared is a distinct achievement of the Louisiana State University Press. The entire undertaking is sponsored by LSU and the trustees of the Littlefield Fund for Southern History, established in 1914 by the late Major George W. Littlefield, C.S.A., for the collection of materials on Southern history and the publication of a "full and impartial study of the South and its part in American history."

Dr. Sydnor, the author of "The Growth of Southern Sectionalism," is professor of history at Duke university, and has taught at various times at Emory and Cornell universities. He has served as president of the Southern Historical association and on the editorial boards of The Journal of Southern History and The South Atlantic Quarterly.

The book rather logically falls into two main divisions, one dealing with developments of an internal nature as the region progressed, and the other with the relations of the So[illegible] o the Federal Governm[illegible]urse of events which tr[illegible]he region from a position of great power in national affairs to that of a more or less politically helpless minority. Such physical and economic factors as the removal of the Indians from the South to lands further west, the occupation by white men and slaves of the areas left by the Indians, the spread of the cotton kingdom into this same region, the growth of the slave trade into a business of enormous proportions, the changes brought about by the development of railroads, the change in the mind and spirit of the Southern people as signalized by the growth of the evangelical churches, are described and analyzed with skill and insight. The author traces "a democratic revolution of considerable magnitude" both in constitutional revisions in most of the Southern States and in political life generally, "especially in radical innovations in the arts of securing office and of influencing public opinion."

The second division of the book traces a change of the first magnitude in the relationship of the South to the nation. At the beginning of the period covered, 1819-1848, Southern politicians and statesmen practically dominated the Federal Government. Before the middle of the century they had seen their region decline to a subordinate position in the nation's political affairs. As their influence over national affairs waned, the author points out, "Southerners attempted to invent defenses against what they regarded as Northern political ruthlessness. Feelings of fear, desperation, and bitterness possesesd them. Their patriotism toward the nation diminished. Their allegiance to their section increased."

It is this gradual decline of the South's power and influence in the affairs of the nation, and its efforts to develop an economy sufficient to itself, that Dr. Sydor undertakes to evaluate in his scholarly study. It was in this period that the foundations were laid for the War Between the States. It was a period highlighted by historic discussions. North and South, of the famous Missouri Compromise and the doctrine of Nullification. The author carefully analyzes the development of Southern sentiment on these questions as they played their important role in the growth of perhaps the most pronounced and persistent sectional sentiment that has characterized the political life of the United States. It is an interesting story, and it throws considerable light on some of the attitudes current in the South in 1948 toward the Federal Government—attitudes not unlike those prevailing a hundred years ago, "when Southerners attempted to invent defenses against what they regarded as Northern political ruthlessness."

Books:

Protestants and the Negro

By John Hudson Jones

BISHOP SCARLETT is right in his foreword to The Protestant Church and the Negro when he declares that Frank Loescher's study of American church bigotry

"will be unpleasant reading for those who love the church."

Loescher, an eminent religious educator, now sociology lecturer at Temple University, has turned the merciless spotlight of factual

—T. H. D.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AND THE NEGRO. by Dr. Frank S. Loescher. Association Press. 159 pp. $3.

analysis on the various sanctimonious sects that proclaim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

His conclusion is that "The Protestant Church in general, by the practices of its congregations and educational institutions, is following the status quo in Negro-white relationships and . . . the Protestant Church as a social institution is not actively furthering the integration of the Negro into American society."

In concise and sharp language, skillfully interlaced with copious statistics, Loescher shows that only two denominations of the 17 sects examined seek to integrate Negro churches—the Methodist Church and the Disciples of Christ.

But even here there is a "deceptiveness of formal structure . . ." reasons, Loescher, since there are "Negro" congregations. For "The crucial test of churches' attitudes toward the Negro is to be found in the actual practices of local congregations."

Several denominations with Negro divisions have passed numerous resolutions condemning racial bigotry, and at national and state conventions have sometimes refused to permit segregation in hotels, restaurants and other facilities. But, Loescher reminds, "There are literally hundreds of regional and local meetings whose policies and practices . . . no one yet has investigated."

Loescher has approached the Protestant churches, studied as a part of their American communities, and has refused to surround his very down-to-earth finding with religious mysticism.

"The church," he declares, "is not only following the community patterns of segregation; in many instances . . . the church is lagging behind the local customs. Its practices actually help to perpetuate the system of segregation."

In A World Of Books

By GLADYS P. GRAHAM

LIBERIA. By Charles Morrow Wilson. 226 pp. New York; William Sloane Associates. $3.75.

THE BRIEF and descriptive book of Charles Morrow Wilson, well-known newspaperman which charts the progress of Liberia from 1847 to 1947, is a fitting salute to the achievement of that unique republic on its centennial.

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BOOK REVIEW

by J. SAUNDERS REDDING

(THE WELL OF COMPASSION, by David Alman. York, 276 pp. $3.00.)

Jo was not the woman for Lock Sharon. Black Belle was not the woman for him either. Bright probably would have been, but Bright died, and, anyway, his love for her was nearer hate. Later, when he became aware of Melia—white, a Jew — he recognized unconsciously that she was his kind of woman.

But this was only after he had married Jo Yarby. His marriage to her was an escape, he thought, from darkness into light. And in a way it was.

The rooms he had known — the rooms in which he had tried to paint — were dark, airless. Jo's studio was full of light. He could paint there.

And there, too, he could be away from the people who wanted things of him: his nagging, demented mother; Belle with her "green-money" eyes; Douglass, the tortured brother, who stumbled drunkenly toward death.

All the people he knew wanted things of him he didn't want to give, or couldn't give because of his painting.

Wanted Things

Jo wanted things too. She had a queer conceptual notion about colored people, about colored men. Once she painted a portrait of Lock. In the painting she had him emerging from a green, hot, vital jungle. That was her notion about colored men.

They were warm — not cold like Larry Barlow, the white man she threw over for Lock, and not cold like herself either.

Colored people had something that was good for art — a "race of poets," she called them — and that would be good for her art, if she could get it. They had a vitality that was sub — or superhuman in the richness of its resources.

A colored man could make her live and could make her art live. And so she wanted of Lock the most precious thing of all — his creative vitality.

Took Part of Him

And of course she couldn't have it without killing something in Lock. This she nearly did. She nearly killed that race-part of him where his art came from, where his message and his final meaning were.

Apparently she didn't mean to do it, but she made him think that all he had was his "Negroness" and that she had married only the color of his skin for what her concept made it mean to her.

It was like marrying a man for his money. If money is all there is, then the man is nothing.

If "Negroness" is all you've got —if it's not wedded to some spark of precious being, some encompassing spirit of kinship with all men, then you're not worth much either.

That's how Jo made Lock feel. If he could strip away the color of his skin, what would he have?

Made Him "Bum"

This took away his self-pride, which is as much a part of painting and of art as talent is. This also took away his confidence. It made him, as the Jewish girl told him, "a bum."

Then having told him this, Melia, whose Jewish soul had grown big in suffering, and whose Jewish mind could understand it, set about restoring Lock to himself.

She gave him pride again, but deeper, surer, wider. "He was a black man and he didn't want to forget it . . . And with Melia, his being dark and her being light had a meaning beyond that given to it by Jo . . . ." Out of her ancient, old-world compassion, Melia fed him strength and truth and love.

David Alman's **The Well of Compassion** will not go down in anybody's history of the American novel, but it is a good book all the same. I hope it sells and sells and that it is read and read.

BOOK - OF - THE - MONTH SELECTION

Novel Boosts Greene's Reputation

THE HEART OF THE MATTER, by Graham Greene; Viking; $3.

Henry Scobie, an assistant police commissioner in British West Africa, has an unhappy wife, Louise, a servant Ali, a job he loves working with natives — and above all a deep, unshakable, Catholic faith in Heaven, hell and God.

Though the community dislikes the homely, prissy Louise, it has a great respect for Scobie and believes in his incorruptible. Then author Greene treats him as Job was treated; he tests his faith. The captain of a Portuguese ship offers him money. Yusef tempts him. And finally with his wife gone, he meets an English girl from a torpedoed ship and falls in love with her.

It takes more than a deep, unshakable Catholic faith to stand firm in these circumstances, or so it seems to Scobie. He wants to avoid giving pain, he protests with anguished honesty, and later exclaims with desperation: "I want to stop giving pain!"

He has given pain because his love has turned wretchedly to pity, to a barren residue of responsibility. And the one love that mattered to him most, his love of God, has led him to betray

"The Heart of the Matter" has been selected for distribution by the Catholic Book Club.

angry question to which he is aroused by the literal, unimaginative Louise: "Do you think God's likely to be more bitter than a woman?"

If Scobie's faith could not withstand temptation, it was weak; but if his faith was justified, his sins will not matter in the final reckoning, the Catholic Greene seems to

Greene prefaces this Book-of-the-Month Club selection with a quotation from Peguy: "The sinner is at the very heart of Christianity." That is where Scobie is led, and we may share Father Rank's hope as expressed in the

real, it is not made urgent. In the past I have read Greene because I couldn't help myself; now I read too much out of respect for the author. Not many writers today could do a better novel, but Greene could.—W. G. ROGERS.

Book Parade

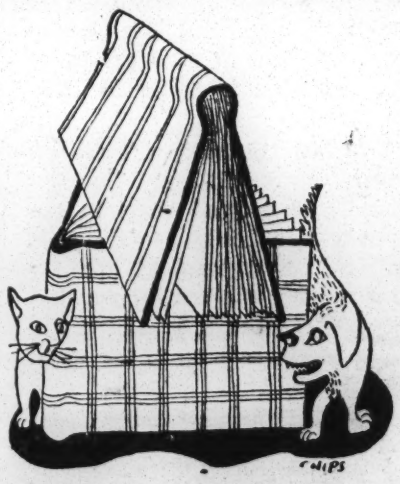
Orphan Boy to Gangster In "Never Love a Stranger"

NEVER LOVE A STRANGER. By Harold Robbins. New York. Alfred A. Knopf; 443 pp. $3.50.

By Edwin Ronay

NEVER LOVE A STRANGER is a novel that is packed with incident. Its technical and literary flaws are minor in comparison to the basic honesty that prevails in what Harold Robbins tries so earnestly to say.

The thesis Robbins advances is that the influence of the family is a vital factor in the normal development of the child. This concept is convincingly illustrated by the career of Frankie Kane who progresses from a Catholic orphanage to the leadership of a gambling syndicate.



Deprived of the love, the understanding and the sense of belonging that are so essential to the wholesome development of the child's personality, Kane learns early that ruthlessness and selfishness are the concommitants of financial success in a competitive society. The truth for him, of this lesson, learned while running a book for gamblers, is hammered home during the dark days of the depression when Frankie Kane faces the starvation that threatens millions of Americans.

WHILE THE CHARACTER of Frankie Kane is idealized and romanticized, Robbins depicts him in a sympathetic and understanding light. Frankie Kane is not to be regarded highly or condoned because of his rise in gangland to a position of wealth and eminence in a free enterprise system, but he cannot be condemned for his activities as a racketeer without realization that rackets and racketeers are the by-products of the "American way."

At times **Never Love a Stranger** reads like a high school composition. The characters are superficially drawn, but most of them are likeable nevertheless. The friendship between Kane and the Mayor's son seem just a trifle less improbable than the long series of amorous escapades which Kane experiences.

* * *

BUT THE POSITIVE aspects of **Never Love a Stranger** compensate for these literary shortcomings. The book moves at a fast and exciting pace and paints a realistic picture of life in the big city. The depiction of life with a Negro family and with a Jewish family is warm, honest and sensitive, and the portrayal of Communists during the turbulent days of the depression is uncorrupted by the hysteria of today

Hallam Tennyson's Tales Of War and Its Wake

By MARTHA MILLET

IT is something of a triumph these days for a writer to resist the lure of easy money and use his craft as an honest tool. Tennyson chooses the stony but solid road. His stories of war and its wake, of people torn from old moorings, are filled with a sad thoughtfulness. They are the stories of a man, or men, with many questions stirring in them.

It has been easy in fiction treating of other peoples and other lands to twist human material into exercises of virtuosity in sentimentalism, sensationalism or monumental cynicism.

Tennyson eschews these. Instead, as in **Home Leave**, the opening story, he gives us landscape and people of an Italy in the dark hour before reconstruction, with all their humanity, of trials experienced, despair, love of their land, and an unfolding of the will to renew life.

An American lieutenant finds himself in an Italian mountain town. He finds, admits the cave dweller, his mother whom he has not seen for many years. When he leaves he has tapped the emotions and resources of these tired people and has absorbed an affinity to them he has tried to shunt off. The lieutenant's conflict, as he is swept by love for the Italians into whose midst he has strayed, and his desire to bear no sense of responsibility, is movingly developed. Each character stands as a full-fledged individual in the brief span of pages.

The title story tells of a group of Negro soldiers, who seem to have been officially forgotten, becoming part of the life of an Italian village. They work with the villagers who receive them as welcome friends. The white sergeant breaks under the strain of his racial code which keeps him the one outsider, and deserts.

The day comes when officers and trucks arrive to remove the Negro troops. Knowing no way to show their resentment, the villagers steal the tool kit of the commanding jeep. They can do no more than stand and wave as the dust swallows up their friends.

A fine study of "passion in the desert" is presented in a story of American-Arab relationships on a strip of British-mandated territory. Men struggle with their inculcated attitudes, want justice for the mistreated Arab workers at this center, and are assailed by hostility at being in a situation that demands action, breaking with the past. The lieutenant, Thursby, becomes the embodiment of the unyielding code of "never the twain shall meet," cracking up as he is restrained by his men from killing an Arab cook whom he has dismissed. To Thursby, the imagined insolence and vengeful action of the Arab demands an unrelenting vendetta in which he, single-handed, must uphold the "white man's burden."

Throughout the book there runs the theme of a man's loneliness and searching in the aftermath of war, his turning to kinship with those in countries strange to him, his attempt to reject such alliance as an intolerable burden —yet something remains; the man has been changed, mysteriously strengthened by the inner struggle.

Appendicitis had best been omitted from this volume. It is an interesting yarn, not much more. It suffers from "quaintness" in telling of native life in Cairo through the medium of the wife of a British adviser to the Egyptian government.

Mr. Tennyson's prose is quiet, ripe, lean—well-suited to what he records in the arena of what might be called the growing pains of the soul.

As a social note it might be added that the author is the great-grandson of the poet Tennyson.

Two Histories of the South

THE SOUTH OLD AND NEW. By Francis Butler Simkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THE SOUTH DURING RECONSTRUCTION. By E. Merton Coulter. Louisiana State University Press. $5.

MR. SIMKINS has written a sizable, earnest, conscientious, thorough, heavily footnoted, routine history —all in all, I'm sorry to say, about as unexceptionable as it appears uninspired. It traces "the development of those political and social traits which make the region between the Potomac and the Rio Grande a cultural province conscious of its identity." Thus it begins in 1820, when Southern leaders first began promoting "sectionalism," and stops in 1947, when the book went to press. In between it touches on everything that it ought to, with heavy emphasis on the economic aspects of Southern regionalism. Throughout it works on the theme of "white supremacy," which Ulrich B. Phillips termed "central" to Southern history. Mr. Simkins's tone is not partisan one way or the other: his book is a compilation very much in the manner of a doctoral dissertation.

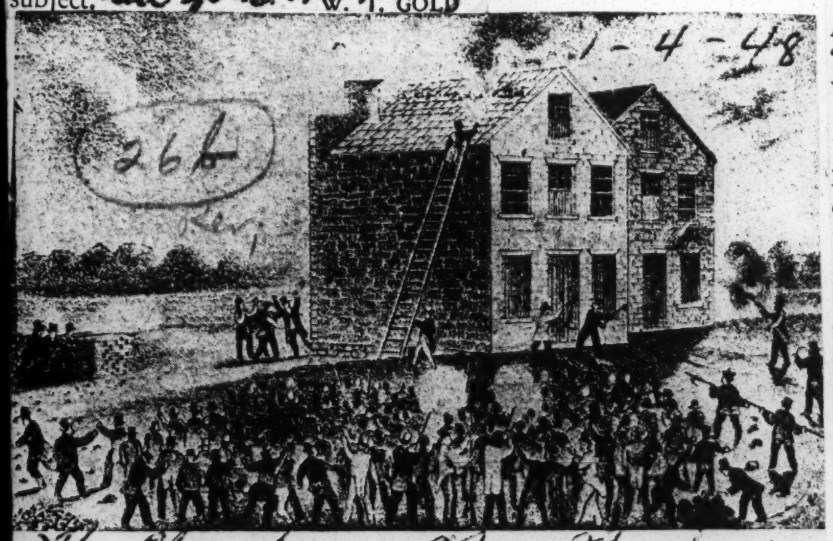
Page 459: "The South opposed Smith No

more heavily represented than ever be
fore, taking up, it would seem to me, a
least one-third of the wall space.

Arshile Gorky's large "The Caler
dars" is the best painting in the exhib
tion and one of the best pictures eve
done by an American. However clos
a second Knaths may run him, it is sti
only a second—and Adolph Gottlieb'
very strong, very solid and flat "Totem
is only a third. Reminiscences of Miró'
design and Matta's calligraphy may b
found in Gorky's picture, but the arti
adds a richness of his own and an ele
gance that are the result of a fusion c
sensuousness, learning, and intelligenc
such as has been rarely seen outsid

Reconstruction to reconstruct is soberly and fully described by Mr. Coulter in a study that is readable and interesting, though its appeal must of necessity be limited, on the whole, to students of the subject.

New York, N.Y. GOLD



The Worker New York, N.Y. Sun. 1-4-48

!! Look at This !!

Coffins Coffins

50 Ready made Walnut Coffins on hand and for Sale by The Subscriber

James Mansfield

Apply To Old Royal Alton

Top: Contemporary engraving (1837) of the lynching of Elijah Lovejoy, fighter against Negro slavery. Bottom: Sign painted on the wall of the warehouse where Lovejoy was murdered, on the night

'The American Past,' A Significant Chronicle

The Worker New York, N.Y. Sun. 1-4-48

THE AMERICAN PAST, by Roger Butterfield. Simon and Schuster. 459 pp. of pictures and text. $10.

By MILTON HOWARD

IN 1829 there was a Workingman's Party in the New York City elections which backed Andy Jackson against the financial monopoly of the Biddle Bank. They said that "great wealth ought to be taken from its possessors on the same principal that a sword or a pistol may be wrested from a robber."

This was 19 years before the Communist Manifesto, and long before there was a "menace of Moscow."

One paper said these 1829 American workers should be "hunted down without pity like wild beasts."

* * *

IT IS FACTS LIKE THESE that Roger Butterfield has selected as captions for his picture history of the United States, the American Past. His enormous book of pictures and text has caused a barely concealed disquiet among certain reviewers. The **New York Times** brushed it off with the snobbish implication that since Mr. Butterfield's captions are brief and vivid, they cannot have any genuine analytical value.

The Worker New York, N.Y. Sun. 1-4-48

The review in the Book-of-the-Month Club magazine is worried that this is the only history of our country people will read from now on since it is so readable. Here too the implication is that for the low-down one must go to the more ponderous tomes. The reviewer notes distastefully that Butterfield indulges in "smears" against certain notable public figures. These "smears" are merely the revelation of little known facts.

The fact is that Butterfield, who is no radical (he was recently a political editor of Henry Luce's **Life** Magazine) has committed what amounts to a dangerous thing in these times. He has dared to present the panorama of American history pretty much as it actually happened.

New York, N.Y. Sun. 1-4-48

He has no theories about our history, and that is a defect of his book, one might say, if one is looking for an explanation of the whys and wherefores of our turbulent and unique national drama. In this sense, this book is not a history at all, but rather a magnificent chronicle. 1-4-48 Sun.

But to the reader who has the clue which Marxist science gives, this vividly pictured unfolding of events depicts the never-ending struggle of classes, the clash of material interests, the rise of parties based on these clashes.

From the first days of the American nation these struggles burst forth. "The Revolution against Britain was not just a simple fight for liberty—it was also a complicated civil war among the Americans themselves," says Butterfield, with reproductions of old prints to prove it. How many of the allegedly more profound academic histories dare to express this truth? 1-4-48

* * *

THEY DON'T BECAUSE that "complicated civil war" has never ended, though its forms have changed from generation to generation. It was a "peaceful revolution" when Jefferson overthrew the Federalist-Tories in the 1880's.

The Worker New York, N.Y. Sun. 1-4-48

It was a "peaceful revolution" when Jackson temporarily halted the march of the secessionist slaveholders and their financial allies in the North. It was by democratic violence that Lincoln was forced to defeat the violent counter-revolution of the slaveocracy. Butterfield carries the story down to FDR's death. He gives us the Art Young Socialist cartoons, the great Keppler masterpieces of the 1890's against the trusts which no commercial paper or magazine would dare to publish today. He let us know that the Haymarket affair was a frame-up against labor. He tells the reader that the Reconstruction legislatures actually helped the poor white as well as the Negroes. He permits the truth about the Sacco-Vanzetti frame-up to appear. The Worker

These are merely the expression of the function of the reporter. But in an hour when the sheer reporting of the known facts collides with hysteria and falsification, Butterfield's honesty is a rare achievement. 1-4-48

The 459 pages of pictures and text are fascinating. They do not, of course, tell the entire story. They don't, as I said, provide a theory of our history. They lack the guidance of a cause-and-effect theory which would explain why the America of Jefferson has become the America of enormous concentration of economic power and imperialist expansion. Sun.

But they were written in a spirit of honesty and democratic progressivism. New York, N.Y.

The Worker New York, N.Y. Sun. 1-4-48

AGUADO, PUERTO RICO: In the kitchen of a rural home. Preparing native vegetables.

—Office of Information For Puerto Rico

A Fair Picture of Puerto Rico

PUERTO RICO: Caribbean Crossroads. Photographs by Charles E. Rotkin. Text by Lewis C. Richardson. Published by U. S. Camera Publishing Corp., New York. Price $3.50.

265 Rev 48

By MARY CRAIK SPEED

PRACTICALLY all that most "Continentals" know about Puerto Rico is what they have read in a few sensational articles that have appeared recently in various newspapers, particularly in New York, concerning the Puerto Ricans who have migrated to the United States.

The Negro Writer in America

NEGRO VOICES IN AMERICAN FICTION. By Hugh Morris Gloster. 295 pp. Chapel Hill, N. C.: The University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

THIS is a valuable study of Negro literature from the Civil War to the present day, although it is more of a hand-book than a history. It presents a body of material that is essential for us to know; it is intelligent and scholarly in its approach. The subject is particularly interesting today, and my only complaint is that Mr. Gloster hasn't done quite enough with it.

Until very recently, indeed, the whole area of Negro culture in the United States has been largely misrepresented or ignored by our scholars and artists alike. Certain themes—slavery itself, miscegenation, the plantation scene—became a stock in trade, while the real issues of Negro life were almost taboo. The Southern literary scene between 1880 and 1900 was dominated by the nostalgic romances of Thomas Nelson Page or the racist cult of Thomas Dixon. Yet as Mr. Gloster shows, there was an active tradition of Negro literature from the beginning of the Reconstruction period; in view of the difficulties which had to be faced by any Negro writer, it is a remarkable tradition.

The first novel by an American Negro, William Wells Brown's "Clotel, or The President's Daughter," was published in London in 1853, and the Abolitionist movement itself included several other Negro voices. Even during the heyday of the nineteenth century Southern romanticists, novelists like Charles W. Chesnutt, an accomplished artist, or Sutton E. Griggs, a militant propagandist, as well as Paul Laurence Dunbar and such distinguished Negro scholars as Booker T. Washington, James Weldon Johnson or W. E. B. DuBois were already publishing important works. Thus the Negro Renascence of the 1920's, which saw the emergence of a whole host of younger poets and novelists, had its own literary roots and background.

As Mr. Closter suggests, moreover, the white "influences" in this contemporary literary revival sometimes tended to emphasize the exotic aspects of Negro life rather than its true conditions. Yet the blues and spirituals, as well as jazz, were surely among the first great cultural accomplishments of a race that had survived the most intolerable and ironic rigors in the New World. Such diverse literary figures as Claude McKay, Countee Cullen, Jean Toomer, Jessie Fauset, or Langston Hughes, to mention only a few, are now considered as established artists quite outside of the racial question. And, a little later on, a novelist like Richard Wright reached down into the deepest levels of Negro consciousness to become, incidentally, one of the few new American literary voices of real promise today. The Negro Renascence of the Twenties had its silly moments, too. But it marked another turning point in Negro culture and expression.

Mr. Gloster carries his story forward to the present time, and is particularly good on the social backgrounds of the depression years. What one misses here is simply the kind of cultural or psychological insight that marks a study like "Black Metropolis," and that is necessary in the literary area also. Meanwhile "Negro Voices in American Fiction" will serve as a useful source of information for further books in this field.

A PLAN FOR FIGHTING RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

R. M. MacIver, distinguished sociologist and author of *The Web of Government*, sets forth the first systematic program for combatting discrimination, based on a thorough study of all previous work in the field. He analyzes dispassionately the causes and effects of discrimination, then proposes the over-all strategy and special tactics of a campaign against it. Every reader of this book will find "his understanding deepened by it and any sense of his own futility considerably dispelled." — Edward B. Orr. $4.00

THE MORE PERFECT UNION

By R. M. MacIver

MACMILLAN

THE LIFE STORY OF A GREAT NEGRO EDUCATOR

"One of the most inspiring books about the Negro that I have read in many months," said Harry Hansen in the *New York World-Telegram*, and continued: "John Hope, with white skin, did not impersonate a Negro. He simply accepted the fact that he was one and dedicated his life to education. Maybe that is why instead of mobbing his house, Atlanta esteemed him as President of Morehouse College and later of Atlanta University." "A beautiful job of understanding and portraying this significant American." — *New York Herald Tribune.* $5.00

THE STORY OF

JOHN HOPE

By Ridgely Torrence

The Dramatic Story Of Harriet Tubman

THE HEROIC STORY of Harriet Tubman, a promoter of the Underground Railroad, comes to life again in a well-written, deeply moving novel by Anne Parrish, entitled "A Clouded Star." Harper and Brothers, New York, $2.75). For those who know the story, the book may serve to refresh the memory in a fascinating sort of way. But for that vast majority who never heard of this noble woman, it is a volume of information well worth acquiring.

This is the story of one of the journeys in which nine slaves, led by their "Moses," Harriet Tubman escaped to Canada and freedom. It is an account of their lives and struggle woven into a dramatic, yet beatuiful story. It is a tale of great hardship, fear and exhaustion. At times the going was so tough that some of the followers were tempted to turn back, but Harriet spurred them on — sometimes pleadingly, sometimes fiercely, at the point of her rifle, and with the cry, "Go on or die.'

IN THE CROWD there were men and women and babies. There were Joe and Dace and scared little Samuel Mingo who ran away from Tranquility Plantation when he was nine years of age. At the age of ninety-five Samuel returned to find no one left on the plantation but Miss Amanda who, as a child, urged him to run away.

The reader will be interested to know that Miss Parrish was the great niece of a man whose house in Philadelphia had been an Underground Railroad station where Harriet and her runaways often hid.

New Book Tells Story Of Boston Negro Life

BOSTON. — (ANP) — Members of Boston's most elite Negro families are as exclusive as the aristocratic Cabots, Lodges and Lowells, Dorothy West reveals in her first novel, "The Living Is Easy", published May 13 by Houghton Mifflin company of Boston.

Boston born and bred, Miss West writes, "They acknowledged no more than a hundred best families in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington. Their lives were narrowly confined to a daily desperate effort to ignore their racial heritage."

In her book on genteel "hub-town" society, she tells the story of a woman whose capacity for living exceeded her capabilities for making a good life.

Miss West hit upon the idea of writing this novel while trying to write a mystery volume for a publisher. Previously she had always done short stories for newspapers ever since she was 16. For a while she struggled as editor and publisher of a magazine, Challenge.

At 18 she left Boston because she "had reached the age for expansion." She took studies at the Columbia School of Journalism, and at night was super in the Theater Guild's "Porgy and Bess." She traveled with this group to London later. Then she traveled with an acting group to Russia, where they were to make a movie on Negro life in America. The picture never was produced.

Five years ago she returned to Martha's Vineyard, her family's summer home, and converted it into a year-around home.

Evans, Civilian Aide to the secretary of the Army; Col. Campbell C. Johnson, Assistant to the Director of Selective Service, and Lt. Gen. Wade Haislip, member of the chief of Staff's Advisory Board to the secretary of the Army. (INP)

Brocklyn's Beloved Bums

THE DODGERS, An Illustrated Story of Those Unpredictable Bums: the Brooklyn Baseball Club, by John Durant; Hastings House; 154 pp. $2.75.

Hugh Casey, the Buckhead Boy, is a Bum. One of the most beloved Bums in all history was George N. (Nap) Rucker, who now resides in Roswell. The biggest Bum of them all, is Leo (The Lip) Durocher, who, at one time, played a lot of shortstop for the Atlanta Crackers and, subsequently, in the big leagues, came to be known as the "All American Out."

These three and all the other Bums who have worn the livery of the Brooklyn baseball teams parade through the pages of this jovial history of baseball in Flatbush. The "Daffiness Boys," who reached great heights under Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who later managed the Crackers, steal bases while they are occupied and blithely pass one another on the basepaths; the fans mob umpires and cut capers in and out of the stands; and the New York Giants are the most hated of enemies.

If you like baseball, you will enjoy this book, which contains some fine photographs of current and former stars, including action shots of the 1947 World Series.

TUNES OF THE PEOPLE

A HISTORY OF POPULAR MUSIC IN AMERICA, by Sigmund Spaeth. Published

the life and history of this nation and the joyment he will get out of this book. He changing characters of its people, the author will read of songs he hasn't thought of in takes his readers successively through various periods as indicated in years; songs he will be surprised to find headings: Round Our Infancy, The Years of he can still hum, or perhaps remember Adolescence, The Stirring Sixties, The Simple some of the words, if the melody eludes Seventies, The Naive Eighties, The Elegant him. He will read of musical comedies Nineties, The Turn of the Century, Ragtime and their top tunes, shows he perhaps evidently made a long and thorough study of saw when they were still playing to standing room only. But he will also read of popular music in preparation of this book. to Jazz, The Tough Twenties, The Tired songs which were hits in their day but Thirties, and The Perplexing Present. which, somehow, he never got around to

Starting with an introduction in which he hearing. Songs are like that, or were be-

points out how popular music has reflected the older one is, the more nostalgic en-

fore the talking machine and the radio made their promulgation almost nationwide.

"Yankee Doodle," which he calls our first popular tune, is also the first song Mr. Spaeth mentions. From it he takes the reader through a long, meticulously collected list of songs and instrumental numbers to such up-to-date pieces as "A Fella With An Umbrella" and "Steppin' Out With My Baby." He may have overlooked a few songs, especially those from some of the turn of the century musical shows, but not many. The book is a valuable reference work on popular music. This feature is augmented by a list of such music not mentioned in the body of the book, a bibliography and an index. There are also biographies of the better known composers. But, in addition to all this, Mr. Spaeth has written a most readable and interesting book. If you like music you will find this book a good investment.—JACK LACY.

Liston Pope

WHEN ASKED BY DR. RICHARDSON about his role as minister of a rural church in Calhoun County, South Carolina, a Negro minister answered that his conception of it was to "get out from down there just as fast as I can." Facts presented in this volume, which is the first full length study of the rural Negro church, cause one to wonder why a similar reaction has not been practically universal. As chaplain at Tuskegee Institute for the last fourteen years, Dr. Richardson has drawn on a wealth of first hand experience to present a balanced and objective picture of the church among rural Negroes in the South, and the result amounts to a quiet but powerful indictment of the entire Christian Church.

More specifically, the author has studied 130 rural Negro churches in great detail, and his conclusions are documented statistically at every significant point. These churches are all located in four counties—one each in South Carolina, Albama, Arkansas, and Virginia—and the contrasts between the counties afford an opportunity to study the effect of the social environment on the religious institution. For example, the percentage of Negroes in the population varies as between the counties from 31.3 to 73.8, and the educational expenditure per Negro pupil varies from $10 to $68.

The rural Negro church is depicted as woefully inadequate in physical equipment, financial resources, religious education, community leadership, and nearly every other respect, with a few remarkable exceptions. Poverty, illiteracy, and segregation play crucial roles in producing and perpetuating this inadequacy, but the author focuses attention more directly on the inadequate training of the ministry and on the fact that the minister in most cases is not a resident of his parish community. As director since June 1946, of an extensive new program for the training of the Negro rural ministry, under the sponsorship of the Phelps-Stokes Fund and the Home Missions Council, Dr. Richardson himself is helping to change the fact that less than 10 percent of the Negro rural ministers have had professional training.

This book is probably misnamed; in view of its relentless exposure of the deficiencies of the rural Negro church, it might better be titled, "Dark Story." But a certain glory shines through its hard statistics: the glory of an impoverished and abused people trying to keep meaning in life through the one institution that is their own. Dr. Richardson has looked on the struggle with great sympathy as well as sociological competence, and his report provides a chart for the future as well as an analysis of the unhappy present situation.

A Partial Testament

WITNESSES FOR FREEDOM: NEGRO AMERICANS IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Rebecca Chalmers Barton. Harper and Brothers. $3.50

REBECCA BARTON'S aim of presenting the Negro as his own interpreter through his autobiographical writings, is admirable, but it is inevitably frustrated because no work can exclude as many outstanding personalities as this one does—merely because they have not written autobiographies—and claim to be representative of the race in thought and action. Yet to expect that the few decades since Reconstruction would yield sufficient material for such an undertaking was to expect too much to begin with. One would hardly have ventured an appraisal of the French or the English under similar conditions.

"Witnesses For Freedom" ranges in time and scope from the apologetic "Up From Slavery" of "the accommodator," Booker T. Washington, to the defiant yet perceptive "Black Boy" of "the protester," Richard Wright. In between are depicted "the achievers," Matthew A. Henson, Admiral Peary's co-discoverer of the North Pole, and W. C. Handy of blues fame; and "the experimenters," Zora Neale Hurston and Claude McKay, who dared to grapple directly with the facts of their racial origin. Perhaps reflecting the mood of Negroes today, Mrs. Barton devotes the last section of her book, Protesters For a New Freedom, to those intransigent and colorful fighters, Frederick Douglass, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, and James Weldon Johnson. Unfortunately, all too little space is given to Douglass, and our vision of him is therefore panoramic.

When Mrs. Barton deals with individuals of the stature of a Washington, a Handy, or a Du Bois, their self-portraits emerge fairly clearly through the filter of her narrative exposition. But when she dredges up the lives of comparative unknowns, presumably to maintain balance among her four main divisions and give body to the book, the results are poor. No one much cares that, forty-odd years ago, pedestrian Marshall W. Taylor was "the world's fastest bicycle rider," or that Lieutenant William J. Powell tried the impossible notion of creating a black aviation industry.

One notes regretfully the many full-bodied personalities—Jesse Owens, Satchel Paige, Mary McLeod Bethune, Walter White, Charles S. Johnson, and A. Philip Randolph, to name but a handful—who miss inclusion in this volume solely because they have not yet summed up their lives for us on paper.

Still, for those little acquainted with Negro life, "Witnesses For Freedom" will provide at least an introduction. Rebecca Barton's extensive and well-assimilated knowledge of Negro problems, her sympathetic handling, and her straightforward prose, often compensate for the paucity of her subject-matter.

A Picture of Mississippi

A Review by Ruth K. Lord

INTRUDER IN THE DUST: By William Faulkner. 247 pp. Random House. $3.

WILLIAM FAULKNER has again created a living, breathing picture of Mississippi, its ruined plantations, its share-cropper cabins, its towns with their painted brick courthouses, jails and churches—and of course its people and their emotions. Although this is another story in which the white race and the Negroes are so tragically entangled, it is in no sense the forced, unconvincing sort of novel such as Sinclair Lewis' "Kingsblood Royal," which does more harm than good to the people who really need sympathetic understanding. In Faulkner's book the plight of Lucas Beauchamp an accused Negro is secondary to vastly larger problems—the relationships between dominated and dominant people, the stubbornness, the blindness, and the exasperating selfishness of the entire human race. "We are willing to sell liberty short at any tawdry price for the sake of what we call our own . . . to pursue each his private postulate happiness . . . regardless of grief and cost even to the crucifixion of someone . . . we don't like . . ."

The narrator of the story is a young Southern white boy who first encounters Lucas Beauchamp on a rabbit hunt when the boy falls in some icy water and is taken to Beauchamp's cabin for dry clothes and warm food. The old Negro, son of a once well-to-do landowner and one of his slaves, has been deeded by his white cousins a 10-acre plot of land with a paintless wooden house on it. The boy is reluctant to go home with Lucas but "he could no more imagine himself contradicting the man striding ahead than he could his grandfather, not from fear but because the man, like his grandfather, was simply incapable of conceiving himself contradicted or defied by a child."

The picture of Lucas Beauchamp is powerful and unforgettable, for Faulkner has done it with sterling accuracy; the arrogance, the unwillingness, the intelligence, the stupidity, the fierce pride, the shattered pride, the scorn, the composure, the endurance, the tragedy—all of which are found in a certain measure in each and every member of the human race. The story concerns itself with a community where two men are murdered, one commits suicide, and the old Negro, Lucas, is about to be lynched for a crime of which he is not guilty although he refuses to admit his innocence.

It would be hard to say which of the many ramifications of the novel Faulkner intends to be most important. In fact, it is hard to know what Faulkner his story with clarity, as he has missed intends at all when he allows one sen- an opportunity to be of great service: tence to ramble for pages with neither had Mr. Faulkner not indulged himself coherence nor punctuation, which he in such a continuous creative whim, he does quite frequently. No matter how might have written this book—which, critics rave about artistic magnitude, whether you like the subject or not, is any creative work loses strength and the vital stuff of life and history—in conviction when it is too complex and such a way that it would be read by obscure. It seems a pity, therefore, that that very necessary democratic major- a top-notch American author who has ity, as well as by the less effectual chosen for his theme one of the evils of literary minority.

26b 1948 Genreal

Books of the Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

IN February, 1936, a man died in Atlanta who was one of that city's most distinguished citizens. He was 67 years old, the president of Atlanta University, an educator with an international reputation, a great teacher, a courageous champion of many a righteous cause. Although John Hope was admired and loved by many thousands of people, his name is not generally familiar. Leadership in education does not necessarily insure celebrity. Fame is much easier to acquire in politics or sport or show business. But John Hope was not the kind of man who cared about such gaudy trifles. He did not care about money either, and was poor all his life. What he cared more about than anything else in the world was the advancement of the colored people of this country, for John Hope, in spite of his fair skin and bright blue eyes, was one-eighth Negro.

John Hope

In "The Story of John Hope"* Ridgely Torrence has written the biography of one of the distinguished Americans of this century. His book is unlikely to find as many readers as books about Joe Louis and Jackie Robinson; but it may be read years after the careers of those athletes are forgotten, for Mr. Torrence has written about a man who is certain to be regarded as a hero by the members of his people who know about him; and as opportunities for higher education for Negroes increase, more and more will know about him.

Let's Subject Speak for Himself

Ridgely Torrence is best known as a poet, although in his long career he has been a playwright, critic and journalist. In writing this biography he obtained the assistance of scores of persons who knew Hope and he has quoted extensively from Hope's speeches and letters. Occasionally he has swerved aside a little from the straight biographical line to indulge in poetical interpretation and a slight fictionalization of probable reaction. But, for the most part, he has stuck to chronological reporting and has let Hope speak for himself wherever possible. His own attitude of reverent, almost sentimental, admiration colors nearly every page of his book.

John Hope was born in Augusta, Ga., in 1868. His father was a Scot, his mother a beautiful quadroon whose noble character made a lasting impression on everyone who knew her. Hope left school when he was 13 and worked for five years in a local restaurant, first as a wine steward and later as a clerk and assistant manager. In later years he always referred to the experience as highly "educative." At 18 he went back to school at the Worcester Academy in Massachusetts. He was graduated from Brown University, after working his way through as a waiter and after having been hungry and underfed much of the time. His first important job was as a teacher at the Roger Williams University for Negroes in Nashville.

But it was in Atlanta that Hope achieved his great work as president of the Atlanta Baptist College, later called Morehouse College and finally merged with other Negro institutions as Atlanta University. Hope taught everything, logic, psychology, ethics, football; but his chief enthusiasm was for Latin and Greek. At a time when Booker T. Washington's theories of vocational training for Negroes were in the ascendant, he insisted on the importance of a liberal arts education. He raised funds, traveled all over the country speaking, and many times to Europe to attend various conferences, Y. M. C. A., religious, racial, etc. And always he was "a race man," an ardent and persistent foe of segregation and discrimination. Because of his fair coloring he could easily have avoided Jim Crow restrictions; but it was part of his protest to obey them.

College Reflected the Man

John Hope was not just an able man and a social crusader. He was a man whose personality inspired others and won amazing loyalty. His humor was engaging, his love of family and friends exceptional, his courage unfailing. He was proud in the best sense and humble in a truly Christian sense. His learning was immense and his intellectual curiosity insatiable. If ever an institution was the reflection of one man, Morehouse College was his, although the college depended on the financial support of Northern Baptists.

Throughout his life Hope lived close to tragedy. As a child he heard the shots and saw the flames of burning houses when some of his neighbors were lynched. His arrival in Atlanta to take up his new duties coincided with the horrible Atlanta race riot of 1906. Several of his students were murdered for no offense of their own except their color. Hope was often angry; but he never succumbed to bitterness and hate. He retained a generous idealism to the end. It is necessary, he said, "to impress the entire world with the condition of the Negro in such a way that the entire world will recognize this: that there is a brotherhood that knows no creed nor color, and a great mass of brothers has been trampled upon, embarrassed and held back."

Many of John Hope's speeches and letters seem flowery and grandiloquent to modern tastes. Some of Mr. Torrence's own passages seem so, too. Nevertheless, a fine man has been paid fine tribute in this book.

A 'Sociologist' Distorts The Fight on Discrimination

By David Carpenter

FOR Prof. R. M. MacIver of Columbia University, in his new book, **The More Perfect Union,** the greatest problem facing the American people is "the tension, rifts and cleavages between groups of different origin, stemming from different peoples or races."

Economic and political struggles, according to him, are secondary. As he writes: "Other forms of conflict, bitter as they often are and as serious as some of their consequences may be, do not in our judgment present the same threat to the democratic faith, the historical process, the integrity and the very being of the American people."

THE MORE PERFECT UNION, by R. M. MacIver. Macmillan. New York. 311 pp. $4.

MacIver, who is one of the leading "sociologists" of the capitalist world, accepts the economic and political status quo imposed by monopoly capitalism as a precondition for what he calls his "social engineering" project of finding a way to ameliorate "group tensions" through the removal of the barrier of discrimination which separates the groups.

MacIVER STARTS with the fallacious notion that human nature cannot be changed, that old ideological bulwark for maintenance of the status quo. "Inter-group prejudice is universal, wherever groups are brought into contact as groups, and only a utopian," he writes, "can cherish the hope that any reform of society or re-education of man can wholly eradicate it."

Legislation is, therefore, no solution for the Columbia "social engineer." According to him, laws to end discrimination all too often fly in the face of the dominant group's prejudice and result only in diverting the discrimination to other channels.

Will the abolishment of discrimination in certain institutions solve the problem? No, according to MacIver, who writes that if a college were to end its group bans, it "would lose prestige with the prejudiced majority, who would send their sons and daughters elsewhere."

Will an aggressive fight by the oppressed groups help to change the situation. Absolutely not, declares MacIver: "The aggressive front evokes an opposing aggressive front. The moderate elements . . . will react unfavorably. Many potential allies are discouraged."

Should the white supremacists, the anti-Semites, the variegated anti-foreigners be exposed and fought? No, that would be bad, MacIver warns: "One general lesson is that the foes of prejudice and discrimination should avoid bringing to the focus of public attention the hatemonger and all his works."

What then becomes for MacIver the solution for discrimination is only the paralyzing notion of the "will" or "faith" of well-meaning individuals.

MacIVER CANNOT propose any other solution because he does not want to admit that the real basis for discrimination is the economic basis of our society. As a result, he dismisses the oppression of the Negro people in the South as a manifestation of group prejudice, when in fact it is the oppression of a nation by a minority of financial despots operating through their agents. The class struggle becomes a mere secondary factor, with no significance in creating and developing group conflicts.

The real purpose for MacIver's approach is made clear in the opening chapter of his book, where he attacks the Soviet Union's method of abolishing discrimination. He is forced to admit that in the Soviet Union all nationalities and groups have equal rights, opportunities and privileges, and that these rights are enforced by law. He admits that they all enjoy their own languages and customs, and that they can choose their own leaders.

But what MacIver objects to is the fact that all of these rights and opportunities come within the framework of the Soviet State. And what is wrong with that? Why, they practice socialism! And that is wrong, of course, even though it abolishes classes, end castes, destroys exploitation for profit, which is the basis for all the types of discrimination which infest our own capitalist society.

"Cultural liberty," MacIver complains, that's what they haven't got in the Soviet Union, and that's the only solution to the "problem of a multi-group society." And what does that mean to MacIver? Maintenance of the system of free enterprise, of course.

VINE OF GLORY. By Mary Jackson King. 357 pp. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

By LAWRENCE LEE

THE emotional force of this first novel by a young Southern woman is so powerful that some readers will find it painful to accept all of its disclosures. But, whatever the author may at present lack in esthetic finesse, she possesses an intimate knowledge of her material. She has turned to her native town to try to help her people. Mary Jackson King's story is one of belief in racial understanding, in human fellowship. If the material is filled with potential violence, the author's restraint, good taste, and courage in handling even its most dangerous elements give the novel a native dignity.

Two tragedies move parallel to each other in "Vine of Glory." The broader is the tragedy of the homely reporter who is exceptionally courageous in looking directly at the truth. The story is of an unmarried, young, white woman who seeks personal freedom and, at last, a larger human freedom through cooperation with an enlightened Negro man whom she had known in childhood and who has returned to his native town to try

Hands Across a Deep South
Gulf

town and of the complex of ignorance and prejudice which exists in many of its white and Negro inhabitants. The more closely focused but the more immediately moving is that of the returned Negro, Augustus Stockton, a famous singer who has come back to help bring enlightenment and a greater freedom to the lives of his people. The emotional and intellectual sympathy between Augustus and Lavinia Westwood, a white woman who had played with him and with his sister, Amanda, when all three were children, is the fusing agent in both.

OTHER Southern writers have made the poverty, ignorance, fears, animosities, brutalities of the Southern scene exist in contemporary fiction; Caldwell, Faulkner, and Lillian Smith are distinguished for having done so. Lillian Smith has also written of interracial sexual alliance in the more acknowledgeable and more acceptable relationship of white male and Negro female. Miss King, another Southern woman writer, but one with less literary talent than any of these, has done an equally daring and perhaps more important thing; she has shown the benefits and the dangers of an irresistible sympathy between a fine white woman and a fine Negro man in whose friendship there is no tactile encounter nor ever any overt mention of personal admiration.

That some Negroes as well as some white people are shown to be antagonistic to the good which these two try to accomplish is evidence of the wholeness in which the author sees and reports her material. That the physical depletion which she describes is not exceptional, any Southerner who has ever walked through the Negro quarter and who reads this book with his hand upon his heart will confess, as he will also confess how real is the moral atmosphere which the writer creates.

THOUGH the author does not have a fine sense of language, she has nevertheless made her whole tragedy and the characters involved in it breathe with an intense reality. Mrs. Berryhill, the benevolent tyrant, who dominated white and colored in Gaskins; Lavinia Westwood, the white woman who sought help of and returned help to the Negroes; Dr. Stockton, the patient gentle, educated old Negro doctor, father of Augustus and Amanda—all these live, are recognizable. So are such minor characters as the repressed, illiterate white Cawley, who is jealous of all who come near Lavinia; Dora Fiveash, the poor-white mother who learns that Negroes and whites may benefit by working in understanding, and Mr. Pafford, always seeking a larger profit from the sales at his furniture store. The bitter misery of "The Quarters"—a misery old as the Georgia earth—is painted with a loose but vivid brush. The gray shadow of slavery is here for all to see—along with the poverty and the deep ignorance that has kept that bondage in flower. . . . And of Augustus Stockton, the man who sacrificed success and safety to return to educate his people, Miss King has made a figure that is almost Christlike.

Though the story is in itself a tragic one, the implications of the novel are affirmative, hopeful. They have about them that power of purging the emotions which can alter the material of despair into the victory which is of the spirit. "Vine of Glory" is an admirable human achievement. If it has esthetic imperfections, they do not make the novel, even as a literary product, an unimpressive book.

Two Views of Africa

ZULU WOMAN. By Rebecca Hourwich Reyher. 282 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.

BY GITEL POZNANSKI

IN this absorbing biographical narrative of the Zulu woman Christina, the first of sixty-five wives of the monarch Solomon, Rebecca Hourwich Reyher, an experienced American journalist, has created an effective picture of everyday life in a Zulu community.

There are a million or more Bantu-speaking Zulus headed by a tribal ruler and his local chieftains who live apart from Europeans in Zululand, a restricted territory along the littoral of the Indian Ocean in the Dominion of South Africa. Zululand is a pocket of native sentiments and folkways within a racially stratified society. In spite of encroaching European values, children are still reared in the traditions of Zulu history, in the military renown of Chaka, former war-lord and Empire-builder. Witchcraft and sorcery prevail. The *lobola* or bride-price, the practice of purchasing wives, flourishes as a constant source of irritation to the law courts; while the institution of polygamy, which forms the chief interest of this story, runs a gamut of political, economic and emotional problems.

A considerable portion of this life story as told by Christina to Mrs. Reyher, is an account of the steady demoralization of a monarch, whose uncompromising demands and indulgence in sexual excesses, bring about domestic discord within the polygamous household of the royal kraal. In Christina's eyes, the King causes remorseless psychic injuries to his numerous wives, challenges their self-esteem, their emotional security and undermines their personal loyalties. In turn, the King lives in ceaseless paranoid dread of sorcery and malevolent practices: he will not even risk eating the meat set before him by the friends and relatives of his brides.

Pressures of rule, divided loyalties among his tribesmen, and fierce competitive rivalries and intrigues among the wives for authority, position and power, finally react upon the community well-being and have their repercussions in the affairs of state. Since it is the King who preaches loyalty to the Dominion Government, urges prompt payment of head taxes and demands quicker responses to the recruiting of natives for the Rand mines, his behavior is a source of increasing anxiety to the European community with its dependence upon native labor to sustain it.

His conduct becomes a source of increasing wrath to Christina, his first wife, who eventually cuts her marriage ties, summoning Zulu as well as European laws to achieve her independence. Christina's rebellion against the pattern of polygamous marriage is an example of the changes in Zulu attitudes as Western moral and religious values reach into the heart of Zulu society. The Zulus themselves recognize that "the house of Chaka is a thing of the past, like water that is spilt."

As recorded so ably by Mrs. Reyher, Christina's life history is an illuminating informal document of personal relations among people whose social history we have heretofore only known in textbooks.

Bookshelf

By GERTRUDE MARTIN

"Find Me In Fire"

A reviewer is often tempted to assess an author's good intentions as well as his book. In the case of "Find Me In Fire" Robert Lowry would certainly rate an A for effort but his book falls short of being a convincing novel.

The return of a wounded soldier to his small home town in Ohio and the violent changes he brings about in the lives of three people there is the framework on which the author hangs his story. One of the three is a Genevieve Aronson, the Jewish librarian; another is fourteen-year-old Len Sharpe, a baffled Negro boy; and the other is Petey Jordan, seventeen, whose life revolves around her plan to leave Doansville and go to Chicago.

Mr. Lowry knows how to get inside his characters, diverse as they are and to make them seem alive to his readers. He is least successful with Len who is described as very gifted and a discriminating reader yet whose language is crude and whose reactions do not seem those of a sensitive boy, no matter the provocation; his mother nags him continually, his home is ugly and poor, the townspeople are hostile and he resents the patronizing air of the men whose shoes he shines for a living. His actions are not overdrawn but his character is.

Jim Miller, the returning veteran is the catalyst which sets in motion all the action of the book. His presence and attentions profoundly disturb Petey. In the course of the week that Jim spends in Doansville he manages to rape Petey and go to bed with her good friend, Genevieve. The book would have been more convincing, it seems to me, had the interlude with the latter been omitted.

Mr. Lowry's picture of a small town is finely drawn. The protest of the three talented people is told with sympathy and keen observation, but the story itself does not hang together. Perhaps it is that the action is hurried and too much that is unusual is continued in one week.

On the whole, "Find Me In Fire" seems less finished than the long short story by Mr. Lowry in "Cross-Section 1948," "The Wolf That Fed Us." He is keenly aware of injustice and of the inner hidden thoughts of his characters. I look forward with interest to more of his work.

"Find Me In Fire" by Robert Lowry; Doubleday and Company; 1948; New York City; 1948; $3.00

New Hurston Novel

"Seraph on the Suwanee" a new novel by Zora Neale Hurston is scheduled for October publication by Scribners. It is described as a humorous and sympathetic story about poor whites in Florida.

New Approach to B. T. Washington

Booker T. Washington's political influence abroad and at home with Presidents Taft and Roosevelt is discussed in detail in a new biography of the late Tuskegee president. The author, Basil Mathews, is professor of world relations at Union College, British Columbia. His previous books are "India Reveals Herself" and "Livingstone the Pathfinder." Harvard University Press will publish the Washington biography this week.

26b 1948

Historian Predicts Doctrines Of 'Supremacy' To Continue

Constitution

By JOHN DAFFRON

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 5—(AP)—A Southern historian took a long and searching look at his native section and concluded Monday that the South is everlasting and will continue to maintain its identity and to espouse the one-party political system and the doctrine of white supremacy.

Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Francis Butler Simkins, a native South Carolinian and Associated Professor of History at State Teachers College in Farmville, Va., where he has been a faculty member for 19 years, was in Richmond in connection with the release date of his book, "The South Old and New."

Atlanta, Ga.

The definitive history of the mores that have prevailed and, Simkins said, always will prevail below the Mason-Dixon Line, covers the 1820 on into 1947. He selected 1820 as a departure point because in that year the slavery-anti-slavery issue was touched off in Congress as a prelude to the Missouri Compromise.

The book is a thorough exploration of the region as to race, religion ,political practices, social custom, agriculture, commerce and industry as well as architecture, literature and the fine arts.

Although minutely indexed and carrying a lengthy bibliography, "The South Old and New" is written in a flowing style that puts the moisture of interpretation in proper relation to what may be history's dry fact.

Sun. 1-6-48

Simkins disclosed that his thesis could well be summed up by calling it "The South Retains Its Past"—a title, incidentally, he submitted to his publisher (Knopf).

The South, which Simkins regards as the nation's most religious section, still places great store on the things its citizens' fathers believed in—the Democratic Party, the country gentleman concept (this in spite of the growth of the cities) and the supremacy of the white man.

As for the Negro's place in the Southern Scheme of things, Simkins thinks it will be just about the same, regardless of an occasional Federal Court opinion.

And for the parts of the Nation that are prone to regard the South as a sort of errant stepchild in the family of states, the historian thinks that these are the ones easiest converted by the "swords and roses" romanticism. He cites the avid reception given Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind" as a modern example.

1-6-48

He calls, too, upon the predic-

A Perfect Find In Brotherhood Week

The Courier Journal

Louisville, Ky.

A Review by Joy Bale

IN HENRY'S BACKYARD: By Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish. 50 pp. Henry Schuman. $2.

Sun. 2-22-48

THIS is a wonderful book for everyone, aged 8 to 80. Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish, both professors of anthropology at Columbia University, have fashioned a completely delightful story out of a few basic facts concerning the races of mankind. Every page is bright with gaily colored sketches of appealingly human individuals, so that the story is told more through pictures than through words. It's a perfect find for school libraries, adult libraries and this month's American Brotherhood Week.

Henry, the hero of this rare little book, is a sensible citizen of One Shrinking World. After dreaming about the marvels of this age, he awakens one morning to find that the whole world has moved into his own backyard. People of every color and custom are suddenly his neighbors, and Henry rushes out enthusiastically to greet them. But someone else besides Henry rushes out also—it is his Green Devil of prejudice who tugs at his arm and warns him that these new people are "different" (with a scornful capital D) and not as good as Henry is.

Poor Henry! He is really a good-hearted fellow and wants to be friendly but he just doesn't know enough to outargue the Green Devil. The result is that he gets in a fighting mood. And all the other people listen to their own Green Devils so that they, too, want to fight. Fortunately, Henry and the other ordinary citizens do have good sense. They soon begin to wonder why they are fighting.

The Courier-Journal

Louisville, Ky.

The more Henry tries to figure it all out, the harder the Green Devil sneers at his desire to understand men of other races. He counters each scientific fact with a mischief-making fallacy. Color, brains, blood, abilities? Henry seeks the truth, the Green Devil hides it. But science comes to the rescue and proves to Henry and his friends that no one race has a monopoly on fine heritage. Science teaches them that the reasons for man's lack of brotherhood stem from fear and suspicion rather than from inborn hatred and differences.

Louisville, Ky.

When Henry and his world neighbors understand the futile stupidity of prejudice, they get rid of their Green Devils instead of each other and everyone starts enjoying the advantages of good homes, good health, good schools and a much, much better world.

Sun 2-22-48

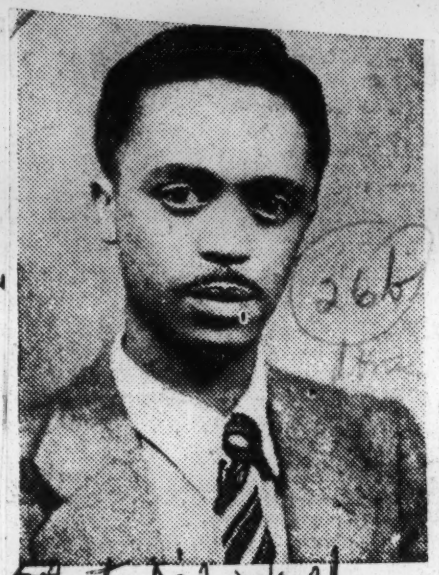
ARMY PURGES BOOKS BY NEGRO AUTHORS.

Citizen Los Angeles, Calif. 1-31-48 Sat.

Berlin, Germany (G)—The U. S. Army has clamped a heavyhanded censorship on all books and magazines which supply information centers in the American-occupied sections of Europe.

Citizen Los Angeles, Calif.

The army has dropped all books by American Negro authors. This action was taken to appease southern senators and representatives who threatened to slash the army and military government's appropriation unless the books were removed from the shipping list.



Atlanta Daily World

Peter Abrahams, author of "Path of Thunder", a novel which deals with the love of two people of different races in South Africa. The book is heralded by reviewers as being "completely convincing and approaching the quality of universality that good writing should have." Abrahams was born that good writing should have". Abrahams was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, less than 30 years ago, but is described as a writer with "rare talent". —(ANP)

Sat. 1-31-48

Beyond the Wooden Curtain

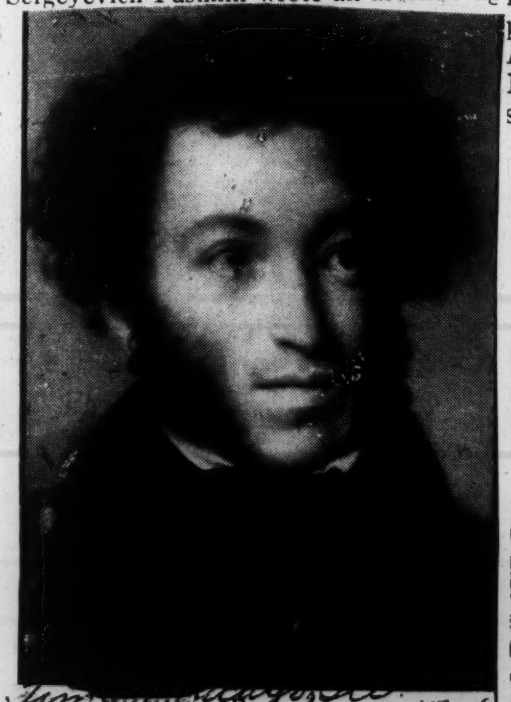
Time

Chicago, Ill.

PUSHKIN AND RUSSIAN LITERATURE (226 pp.)—*Janko Lavrin*—*Macmillan* ($2).

5-17-48

"You have no idea," wrote the great Russian poet Pushkin to a friend, "how nice it is to run away from one's fiancée and to write verses. Oh my dear, what joy!" In that autumn of 1830, Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin wrote an astonishing



POET PUSHKIN
Agreement in red and white.

Time

Chicago, Ill.

5-17-48

number of lyrics, short plays and stories, some of which for more than a century have been proclaimed masterpieces. When he returned to Moscow, he married his cold, beautiful Natalia (by his own count she was woman No. 113 in his life), but only three years later he was writing to the attractive wife of the Austrian Ambassador: "I am created to love you and to follow you. Any other preoccupation on my part is either blundering about or sheer madness."

Time 5-17-48

Six years after his marriage, annoyed by his brother-in-law's attentions to his wife (Czar Nicholas I flirted with her too), Pushkin challenged him to a duel, was wounded and died two days later. The stocky, cocky little wencher was only 38, but already Russia's No. 1 literary man. To this day many Russians, both red and white, are agreed that he still is.

Pushkin, though he was only a mild liberal, has been claimed by the Soviets as "the forefather of the Russian revolution." In the year 1936 alone, 13 million copies of his books and books about him were published throughout the Soviet Union.

Time

Trouble for Translators. U.S. readers have had to take his quality mostly on faith. The greatness of Russian writers like Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Chekhov shines through the dark glass of translation. But poetry is a different matter, and Poet Pushkin, by common consent of his critics, seems stripped of his genius when tackled by English translators. According to Critic Edmund Wilson, Pushkin was greater than Keats or Byron. At its translated worst, his verse is no more than disjointed doggerel; at its best it is a vigorous, resourceful blend of realism and Byronic romanticism consistently spoiled by poetic clichés. Sample lines, from *The Bronze Horseman,* called by Critic D. S. Mirsky probably the greatest of all Russian poems:

Time

I love thee, city of Peter's making;
I love thy harmonies austere,
And Neva's sovran waters breaking
Along her banks of granite sheer . . .

. . .

Now, city of Peter, stand thou fast,
Foursquare, like Russia; vaunt thy splendor!
The very element shall surrender
And make her peace with thee at last.

Chicago, Ill.

Sources for Successors. The latest champion of Pushkin's untranslatable greatness is Janko Lavrin, professor of Slavonic literature at England's University College at Nottingham. Lavrin cites the debt owed to Pushkin by Russian writers and musicians: Gogol frankly borrowed ideas from the "Russian Shakespeare"; Tchaikovsky's opera *Eugene One-*

gin and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* were based on works of Pushkin. But until a major poet comes along who can hear well in Russian and sing well in English, the recurring accolades will continue to mystify plain U.S. readers. Pushkin once observed: "Poetry, may God forgive me, must be slightly stupid"—but not so stupid as his translators make it appear. 5-17-48

Spare the Laurels

Time Chicago, Ill.

OTHER VOICES OTHER ROOMS (231 pp.)—*Truman Capote*—*Random House* ($2.75).

1-26-48

The author of this first novel is only 23, but his literary promise has already caused a flutter in Manhattan publishing circles. When Editor Cyril Connolly of England's highbrow *Horizon* visited the U.S. last year (TIME, Oct. 20), he noted with sad alarm:

"'Get Capote'—at this minute the words are resounding on many a sixtieth floor, and 'get him' of course means make him and break him, smother him with laurels and then vent on him the obscure hatred which is inherent in the notion of another's superiority."

On the strength of *Other Voices Other Rooms,* Novelist Capote is safe from smothering in laurels. The book is a literary contrivance of unusual polish, better than the brightly ghostly short stories that gave its author a minor reputation. But it is immature and its theme is calculated to make the flesh crawl. Chicago Ill.

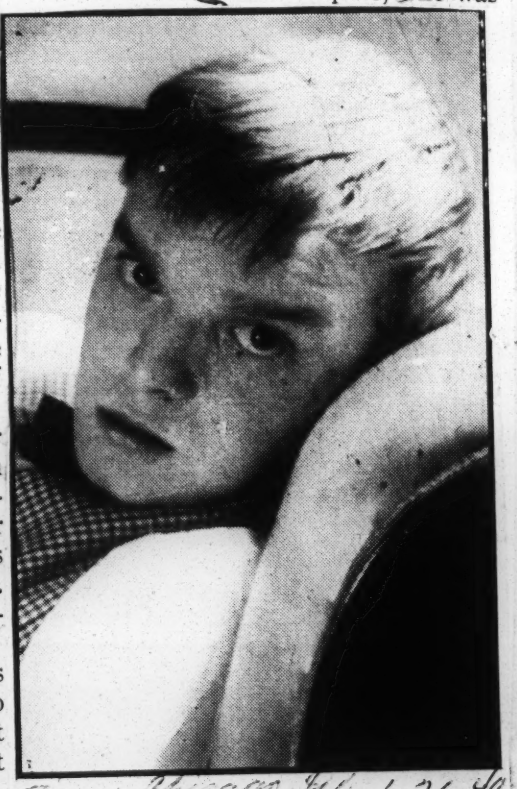
Swampland. Joel, a boy of 13, journeys east from New Orleans in the summer to find his father, whom he has never seen, at a lonely place called Skully's Landing. It is a journey into mysteries and wonders. From the town of Noon City he is taken in a slow wagon, by an ancient Negro named Jesus Fever, down a swampland road into night and sleep. He opens his eyes on a vivid morning scene:

"An expanse of pale yellow wall separated two harshly sunlit windows which faced the bed. Between these windows stood the woman. She did not notice Joel, for she was staring across the room at an ancient bureau: there, on top of a lacquered box, was a bird, a bluejay perched so motionless it looked like a trophy. The woman turned and closed the only open window; then, with prissy little sidling steps, she started forward." 1-26-48

The woman, who is his father's wife, Miss Amy, proceeds to hit the bluejay with a poker. This proves to be an appropriate introduction to the household. Other inmates are the languid and effeminate Cousin Randolph, Jesus Fever's granddaughter Zoo Fever, and Joel's father, Mr. Sansom, who is mysteriously sick and invisible. Joel begins to think maybe he doesn't exist. But in the evening a red tennis ball bumps down the stairs as if it had a life of its own, and rolls into the parlor. That is how he learns that his father is lying upstairs paralyzed, after having been shot by Randolph in a moment of hysterical terror. Time

Sinister Summer. In this atmosphere, half sickening and half magical, the events of the summer continue to shock the boy's senses like the bluejay and the red ball. At first Joel misses his aunt in New Orleans. But the sinister fascinations of Skully's Landing increase, centering on the tomboy, Idabel, who lives up the road, and on Cousin Randolph, who drinks sherry, calls him "darling" and holds his hand. Chicago

As a novelist, Truman Capote, who was born in New Orleans, owes something to Proust, something to Faulkner. In some ways he gets very close to childhood and to the profoundly sensational values of a child. But for all his novel's gifted invention and imagery, the distasteful trappings of its homosexual theme overhang it like Spanish moss. 1-26-48



TRUMAN CAPOTE
The bluejay was motionless.

Time Chicago, Ill. 1-26-48

America's Plan for Africa

the World's New York N.Y. 3-21-48

LIBERIA: 1847-1947, by Charles Morrow Wilson. William Sloane Associates, New York. 226 pp. $3.75. 420

By ABNER W. BERRY

IT IS HARD to tell from reading Charles Morrow Wilson's **Liberia** whether he is a propagandist for Firestone or a well-meaning, if naive, tropical tourist. Wilson gives his readers a smattering of West African history, anthropology, philology and civil government. In most instances his point of view is sympathetic and his tone objective. But he refuses to look below the surface of the scene viewed, if he is, indeed, capable of doing so.

Wilson tells us that the need to be rid of "dangerous" freed slaves was the main motivating factor of the promoters of Liberia 100 years ago. He pictures the assault on the natives by the first group of colonizers. But then he pictures the entire set-up as a sort of noble experiment in self-government. 3-21-48

Liberia, as a travel book, gives one the feel of the life of the 1,600,000 inhabitants of the West African republic. One gets a sense of its untapped riches; understands its customs, its plant and animal life, and the tragedy of transplanted American Negroes subjugating a people whom they did not know and for whom they cared little. But Wilson idealizes the form in which the natives were subjugated: "It (Liberia) adopted a constitution generally modelled on that of the United States. . . ."

Sun.

Rubber Monopoly 3-21-48

The greater part of Wilson's book is given over to a discussion of rubber and Firestone. Out of every $12 of wealth produced in the country, Firestone controls 11.

One-half of the cultivated land is in the hands of the Akron rubber baron. Firestone, who holds a 99-year lease on the rubber plantations, has "liberated" Liberian labor from its dependence upon surrounding British exploiters. He has introduced schools and company stores so that Liberians can enjoy the manufactured goods of the United States. All of this Wilson states with quite admiration and more.

But after 22 years of Firestone's liberal policies less than 10,000 Liberians are in schools; most of Firestone's workers are barefoot and there are only 400 miles of passable roads.

America re-discovered Liberia during World War II. And now the tiny republic has a military air field and a naval base.

". . . (The fact that) the United States Navy has recently completed at Monrovia, Liberia's waterfront capital, one of the most strategic navy bases and deep-water harbors in the world bespeaks Liberia's importance to global planning."

Wilson calls Liberia "an experiment in democracy." But that's talking up-side-down. Right-side-up Liberia is an experiment in colonialism (the kind they plan in Wall Street, Washington—or Akron). And from the native illiteracy and poverty face to face with a staggering growth of raw material exports which Wilson shows, I'd say the experiment is working rather well.

There are a lot of interesting facts in this book if the reader does not allow himself to be taken in by the objective tone of the author and the "charm" of the subject under discussion. Here is a sample of America's plan for Africa — streamlined colonialism.

Heritage Of Freedom

The Times Magazine

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF CIVIL RIGHTS. Quest for a Sword. By Robert K. Carr. 284 pp. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. $3.

New York N.Y. 3-21-48

By MORROE BERGER

IN recent months there has been much emphasis upon the Federal Government's activity concerning civil rights and liberties. The Department of Justice's drive against subversive Government workers and aliens has been given plenty of publicity, but its vigorous campaign to implement civil rights for minorities has made fewer headlines.

Since 1939 the Department's Civil Rights Section (CRS) has been the watchdog over this class of rights, and has figured in some of the chief Supreme Court cases. Prof. Robert K. Carr of Dartmouth College, executive secretary of the President's Commission on Civil Rights, now tells the story of the CRS from its origin through most of 1945, using the agency's own files. When the CRS began its work it found that two related tasks had to be accomplished before the Federal Government could protect individuals deprived of civil rights: it had to clarify the constitutional provisions and the outdated, half-forgotten statutes on civil rights. 5-2-48

Though Americans pride themselves on their heritage of freedom and respect for the individual, the CRS found a shocking situation when it looked around for legal weapons with which to defend and advance the rights of individuals. Parts of the Constitution and the amendments seem to offer such weapons, but a century of restrictive Supreme Court decisions had virtually nullified these clauses. On the Federal statute books the CRS found only three usable laws, all of limited value. The Times Magazine

BY carefully (sometimes perhaps timidly) selecting cases for prosecution, the CRS has helped win important decisions in the Supreme Court which have widened and permitted more effective protection of minority rights in elections and against policy brutality and peonage. In addition to reviewing the cases in these fields, Professor Carr also reports cases involving freedom of speech and press, labor-management disputes and interference with the right to enter and leave a state. New York, N.Y.

Professor Carr belongs to a growing group of scholars and Government officials who reject the popular notion that legal measures are powerless to reduce racial and religious prejudice and discrimination. "Human nature may not be changed by law," he writes, "but human behavior certainly can be controlled." He points out that in the past we have thought of the central government as the main threat to civil rights, but that today this is far from the truth. The state governments and private individuals are now the main threats, and the problem facing the guardians of civil rights is how to combat the discrimination they practice or enforce. 5-2-48

SONGS OF AMERICA. By David Ewen. Arranged by Mischa and Wesley Portnoff. 246 pp. Chicago, Ill.: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. $5.

New York N.Y. 5-2-48

THE objective of "Songs of America" is to provide "a history of popular songs in America from the Pilgrims to Duke Ellington." Mr. Ewen mentions many songs and discusses their origin and background. There are numerous interesting incidents revealed in the transition of American music from Colonial hymns and Revolutionary broadsides to the songs of the minstrel and burlesque shows, vaudeville stage and Tin Pan Alley. The author enlivens his study with biographical sketches of persons prominent in song-writing, such as Dan Emmett, George Frederick Root and Paul Dresser.

The final results, however, are rather disappointing. There will inevitably be disagreement as to which melody was more popular at a particular time, but the author does not sufficiently explain what the songs were like or why they achieved popularity. There are rewarding pages for the nostalgic reader, but he will have to have an exceptional memory; even the fifty-eight "representative" tunes for which words and music have been included, do not appear in complete versions. The written commentary is diverting, although through the historical details are sketchy. Times Book Review

26b 1948

General Education In The Negro College (Dr. I. A. Derbigny)

Book Review

The Informer

By I. A. DERBIGNY,
Administrative Dean,
Tuskegee Institute
General Education In The
Negro College
Reviewed by Albert
Anderson For (ANP)

This volume is a comperhensive survey of general education programs of a representative sample of 20 Negro colleges. The author characterizes the term "general education" as that part of the student's college experience which is more or less concerned with his living and functioning as a citizen in a democratic society. It is the first detailed study of this kind in Negro education. 2-7-48

The author finds that there is the need for (1) a more adequate statement of the aims of general education courses, (2) a common core of general education for all students enrolled, (3) a more functional general education experience in terms of the every day life needs of the student, (4) a more direct general education experience rather than too great a dependance upon indirect experience and transfer of learning, (5) more effective provisions for superior students, (6) a more direct and functional approach to minority group techniques and strategy.

The Informer

The author presents in a convincing way the fact that many of the needs of collece students are encompassed in the simpler tasks; the ability to speak and write clearly and accurately, the ability to carry out effectively the simpler duties of citizenship, the ability to maintain a satisfactory home life, and the ability to develop a worthwhile and satisfying philosophy of life.

New Orleans, La

The author gives considerable attention to problems which confront Negro youth because of their minority statues. He calls attention to the need for a wider use of the case study method in the sciences so that yousg Negroes may learn at first hand how many of the problems which face them may be attacked or solved.

Sat 2-7-48

If one wishes to get a detailed and considered statement of what the Negro colleges are doing in the field of general education this study provides an unequivocal answer. The volume should be read with great profit by all educators who are interested in general education irrespective of racial considerations.

BOOKS AND THINGS

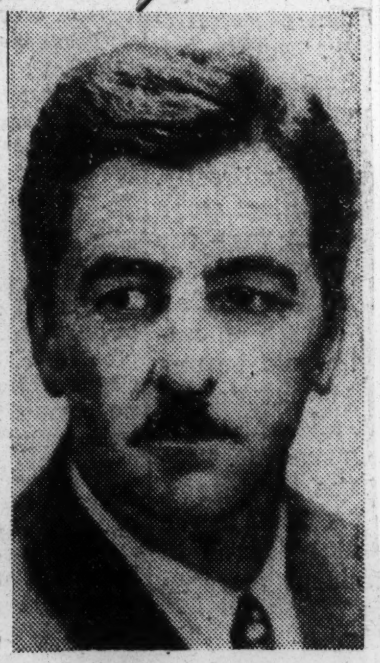
By LEWIS GANNETT

INTRUDER IN THE DUST. By William Faulkner. Random House. 247 pages. $3.

FOR seven years, from 1926 through 1940, William Faulkner wrote books, one each year, which were among the most exciting, disturbing, distinguished and involved books to be produced in that time or place. Then, except for a volume of short stories in 1942, he fell silent. People said, "Faulkner has written himself out."

William Faulkner's Southern Manifesto

People were wrong. In "Intruder in the Dust" William Faulkner has more to say than he ever had to say before, and, for the most part, he says it forthrightly and impressively. In this novel he is doing what his fellow-Mississippian, Hodding Carter, recently did in a series of articles in the New York Herald Tribune: answering the Sprigles and other Northern critics of the South, issuing his own Southern Declaration of Independence, enunciating a program for Southern liberation from its own past, and interpreting his people to themselves and to the North.



William Faulkner

"That's what we are really defending," says Mr. Faulkner's county attorney: "the privilege of setting (the Negro) free ourselves: which we will have to do for the simple reason that nobody else can since going on a century now the North tried it and have been admitting for seventy-five years now that they failed. So we will have to be us."

In Mr. Faulkner's novel the tired old county attorney, a scared sixteen-year-old boy and a decaying, crocheting, chicken-peddling spinster of seventy elude a mob, dig up a couple of graves at night and save an arrogant hard-headed intractable independent (insolent, too) old Negro from the lynching which most of Yoknapatawpha County was sure he richly deserved.

"Young Folks and Womens Ain't Cluttered"

Charlie Gavin was no self-conscious circus hero. Three years before, when he was thirteen, he had fallen through the creek ice, and had been thawed out in Lucas Beauchamp's cabin. He didn't like Lucas; he resented the proud old man's refusal to "act like a nigger." When Lucas was lodged in the jail, it was the boy's first inclination to saddle his horse and ride hard, and be as far away as he could get when it happened, but in fact he accompanied his uncle to the jail, and went back to bring Lucas the tobacco he wanted, and to near enough of his story—more than Lucas would ever have told any grown man—to launch the scared boy, along with queer old Miss Habersham, on their eerie night's adventure.

An old Negro soothsayer had once told Charlie a secret and added: "Young folks and womens, they ain't cluttered. They can listen. But a middle-year man like your paw and your uncle, they can't listen. They ain't got time. They're too busy with facks. . . . If you ever needs to get anything done outside the common run, don't waste yo time on the men-folks; get the women and children to working at it."

It was mostly the old woman and the boy who solved the double mystery of the strange corpse that now was, and then wasn't, in Vinson Gowrie's grave, and outwitted the witless crowd of shiftless townsfolk and leather-faced whisky makers from the pine hills who were milling about waiting for some one to start the lynching and get it over with. But even the Gowrie clan had its code: they were willing to burn Lucas Beauchamp to death with gasoline for something he didn't even do, but they also held to the commandment: Thou shalt not kill thy mother's child.

This is at once a mystery story and a probing into motivations in the land where hillbillies name their sons "Vardaman" and "Bilbo." Even Mr. Faulkner's sermonettes on various threats against the old American way of life, such as mongrelization, too much belief in law, automobiles, money and jazz, do not seriously interrupt its powerful stream. And even when one cannot quite accept Mr. Faulkner's thesis that each section, or county, or community, must achieve its own salvation without help or goading from the rest of the United States, one recognizes that he is eloquently expressing, on various planes, the undercurrents which give power to Talmadges and life to States' Rights movements. It is always well to understand. It would be even better if we could believe that such boys as Charlie Gavin, and such women as old Miss Habersham, would turn up in every county where a lynching crowd gathers and establish Mr. Faulkner's thesis for him, outside a novel.

Non-Stop Derby

Mr. Faulkner not only has something to say: he has his inimitable way of saying it. He moves more directly to his ends here than in some of his earlier intricacies, but even here he achieves some of the longest and most complicated sentences in the history of English literature. In a book of 247 pages I counted forty-three sentences which ran for more than a page from period to period, ten sentences more than three pages long, and one which, with curious inter-dash and parenthetical pauses, ran for more than seven pages—more than three times the length of this review. And, miraculously, it is reasonably clear, and full of Southern atmosphere such as only William Faulkner can pack into even a seven-page sentence.

The Times New York N.Y.

Another baseball book, to be published April 19, is "Jackie Robinson—My Own Story." The story, as told to Wendell Smith, sports writer for The Pittsburgh Courier and The Chicago Herald-American, covers the ball player from the time he was in knee-pants to his part in the last world series. Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, has written an introduction. Greenberg will issue the book in two editions, paper for $1 and cloth for $2.

Book Parade

Daily Worker

Jackie Robinson's 'Own Story' Of a Negro Ball-Player

New York, N.Y.

By Lester Rodney

IN Jackie Robinson, My Own Story, (published today) the popular Dodger infielder has given some interesting inside details of his precedent smashing entry into organized baseball. Mon. 4-19-48

The story, as told to **Pittsburgh Courier** sports writer Wendell Smith, traces Jackie's athletic fortunes from poverty-ridden childhood in Georgia, through his spectacular scholarship athletic career at the University of California in Los Angeles, on through his year at Montreal and the historic 1947 season with Brooklyn. It is told easily and profusely illustrated.

Jackie Robinson—My Own Story, by Jackie Robinson, Greenberg, New York, 170 pp. $2.

While the short narrative doesn't attempt any extended comment on the long struggle to end discrimination in our national pastime, it does reveal Robinson's awareness in many ways.

"Athletics," he comments, "both school and professional, come nearer to offering an American Negro equality of opportunity than does any other field of social and economic equality."

* * *

JACKIE ALSO writes with a touch of sadness of the giants of Negro baseball who were denied their chance through Jimcrow. While playing for the Kansas City Monarchs in the Negro League, he met the immortal Satchel Paige and the late Josh Gibson.

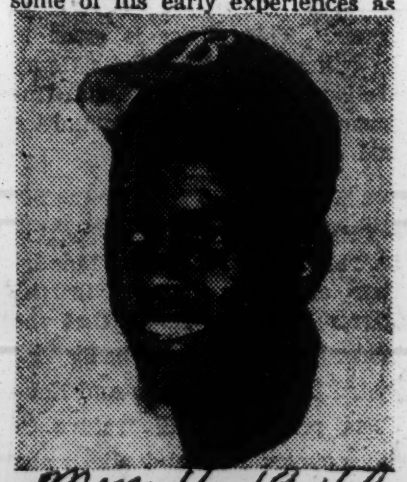
Daily Worker

"They would have starred in any league that ever was," he says. "If those two had only been given the chance I was to have, their names would be somewhere near the top in the record books. But it is too late for them."

While most fans think of Robinson primarily as a baseball star, just the brief recounting of his career at UCLA is a reminder that he is one of the most astounding all around athletes of modern times. New York, N.Y.

In 1938, as a halfback, he was the leading ground gainer in the land, averaging 12 yards per try. He led the Pacific Coast basketball Conference in scoring, broke the Conference broadjump record and won the national collegiate championship in the latter event. He also casually excels in tennis, golf and ping pong! Mon 4-19-48

There are candid insights into some of his early experiences as a



Mon. 4-19-48

JACKIE ROBINSON

pioneer against discrimination . . . the hot impulse to pack his bags and quit on the spot when he was jimcrowed out of the Montreal team's hotel in the Sanford, Florida training camp. . . . the fight for self control when Ben Chapman of the Phillies unleashed the first dirty Negro-baiting shouts (Jack had promised Branch Rickey no fights no matter what)—the few little incidents involving Merrullo of the Cubs, Brecheen and Garagiola of the Cards and Blackwell of the Reds—and how he responded.

But overwhelmingly he found the alarmist predictions of "trouble" by some writers to be completely unfounded. The great majority of players, including Southerners, are basically democratic, as he discovered and relates. He pays Hank Greenberg a special tribute as the first "enemy" player in the early days of the season to go out of his way to encourage him: "Those words of encouragement helped me tremendously," he says. "I knew he was sincere because I had heard he had experienced some racial trouble when he came up. I felt sure that he understood my problem. I liked him, too. The man had class, Hank Greenberg did."

Mon.

ROBINSON has his eye fixed on a career as coach when his playing days end. He is intensely interested in youngsters, and his own success story hasn't at all dimmed his vision of many truths. "I only wish we had more gymnasiums in this country for our kids," he writes, "and I'm sure that they do too." 4-19-48

Jackie Robinson Story

JACKIE ROBINSON, My Own Story, as told to Wendell Smith; illustrated with photographs; Greenberg; 172 pp. $2.

Atlanta Constitution

John Roosevelt Robinson, better known as "Jackie," was born in Cairo, Ga., Jan. 31, 1919. He was one of five children and moved with his family to Pasadena, Cal., early in life. He became a football star at UCLA and excelled in other athletics. He started his professional baseball career with the Kansas City Monarchs, was sold to Montreal, in the International League, and then became a member of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the first Negro to play in the major leagues. Sun. 4-25-48

Jackie is proud of his achievements in organized baseball and well he might be. His conduct has been exemplary and the story of his life is an interesting one. His success has been due to his athletic ability and his treatment, on the whole, has been considerate. Atlanta, Ga.

There is a foreword by Branch Rickey, who signed him to his big league contract. 4-25-48

JACKIE ROBINSON: MY LIFE STORY as told by Jackie Robinson to Wendell Smith, with a foreward by Branch Rickey. Greenberg, New York. 176 pp. Paper, $1.00; Cloth, $2.00.

REVIEWED BY CHICK SOLOMON

Jackie Robinson, who already has established a name for himself as a baseball star, a basketball player, a better-than-average track man, and even a radio celebrity of no mean ability, has now added to his many laurels by becoming (with the added help of Wendell Smith) an author of note.

Daily Worker

"Jackie Robinson: My Life Story" is an interesting tale of an interesting fellow. It is written in the first person and reveals the story of Jackie's experiences in the major leagues with a brief mention devoted to the earlier days B. R.—Before Rickey.

Smith, who is sports editor of the Pittsburgh Courier and, more than any other writer, a man who has been near Jackie since he has been in the minor and major leagues, has written an easy reading tale of Robby's history told in newspaper style, and implemented with numerous photos of Jackie, both on and off the baseball field, Smith and Robinson can be given a score of one hit, one run and no errors for one time at bat.

Branch Rickey, the man most responsible for the advent of Negroes into major league baseball, writes the foreward to Jackie's book. In his foreward, the Mahatma—as he is known to New York sportswriters—claims that Jackie's greatest achievement has been "his tactful handling of his relationships with his fellow players, as well as his opponents."

In telling his story Robinson retains that same tact. Never, as he unfolds his tale, does he appear angry, revengeful, or say nasty things about players, owners, writers or anyone among the many who originally couldn't see a Negro entering the sacred confines of "America's Favorite Pastime."

By reading between the lines and the few instances when Robinson does admit the queasy feeling he used to undergo often when he first went up to the Montreal Royals, one can imagine the terrible strain Jackie has been under in "breaking the ice." And in realizing that, one must also appreciate the fact that it was a man of the calibre of Robinson chosen by Rickey for his "experiment."

Always a good athlete, an intelligent human with an exceptional background for the position in which he found himself, Robinson's story is one which many a youthful Negro lad can read and receive inspiration and hope. The admiration, homage and race notices which have come to this young athlete born in Georgia and supported by a widowed mother, did not come without sacrifice, hard work and persistence.

When Jackie tells of some of his experiences in the deep south, when he first tried out with the Montreal Royals, when he tells of the boos of some of the fans, of the rumored strike of the St. Louis Cardinals and the rumors that even some of the Brooklyn Dodgers wouldn't accept him, the reader can gain a small bit of insight into the almost overwhelming odds against which he fought in 1946 and 1947.

That Robinson overcame those odds is, of course, a matter of record. How he felt while doing so he tells in simple language in his story. Today he is the idol of not only all Negro America but holds a high spot in the adulation of millions of whites as well.

Supplementing the story of Jackie's baseball career, Smith has included many pictures of Robinson which add to the interest of the book. If any fault at all can be found in the book it may be in the manner in which these photos are spaced. Jumbled together in three sections of the book, they leave the reader with the impression that they could have been more appreciated if more care had been placed on editing. One feels that the photos could have been spaced to go along with the text, instead, as they are, simply thrown in.

Jackie's story is almost Horatio Alger career. Both he and Wendell Smith—and of course Branch Rickey, who made it possible—are to be complimented for a straightforward, simple,, interesting and thoroughly enjoyable tale of a Negro lad who made good in the majors.

The book's a solid base hit!

Books of the Times

The Times New York N.Y. Inc Rev

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

ONE evening when Albert Johnson Jr. was only 16 years old he turned on the hot water in the bathtub of his home in Keene, N. H., and began to undress. Before young Albert got more than his shirt off his father walked into the bathroom and asked: "Do you know something, boy?"

"No, what?" said Albert.

"Well, you're colored." 3-23-48

W. L. White 3-23-48

It sounds like a scene in a race-relations novel by Sinclair Lewis; but it actually happened in the Johnson family in 1941. W. L. White tells about it and what the news meant to Albert in "Lost Boundaries,"* the latest book about the problems of race discrimination in the long series which keeps pricking the uneasy conscience of America.

W. L. White, son of William Allen White, may not be exactly a chip off the old block, but he is a good reporter. Few writers can take somebody else's story and tell it better, in so simply effective a fashion, with a more artful use of direct quotations. The author of "They Were Expendable" knows his trade. In "Lost Boundaries" he hasn't added much important information to a vexatious question. What he has done is to expose it in a new light, as it seemed to Albert Johnson Jr., who was so suddenly snatched from the pleasant security of a New England boyhood and plunged into the middle of America's most difficult social problem.

On Crossing the Color Line

The Times New York N.Y.

To tell Albert's story Mr. White has had to tell Dr. Johnson's story too, and to explain at some length the procedure known as "passing." The last is the practice of many light-skinned Negroes of "going over the line" and living as whites. Passing makes it easier to get an education and it helps get jobs. After numerous disappointments Dr. Johnson got his interneship at a Maine hospital because the hospital neglected to ask questions. Dr. Johnson did not feel it necessary to volunteer information about his race.

It was the same way when he settled in the little town of Gorham, near the foot of Mount Washington, N. H. No one asked. Dr. Johnson, although his skin was darker than that of most whites, was passing. His wife, of course, passed too. And his children never knew that they were passing until Dr. Johnson volunteered for the Navy and was turned down because a naval investigator discovered the truth. The disappointment hurt and Dr. Johnson told Albert.

The blow was heavy. In describing Albert's distraught reaction to it Mr. White never raises his voice to scream for sympathy; never gets so detached as to confuse Albert with an interesting psychological case history. Albert worried himself sick, and the things he worried about—girls, college, jobs, discrimination, passing, etc.—are all part of the unjust handicap which race prejudice imposes upon millions of Americans.

Son's Reaction Is Believable

The Times New York, N.Y.

Albert worried himself into a psychoneurotic tailspin. His behavior is touching and completely believable as Mr. White describes it, in complete contrast to the belligerent response to similar news of Neil Kingsblood, the preposterous fictional hero of "Kingsblood Royal." For a long time Albert remained in his private slough of despond. When he finally emerged into a new maturity it was only after much hard thinking and considerable new experience. He got the experience hitch-hiking around the country, visiting Negro relatives of whom he had never even previously heard. New York, N.Y.

What Albert learned about being a Negro adds little to the information possessed by most whites who have read anything about race relations. But the impact of such grim realities on an adolescent in Albert's unusual position has a fresh poignancy. Although Albert learned that there are many thousands of "cross-breed" people who are passing successfully today, he could not bring himself to join them permanently. He knew that Negroes will never tell on another who is passing, but that they furiously resent the refusal of those who pass to associate with their own people. Albert thought that they were right.

So, after months of mental agony, Albert declared himself and by so doing settled his personal psychological problem. He will get along all right, Mr. White implies. In some ways it is more difficult for Dr. Johnson. But when Mr. White began asking questions in Gorham and Keene he discovered that Dr. Johnson's passing had not been so successful as he had thought. the neighbors had suspected and gossiped about his possible color. But they hadn't minded. They had accepted Dr. Johnson as a good doctor and a good neighbor. Times 3-23-48

"Lost Boundaries" is a short book which treats a vast and pressing problem in personal, individual terms. But its very simplicity, its quiet restraint, the way in which it describes the ordeal of one family of fine Americans, is impressive. The Johnsons showed great courage when they allowed Mr. White to write "Lost Boundaries." If Mr. White's little book makes many friends for the Johnsons and others like them their courage will be well rewarded.

ACROSS THE LINE

LOST BOUNDARIES, by W. L. White (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $1.50).

Nation 3-15-48

New Republic

HAVING REPORTED, somewhat uncomfortably, on the state of things in Germany and Russia, W. L. White comes back to his own country for his latest study in the problems of democracy. The return is a most happy one. *Lost Boundaries* is a short book, but within that brief space he has written a masterpiece of insight, intelligence and unsentimental compassion. New York, N.Y.

It is a true story (and the principal characters are specifically identified) that covers the entire field of Negro-white relationship without ever forcing the issues, going in for overemphasis or losing its air of clear intelligence. It combines factual, objective reporting with the emotional power of superb story-telling.

There have been innumerable plays and novels on race prejudice in America, but none has possessed the emotional impact, honesty and analytical depth of White's book. Into his quiet-voiced, factual account of a New England schoolboy, who at the age of sixteen was told by his parents that he was Negro and that they had been "passing" as white, the author has packed a jolting amount of truth on the meaning of intolerance. 3-15-48

Essentially, this is the story of the boy's efforts to adjust himself to a fact that changed his whole world. Up to the time that his father revealed the secret, young Albert Johnston Jr. had lived the normal life of an American boy in a small and friendly New Hampshire community. At first his secret somewhat exhilarated and excited him. Later, when he was in the Navy, it caused a nervous breakdown, and he was discharged as a "psychoneurotic unclassified."

New Republic

After his recovery Albert really began to learn the meaning of his bitter, new place in a white man's world. With a white school friend, Walt, who had a complete scorn of racial differences, Albert traveled across America to find out things for himself. He lived in Negro districts, sometimes trying to make a place for himself in both worlds at once, yet always striving to establish status as an American. New York, N.Y.

If young Albert Johnston and his "passing" father and mother are the central figures of the book, it is Albert's traveling companion, Walt, who is its most comforting character for non-Negro readers. Walt simply didn't recognize the existence of prejudice, and his attitude toward race relations was completely matter-of-fact. He didn't possess that quality of "overpoliteness" which results from a sense of guilt, and which Negroes encounter, according to White, as often as they do open prejudice. Nation

When Albert told Walt his secret, he merely said: "All right, so you're part colored. But what difference does it make? Why are you so worked up about it?" And he meant it. In the beginning, Albert found his friend's complete lack of interest almost disappointing; but later it seemed as if he had put down a huge load that he had been carrying about with him for more than a year. 3-15-48

If the author presents with fine clarity the direct results of the white man's prejudice, he is equally frank in presenting its more subtle and indirect side—the counter prejudice of the Negro. In Los Angeles, Albert was attracted to Helene, a Negro girl, and she seemed interested until she discovered that he was trying to find a place for himself in both worlds, that he would not completely accept his Negro status. New Republic

Then there was the prejudice within prejudice. "I also found," Albert told White, "that light-colored Negroes are often prejudiced against darker ones. . . . The majority of Negro political leaders are light. People try to say that this is because they are smarter, because of their mixed blood. But . . . it is only because, in any difficulty with the whites, Negroes still send a light-skinned one to negotiate because they have found it easier for him to approach the whites."

The custom of "passing," White says, is greatly on the increase, even in the South, where many thousands of who desert their race to spend all their people successfully conceal their Negro blood. He discovered that Negroes will condone those who "pass" to get an education or hold a job, but only in recent years there has been a re-ter, and among actors, painters, musi-

Albert came out of his ordeal with-ago, although in the fields of art, out a scar, but his father believes that literature and sports it is much bet-

*LOST BOUNDARIES. By W. L. White. 91 pages. Harcourt Brace. $1.75.

cians and writers the Negro finds almost no prejudice."

One of the virtues of *Lost Boundaries* is that it makes even those who are most convinced that they have done away with prejudice examine their own consciences. RICHARD WATTS JR.

Book Parade

'Lost Boundaries' Sensitive Report on One Family's Attempt to Escape Jimcrow

By John Hudson Jones

LOST BOUNDARIES, by the author of the biased "Reports" on the Russians and Germans, is a sensitive and poignantly true report on one American family harassed by the concept of "white supremacy."

It deals with the Johnsons of New England, how they, as light-skinned Negroes, "passed," and what happened to Albert Jr., 16, when Dr. Johnson told him he was a Negro.

In a personal news feature style, White tells how Dr. Johnson, hadn't intended to "pass" but found that as a young Negro medical student he was barred from a top flight medical school. Then after he'd graduated, a nice little practice in a New Hampshire village was offered to him. So out of self-preservation he and his wife Thyra went to live in the community as whites.

* * *

WHITE REVEALS the Johnsons' fears of being discovered. He explains their debates on whether or not or when to tell the three children. They cut themselves off from old Negro friends and school mates or mutually agreed to avoid or ignore each other. The psychological frustration of their life is conveyed powerfully, without preaching.

The climax of the elder Johnson's adventure comes when Dr. Johnson volunteers for the Navy.

He is soon visited by a Naval Intelligence agent, who informs him they knew he has "colored blood in your veins."

"Who knows what blood any of us has in his veins?" said the doctor.

"That is all we want to know," said the Navy man, and Dr. Johnson didn't get the commission. It was then that he decided to tell Albert Jr.

* * *

WHITE DESCRIBES, Albert's near psychological crackup with skilled restraint. The youth's worries about girls, school, job bias, his Navy enlistment and final illness is delineated in such a keen and personal manner, that the reader feels himself almost inside Albert's mind.

After being discharged from the Navy as an "unclassified psychoneurotic," Albert roams around the country, visiting relatives, mostly middle-class. It is an entirely new world for him, and he finds many taboos, and caste schisms among Negroes in their reaction to the prejudiced walls around them. Most important though, he accepts being a Negro, declares himself, feels good about it and proceeds to pursue his musical ambition. He has finally learned that being a Negro is not necessarily a tragedy, although the going is rough.

AS FOR THE ELDER Johnsons, they had been "suspected" all along, but the neighbors evidently dismissed the idea and as one woman put it "Whatever Dr. Johnson is, he's a very nice man."

White wrote only of the frustrations, fears, and pressures, that rack Negroes who choose to "pass." But his little kernel of personal impressions succeeds in spotlighting the inhuman idiocy of this country's racism. And while he sounds no call to arms or action, he shows that Negroes can win personal and group dignity by facing their problems squarely and fighting to win.

LOST BOUNDARIES. A true story of an actual family in real America. By W. L. White. Harcourt Brace, $1.50. 91 pp.

On the Tragedy of the Color Line

LOST BOUNDARIES. By William L. White. 91 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.50.

By WALTER WHITE

MAY I disclaim at the outset credit for having written "Lost Boundaries"? I need to do so because William L. White's book was condensed in the December Reader's Digest, an article of mine in the January issue. A good many letters have exclaimed, in effect, "What a guy—appearing in two successive issues of The Digest!"

I wish I could claim credit for the book, though. It packs into fewer than 100 pages more sound and accurate observation and comment on the question of "passing" to escape the burdens of color in a caste-ridden America than many ponderous treatises. There are two or three questionable conclusions, but Mr. White has done a superb job of reporting without preachment the dilemma human beings of culture and ambition face in a society which damns a man because he chose to be born with so-called "colored blood."

Albert Johnston's parents had not set out deliberately to cross the color line. Their neighbors in New Hampshire accepted them for what they were—he an excellent and industrious physician, she a superlative housekeeper and church worker, quite different from the prevailing notion of Negroes as stupid, lazy and ignorant. Young Albert wasn't told of his race until the United States Navy, begging for radiologists, withdrew the commission as lieutenant commander which it had offered Dr. Johnston. When Albert learned the reason, the effect threatened to be disastrous. The lad brooded over the revelation; fearing snubs, he began to avoid his friends. His school marks dropped so alarmingly that his father took him out of college and put him in the care of a psychiatrist. He enlisted in the Navy as white, but the constant fear of discovery of his race created a mental state which led to his discharge as a "psychoneuretic unclassified."

ALBERT then set out with a white friend on a hitch hike tour of the country to visit relatives and to learn just how colored people really lived. In Cleveland, Chicago and Los Angeles, they learned things never dreamed of in the Yankee seclusion of New Hampshire. They found out that there are probably more "white" people with Negro blood who "pass," intermarry, bring children into the world and live as white than there are recognizable Negroes.

The number of cross-bred people [says Albert], many of whom now "pass" for white, is greatly on the increase. The last census listed 12,000,000 registered Negroes in the United States, but some Negroes believe there may be as many as 13,000,000 additional cross-bred people not officially registered as Negroes, many of whom do not even know that they are colored. In our own family, we can count fifty who are registered as white and who can "pass."

They learned of the struggles which the color bar imposes on those too dark to be anything but colored and on those who do not choose to cross the color line. The story of Albert's struggle to fight his way back to normal thinking, you must read for yourself to understand. It reveals how cruel and stupid is the pattern of racial behavior in a nation that boasts of being the model of democracy.

There are flaws in Mr. White's chronicle. It isn't true that Dr. Johnston would have been kept out of a segregated Negro regiment because he looked white. I question the conclusion he puts into Dr. Johnston's mind that there has been regression rather than advance because Negroes

are today barred from some places in cities like Boston, where there was no prejudice twenty-five years ago. The progress Negroes have made in political power, trade unions, education, the arts and business in spite of handicaps, and the distribution of the Negro population to all parts of the country, have brought resistance from those who resent seeing a supposedly inferior race prove its superiority. But the very extension of the line of battle is proof that the Negro will not be kept back. It proves, as well, that millions of white Americans respect his ability—and are willing to join in the battle against proscription.

But these are minor flaws in a unique and immensely moving story of what fanciful notions about race can do to human beings. And if you are disposed to scoff and say that what happened to the Johnstons "can't happen here," there are the current news stories of a prominent Wall Street lawyer who has revealed that he has lived as white for more than four decades.

Walter White has been Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People since 1931. Among his books are "Rope and Faggot—a Biography of Judge Lynch" (1929) and "A Rising Wind" (1945).

Experiences of Negro Doctor in White World

"LOST BOUNDARIES," by W. L. White. [Harcourt, Brace, $1.50.]

Reviewed by Alden Bland

"Lost Boundaries" may well become widely discussed, symbolizing as it does the extremity, the complexity, the morbidity of the Negro's adjustment to life. For those Negroes who have some choice who by accident of coloring and hair are indistinguishable from white, the racial situation almost compels them to deny their identity. Such is the case for Dr. Albert Johnston. It is both tragic and true. The poignancy of the Johnston story unfolds thru a simple, unobtrusive prose style.

• • •

Upon accepting the invitation from Maine General Hospital at Portland to interne after completing his course at Rush Medical College, Chicago, Albert Johnston took the step which severed him from Negroes and catapulted him into the white world. For years after, he served the little village of Gorham in New Hampshire as general practitioner. Subsequent investigation by naval intelligence disclosed that he was a Negro. In short order, he was rejected. In the wake of his rejection, Dr. Johnston confesses his and his wife, Thyra, reared their three children to consider themselves as white. When the war came, Dr. Johnston was anxious to enlist. Because he specialized in roentgenology, the Navy was especially interested in him. Lost Boundaries is essentially the story of this boy's effort to adjust to his new status. The book confronts us with the awesome dichot-

Protected by light skins and living in a region where Negroes were rarely seen, Dr. Johnston and his wife, Thyra, reared their three children to consider themselves as white. When the war came, Dr. Johnston was anxious to enlist. Because he specialized in roentgenology, the Navy was especially interested in him. Subsequent investigation by naval intelligence disclosed that he was a Negro. In short order, he was rejected. In the wake of his rejection, Dr. Johnston confesses his secret to Albert, his eldest child. Lost Boundaries is essentially the story of this boy's effort to adjust to his new status. The book confronts us with the awesome dichot-

Reveals Literary Efforts Of Race Over Long Period

The Courier — Sat 6-19-48

Pittsburgh — Pa.

WITH HIS ENGROSSING study, "Negro Voices in American Fiction" (University of North Carolina Press. $3.50) Prof. Hugh Morris Gloster of Hampton Institute contributes a most authoritative and readable book on the numerous contributions of Negro writers to American creative writing.

Gloster seems to have read everything Negro fictionists have written since William Wells Brown wrote "Clotel, or the President's Daughter" back in 1853.

This well-written study will be a revelation to those who imagine Negro writers have just come on the literary scene. As a matter of fact they have been writing all of the time since Emancipation and several years before. Moreover, they seem to have experienced little difficulty in getting their works published, even when the latter were mediocre which was frequently the case. Indeed, some of these books were more revelatory of the author than of the times about which they wrote.

* * *

MR. GLOSTER, whose industry seems tremendous, gives here a summary of each book of importance and a fair criticism of the work. We note the development of Negro literature from the self-conscious efforts of the early writers down to the more workmanlike and sophisticated work of our current writers.

A most satisfying job, this book is highly recommended not only to those who read merely for pleasure, but to the student and bibliophile who is seeking a ready reference work or wishes to add to his store of books on the development of the Negro writer. Not only does this book have an extended bibliography and a satisfactory index, but there is also a section of copious chapter notes conveniently gathered at the end of the volume.

Here is a good book to read and own.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER
New York, N. Y.

Sat 6-19-48

A FAMILY THAT 'PASSED'

W. L. WHITE who gave us the controversial "Report on the Russians" has now turned his attention to the domestic scene and has given us the sensational "Lost Boundaries" (Harcourt, Brace. $1.50) which is the story of an American family that "passed" for white, and what happened to the collegian son of that family when his father bluntly told him one night that he was colored.

This story of the Johnston family of New Hampshire is a fascinating one for many reasons. It graphically illustrates the nonsense of "race" as well as the peculiar psychology of those white people who find out that some of their ancestors were possessed of African ancestry. By the same token it is a scathing indictment of the insanity of America on the subject.

* * *

THIS REVIEWER found the book engrossing but irritating because it has always been rather difficult to understand how anybody can "pass" for anything but what they appear to be. A so-called white Negro is as absurd as would be a black white man. These people had some sense of humor but really very little and a sense of humor is what the American "race" problem cries for but seldom gets because all Americans, colored and white, are witless on the question.

The little book is unusually informative when it gives us a realistic picture of Negro society on the Pacific Coast, and this happens to be the most engrossing part of the book.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER
New York, N. Y.

* * *

FACTS OF COLONIAL TRAGEDY

KUMAR GOSHAL'S latest book, "People In Colonies" (Sheridan House, New York, $3.50), concerns itself with the world significance of that set of circumstances through which seven imperialist powers—representing a combined home population of approximately four hundred million—have been able to gain direct or indirect control of the daily lives of almost one and one-half billion colonial and semi-colonial people.

Three-fourths of the two billion human inhabitants of the earth are desperately poor. Most of these miserable ones live in Asia, Africa and Latin America. It is a matter of great social import that the great majority of them are as poverty-ridden today as their ancestors were at the time of the birth of Christ. Mr. Goshal sets out to prove that the persistence of such mass suffering in the Twentieth Century is the inevitable result of the imperialist system.

* * *

WITH A MEASURED eye for essential detail, a fine sense of irony, and a remarkable appeal of readability, the author devotes a major portion of his book to a discussion of: (1) the reasons why colonies were acquired; (2) the stories of the various colonial conquests, and (3) a description of life under imperialist rule.

There follows a particularly absorbing portrayal of the role of the colonial peoples in the Second World War and an analysis of the colonial struggles for national independence that flamed like wildfire across Asia on the heels of the Japanese surrender.

Sat 6-19-48

MR. GOSHAL'S study of people in colonies—thoroughly up-to-date, fresh in style and notably comprehensive—can be recommended as one of the most important works on imperialism to appear in the past decade. Its selected bibliography and list of references embrace the standard index to the field. Undoubtedly, as valuable as any other aspect of the volume is the author's insistent warning that efforts toward world peace are doomed to failure so long as imperialism prevails.

THEODORE STANFORD
New York, N. Y.

CHALLENGE To PARENTS

JUST AS medical science continues to stride toward newer goals of achievement, so do all students of child training push onward in their efforts to make the understanding of their problems more comprehensive to parents the world over.

In ever-increasing numbers books are being published to educate, persuade, humor us into a wiser, more profitable parenthood. There cannot be too many such books, for though the personalities of their authors are varied, they are that much more suited to the various types and requirements of their readers. Each approach must have its receptive reader.

A distinctive psychiatrist, imminent author and consultant on psychiatric problems, Rudolph Dreikurs, M. D., has given us a distionary of child and parent problems, their cause, their effect, and the wise way to direct and correct them, in his new book, "The Challenge of Parenthood" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., New York, $3.50), which I heartily recommend.

* * *

YOU WILL THUMB this book through, back and forth, each time learning something new, finding something to figure out to your own satisfaction; and though you may be dismayed at the errors you have made, you will find encouragement in the remedies offered, and the blessing of another chance.

New Book Deals With Colored Fiction Writers

Pittsburgh Courier Sat 1-24-48

HAMPTON, Va.—"Negro Voices in American Fiction," by Dr. Hugh M. Gloster, chairman of the communications center and professor of English at Hampton Institute, is due off the University of North Carolina presses this week. Originally scheduled for March 6, the tentative publication date was changed to April 20.

The co-editor of "The Brown Thrush," an anthology of college students' verses, in his present work gives an account of the published novels and short stories by Negroes from the beginnings to 1940, and of the social backgrounds from which these writings arose.

Beginning with William Wells Brown's "Clotel," published in London in 1853, and Frances E. W. Harper's short story, "The Two Offers," the book discusses every major Negro writer of fiction thru Richard Wright. Among the authors included are Charles W. son, W. E. B. DuBois, Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Sutton E. Griggs, Jessie Fauset, Claude McKay, and George Schuyler.

The book also deals with a number of authors about whom the general public knows little or nothing.

Sat 1-24-48

In general, Dr. Gloster, who is author of many articles on Negro writers, lets his many authors speak for themselves. They create characters varying from the militant to the socially compliant and settings from the southern plantation to the Harlem night club, the college to the city slum.

Born in West Tennessee, Dr. Gloster was educated at LeMoyne Junior College, Morehouse, Atlanta University, and New York University, where he gained his Ph.D. degree in 1943. He has also taught at the first three institutions.

During World War III he was associate regional executive of the USO in the southeastern states, with headquarters in Atlanta.

Book Review

St Louis Argus

NEGRO VOICES IN AMERICAN FICTION:

St Louis Mo

By Hugh Morris Gloster: Published by the University of North Carolina Press — 1948: Price $3.50

Fri 12-10-48

295 Pages

Reviewed For ANP By

CARTER JEWELL

This work is a valuable addition to the increasing number of volumes which are being published on Negro literature and its relation to the body of writings on conditions and problems on the American scene. The author covers the entire span of Negro activity as revealed in his literary performance from the Reconstruction period to the depression of the Hoover administration and its aftermath.

The outstanding thing about Negro literature is that it carries a message of revolt against discrimination and oppression and reveals the aspiration of the American Negro for full freedom and equality with all other Americans. In recent years, as Mr. Gloster shows in his discussion of "Proletarianism," Negro literature has revealed some interest of the more progressive and intelligent Negro writers in the cause of workers as a distinct class.

The book is well documented with a large number of references that are in themselves of great value to the reader. These show that the author made a careful and almost exhausted study of the sources available for his work.

Gaines Decision Aids Dixie Students

Because of its far-reaching implications, the U. S. Supreme Court 1938 decision in the Lloyd Gaines case was a landmark in the history of Negro educational rights, according to the Negro Year Book of 1947.

That decision, the Year Book observes, has prompted the South to provide equal educational facilities for colored students, particularly those seeking graduate and professional training.

The Book also noted that in 1930 North Carolina established a graduate school and Law school at North Carolina college for Negroes at Durham. In the same year Maryland purchased Morgan college, incorporating it into the state educational system and established graduate studies there.

Virginia followed, offering graduate work for Negroes at Virginia State college.

"Negro Year Book"

Negro Year Book

Defender
Chicago, Ill.

This tenth edition of the Negro Year Book like its predecessors contains a wealth of easily accessible information on the Negro. Its broad chapter headings include Population, Intellectual and Other Achievements, Civil Rights, Business, Agriculture, The Church, among others. Facts and figures combine to give an authoritative picture of the state of affairs under each of these headings. The period covered is from 1941-1946.

Dat. 1-3-48

The Year Book section on education underlines the findings of the President's Committee on Civil Rights and the more recent report of the Truman Committee on Higher Education. The need is great for better schools and better trained teachers. A table on the comparative education of Negro and white teachers in the South reveals only 28.9 per cent of the Negro teachers and 52.7 per cent of the whites had completed 4 or more years of college work, while 25.4 per cent of the Negro and 6.9 per cent of the white teachers had completed less than 2 years of college. These figures are for eleven of the Southern states.

Statistics on institutions of higher education show that many of them are not up to standards. Only three of the Negro colleges and universities in the U. S. are accredited by both the Association of American Universities and a regional accrediting agency. The three are Fisk, Howard and North Carolina College for Negroes. The number that have no accreditation of any kind is surprising as is the number that are rated B.

Dat. 1-3-48

The present editor of the Year Book, Jessie Parkhurst Guzman, is to be commended on this first volume to appear since the death of Monroe Work who edited the work from its beginning in 1912 to the present. It is an invaluable reference.

Defender

"The Negro Year Book," edited by Jessie Parkhurst Guzman; published by The Department of Records and Research at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama: 1947.

Chicago, Ill.

THE NEGRO YEAR BOOK 1947
10th Edition Published December
By The Department of Records and Research
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama
708 Pages

Provides a complete, authentic story of Negro life in the United States, Africa, Europe and LatinAmerica during the fatal period 1941-46. Interestingly and fascinatingly told, it is good reading whether for the average person in his home or for the scholar in search of needed data.

Says a noted sociologist:
"This is the type of year book that is befitting the dignity and importance of thirteen million people enjoying the benefits of modern civilization."

On sale at Tuskegee Institute or at your book dealer. Price: $4.50.

Dat. 1-31-48

NEGRO YEAR BOOK

The Baptist Leader

I take this method to inform the brethren of the State that Rev. C. W. Kelly Tuskegee Institute, Ala. has for sale the Tenth Edition of "Negro Year Book" just off the press. I have reviewed enough of it to know that no Negro and especially no minister should be without it in his library. The information it gives is at once enlightening and encouraging. This book says, Dr. Kelly has been issued from Tuskegee for the past fifty years.

Dat. 1-19-48

Birmingham, Ala.

I have a Year Book from another publishing house but it does not come up to the standard of this one, in information of the status and needs of our group.

Dat. 1-19-48

This book will be on sale in the National Baptist Convention at Houston, Texas, and you would do yourself a favor to purchase one. This book touches every phase of Negro life, works and achievement.

Dat. 1-19-48

NEGRO YEAR BOOK

Birmingham, Ala.
The Baptist Leader

I take this method to inform the brethren of the State that Rev. C. W. Kelly Tuskegee Institute, Ala. has for sale the Tenth Edition of "Negro Year Book" just off the press. I have reviewed enough of it to know that no Negro and especially no minister should be without it in his library. The information it gives is at once enlightening and encouraging. This book says, Dr. Kelly has been issued from Tuskegee for the past fifty years.

Dat. 1-31-48

Hm Baptist

I have a Year Book from another publishing house but it does not come up to the standard of this one, in information of the status and needs of our group.

8-12-48

This book will be on sale in the National Baptist Convention at Houston, Texas, and you would do yourself a favor to purchase one. This book touches every phase of Negro life, works and achievement.

Dat. 8-12-48

The Negro Year Book 1947 says that prior to 1930 organized effort and court action involving the 14th amendment in matters pertaining to educational opportunity for Negroes were limited almost exclusively to the elementary and secondary schools levels. At that time, however, not one southern state was providing either graduate or professional training for Negroes.

Negro Year Book: Worthy Treatise

A Comprehensive Reference on the Negro. 708 Pages. The Department of Records and Research, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, $4.50.

Reviewed For ANP By GLADYS P. GRAHAM

HERE is new, 708 page "Negro Year Book." is indeed a worthy compendium of knowledge, and the sine qua non, for all those who would be enlightened, and have at their finger-tips ready and authentic information on the Negro in the United States, Africa, Europe and Latin America.

The Yearbook is edited by Jessie Parkhurst Guzman, director of records and research at Tuskegee and some 24 learned contributors who are reputed specialists in their own respective fields.

The well annotated bibliography of books by or concerning Negroes from 1938-1946, makes up the fifth part of the compact volume.

PART TWO: The Negro in Africa, which considers those in the political divisions of Ethiopia, Liberia, the Union of South Africa by a corps of intellectual, articulate British empire, French Portuguese Empire and the Belgian Congo, late, well qualified specialists, point of the Negro Year Book (which reviewer has the 10th edition of the Booker T. Washington gave the tain, this is the first time that such tool of knowledge. a body of knowledge has all been compiled compactly in one volume. The progress of these groups over a tributions of the Negro Year Book. As far as this period of years has been able to ascer- edition), a welcome and useful and revealing.

Quite apropos is Division XII "The Negro and Civil Rights." Even cultural and Negro affairs. the most untutored may glean major phases of discrimi- something of the past, present and pregnant nation and segregation are well ferretted out as to locale and legal implications.

THE SPLENDID charts, typographical excellence, make-up and

LOW-SALARIED TEACHERS
Chicago Defender Ill.
THE NEGRO YEAR BOOK 1947 declares that from 1939-1940 survey of salary differentials in the Southern States nearly $25,000,000 annually would have to be added to the salaries of Negro teachers to bring them up to the level of salaries received by white teachers; while, if both s salaries and teaching loads had been equalized m more than $30,000,000 have been required in addition to the amount actually ed. Each received $37.50 3-13-48 addition to the amount actually spent for public education in southern states.
3-13-48

Handbook on the Negro

NEGRO YEAR BOOK, 1947. Edited by Jessie Parkhurst Guzman. Department of Records and Research, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. 708 pp. Price $4.50.

The Southern Packet
January 1948

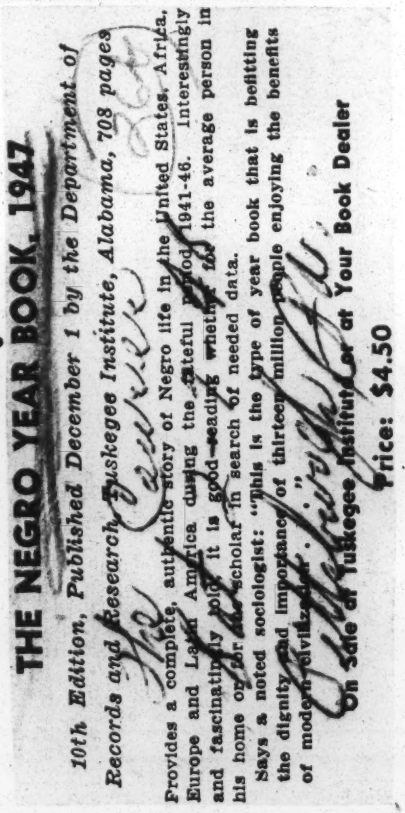
Reviewed by GEORGE S. MITCHELL

PERIODICALLY DURING THE LAST THIRTY-five years Tuskegee Institute has set out in a reference volume the progress of the Negro people in America. The nine earlier books recorded the rungs of Jacob's ladder, those long passed and those to which hands were just reaching. The older volumes, and this new one, came from a remarkable office at Tuskegee, where every item about the Negro's growth found its due file. Mr. Monroe Work as director and editor was until his death in 1945 a people's historian.

This latest volume covers the period from 1938 through 1946. With a new staff, it does a new job. It describes the Negro's status as a citizen of the world. For the United States it runs through the population figures, gives the facts on education and religion, on jobs and farming, on the intricate interrelationship with white people in government, in law, in housing, in the war effort, and carries further the old theme of Negro progress into new fields. Among these it treats particularly Negro achievement in the arts and sciences. A goodish third of the book is left for a rich review of Negro life in modern Africa, in Europe, and in the West Indies. Vol IV

Statistics galore, but readable ones; a Who's Who for many important names hard to find elsewhere; a directory of organizations; and at the end, a remarkable annotated bibliography with around a thousand entries; plus a thorough index. Jan. 1948

When read straight through, it's no small part of an education by itself. And because of the interest its contributors evidently found in writing, it flows readily into the reader's mind almost anywhere it is opened.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Price: $4.50

Turpentine and Moonshine

Love Conquers Caste Between Florida Crackers and Aristocrats

SERAPH ON THE SUWANEE.
By Zora Neale Hurston. 311 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.... $3.*

Reviewed by
WORTH TUTTLE HEDDEN
Author of "The Other Room."

THOUGH "Seraph on the Suwanee" is the love story of a daughter of Florida Crackers and of a scion of plantation owners, it is no peasant-marries-the-prince tale. Arvay Henson, true Cracker in breeding, is above her caste in temperament; James Kenneth Meserve is plain Jim who speaks the dialect and who has turned his back on family, with its static living in the past, to become foreman in a west Florida turpentine camp. Neither is it a romance of the boy-meets-girl school. Beginning conventionally enough with a seduction (a last minute one when Arvay is in her wedding dress), it ends twenty-odd years later when the protagonists are about to be grandparents. In this denouement the divergent lines of Miss Hurston's astonishing, bewildering talent meet to give us a reconciliation scene between a middle-aged man and a middle-aged woman that is erotically exciting and a description of the technique of shrimping that is meticulously exact. Emotional, expository; meandering, unified; naive, sophisticated; sympathetic, caustic; comic, tragic; lewd, chaste—one could go on indefinitely reiterating this novel's contradictions and still end helplessly with the adjective unique.

Incompatible strains in the novel mirror the complexity of the author. Miss Hurston shuttles between the sexes, the professions, and the races as if she were man and woman, scientist and creative writer, white and Negro. She is at her best as a man among men objectively portraying Jim and his work-a-day life with such verisimilitude that we never doubt "whatever God neglected, Jim Meserve took care of." A fight in a bar complete with appropriate obscenity, a struggle between a man and a diamond back between a pilot and the sea, are her meat, and, in the speech of her characters, she do know how to cook it. Jim's complaint about Arvay's loving is pure male:

> I feel and believe that you do love me, Arvay, but I don't want that stand-still, haphazard kind of love. I'm just as hungry as a dog for a knowing and doing love. You love like a coward. Don't take no steps at all. Just stand around and hope for things to happen out right. Unthankful and unknowing like a hog under an acorn tree. Eating and grunting with your ears hanging over your eyes, and never even looking up to see where the acorns are coming from. What kind of satisfaction can I get out of that kind of love?

With Arvay and domestic routine Miss Hurston is less successful, holding her guilt-ridden seraph too consistently in the cloudy sky of the emotions. She knows every intimate detail of Arvay's physical self and reveals it to the point of absurdity, but she has to construct a visible Freudian fretwork to give us understanding of her psychic self. On the other hand, only a woman could animate the adolescent and adult Arvay, now going her wishy-washy unhappy way, now facing facts and courageously burning her past when she burns her house.

How to distill turpentine and "moonshine," grow citrus fruit, catch shrimp and develop a swamp into a country club area are explained here in an industrial scientist's prose. Motivated by his determination to enhance Arvay's life rather than by personal ambition, these varied enterprises are Jim's stepping-stones to success and they advance the plot while they make plausible in realistic fiction the exaggerated devotion of an Augusta J. Evans hero.

The generic life of the Florida Cracker from the cradle to the grave is so documentary in the dramatization of mores and language it seems incredible that one not born to the breed, even though a neighbor and an anthropologist, could be its biographer. Miss Hurston knows her Florida Negro as she knows her Florida white and characterizes them with the same acumen, but she gives them no more attention than the plot demands. In Jim's relation with the colored workmen whose know-how has helped him get rich, in Arvay's petulant jealousy of them, in her triumph over her past when she sits at the table with Titty-Nipple and Cup-Cake, the old southern adage that the aristocrat is the darky's best friend is symbolically italicized. "I declare, Miss Arvay, but you sure is folks. Just like Mister Jim. And everybody knows that Mister Jim's quality first class. Knows how to carry herself, and then how to treat everybody."

Reading this astonishing novel you wish that Miss Hurston had used the scissors and smoothed the seams. Having read it, you would like to be able to remember every extraneous incident and every picturesque metaphor. You will not soon forget the view "if God would fix it so that she got over this greasy log, she would certainly sand the next one," or the articulation of misery: "Her days had nothing in them but hours. Hours that somebody else had got all the light and service out of and chunked them away. Old, worn-out, lifeless marks on time. Like raw, bony, homeless dogs, they took to hanging around her doorway. They were there when she got up in the morning, and still whimpering and whining of their emptiness when she went to bed at night."

Zora Neale Hurston

South Carolina Safe For The States' Righters

Dr. George Gallup last Sunday released the results of his first poll of South Carolina opinion since Governor J. Strom Thurmond was selected as the States' Rights candidate for president.

The survey reveals what could have been anticipated. Governor Thurmond, as of the date of the poll, would get the South Carolina electoral votes by a considerable plurality.

The South Carolina voters were divided:

Thurmond	52%
Truman	26
Dewey	10
Wallace	Less than 1
Undecided	12

South Carolina over the years has been in election after election the most Democratic state in the nation. In 1928 with Al Smith as the Democratic nominee South Carolina voted 95.2 per cent Democratic, which was also the exact percentage of its support for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1944, a decline from his 1936 high of 98.6 per cent.

But this almost unanimous loyalty to the national Democratic party has had the result of operating in reverse so far as the state's influence in Democratic party affairs are concerned. The party could disregard South Carolina and it did. South Carolina was in the bag.

But it will be out of the bag for this election. It might even, as the poll figures show, climbed out of the bag without the States' Rights party. The Republicans are picking up strength in South Carolina. Ten per cent of the vote is more than double the Republican strength in South Carolina rather than Truman. Dewey didn't in 1944. And since the States' Rights partythem at Philadelphia as the Democratic is more of a protest against Harry Truman than any positive movement—Governorsince Dr. Gallup asked two questions. Thurmond, of course, is laboring hard toaddition to the question about how translate it into something positive—therevoter would vote in November he is the likelihood that the majority of thealso to know whether the voter thought States' Righters might have voted for Deweystate should have a real secret ballot

The result was also what everybody, except a few politicians, including Governor Thurmond, anticipated:

In favor of the Secret Ballot	80%
Opposed	8
No opinion	12

If Governor Thurmond had issued the call for the special session of the General Assembly to enact an Australian ballot law for South Carolina and the General Assembly passed it, as it should or not.

have, this would have been the most popular measure ever made law in South Carolina, favored by 90 per cent of the voters of South Carolina who had any opinion about it.

As The Record pointed out, Governor Thurmond ran no risk in issuing the call. The state would still have been in the States' Rights column. But neither the legislature nor the Governor cared to act.

BOOKS AND THINGS

The Herald Tribune

By LEWIS GANNETT

SERAPH ON THE SUWANEE. By Zora Neale Hurston. Scribner. 311 pages. $3.

I WISH that Zora Neale Hurston had more to say in her new novel, for I love the sweep rhythms with which she can make anything she writes a delight. This is a story about a Florida cracker girl named Arvay and her ways of loving Jim Meserve, and you could say about Miss Hurston's story what Jim says about Arvay: she "took long enough to stumble round the teacup to get to the handle."

Way Down Upon the Suwanee River

Down in Sawley on the Suwanee, courting was public. The doings were something like a well-trained hound dog tackling a bobcat, and everybody watched. Jim Meserve had a face full of grin, and when he was around Arvay just couldn't make her face look like she'd been feasting off green persimmons. For the first time in her life, her vanity put on a little flesh while Jim was talking: she almost forgot that she had given up the world after her sister snatched the Rev. Carl Middleton away from her. Sawley, they said, was a town that wore out the knees of its breeches sliding to the Cross and wore out the seat of its pants back-sliding, but outside of Arvay, few Sawleyites got thin thinking about the Reverend Middleton. Some of them said you couldn't even raise a tune if you put a wagonload of good compost under him and ten sacks of commercial fertilizer.

Zora Neale Hurston

The World Seems Sad and Dreary

Arvay just wouldn't believe how happy she was, married to Jim. She couldn't get over what Jim called that old missionary distemper. She was afraid of admitting she was herself. And there came a time when Jim shouted at her that he didn't want a stand-still kind of love; he wanted a knowing and a doing love, and Arvay loved like a coward. Sometimes Miss Hurston seems to be saying that Arvay loved like a cracker. Miss Hurston, whose father was Mayor of the all-Negro town of Eatonville, Fla., hasn't much use for people of any skin color who lack get-up-and-go and spend their spare time bewailing bad luck.

Jim Meserve never has bad luck. His fruit trees flourish, his still pays and he gets out in time; the shrimps crawl up from the bottom of the sea into his net, and he can lick either rattlesnakes or a howling sea single handed. He gets on with the neighbors, even with the law, with the Negroes, with the Portuguese and with his own children. Arvay holds aloof from all of them, and pays for her aloofness.

Lightning Bugs in Daytime

Arvay tries to disapprove of Jim, but her resolutions are "just like the lightning-bugs holding a convention. They met at night and made scorning speeches against the sun and swore to do away with it and light up the world themselves. But the sun came up next morning and they all went under the leaves and owned up that the sun was boss-man in the world." Arvay was always throwing the rabbit into the briar-patch.

Unfortunately, the lightning-bugs don't hold a convention on every one of Miss Hurston's pages, her boss-man is a little too perfect a boss-man, and the Rev. Carl Middleton sits a little lower in the grass than the lowest insect along tobacco road. Even with Miss Hurston's imagery flashing all about him, one gets a little tired of Jim Meserve's he-man loving and Arvay's stumbling around the teacup, and hopes that Miss Hurston will put into her next novel more solid soup-stock. She has a rare talent for cooking with words—as she proved in "Jonah's Gourd Vine" and in "Mules and Men"—but in "Seraph on the Suwanee" she is wasting it on wilted turnip greens.

Not on Race Relations

Zora Neale Hurston's new novel, "Seraph on the Suwanee," will appear in October under Scribner imprint. The first Negro to be graduated from Barnard College, Miss Hurston says that she is not interested in writing only about race problems, and her new book is a humorous and sympathetic story of "poor white trash" in Florida. Miss Hurston, who studied anthropology at Barnard, and has done much research in folklore, is the author of "Their Eyes Were Watching God," "Moses, Man of the Mountain," an autobiography, "Dust Tracks on a Road," and a play, "from Sun to Sun," as well as numerous magazine articles.

GERTRUDE Martin
Chicago Defender

Zora Neale Hurston Writes Of Whites

"SERAPH On the Suwanee," the new novel by Zora Neale Hurston, although differing in subject matter from her previous books, has like them a liveliness and zest for life. This time Miss Hurston writes of poor whites in Florida, her native state. Like Ann Petry, Willard Motley and Frank Yerby, Miss Hurston is adept at picturing white characters.

"Seraph On the Suwanee" revolves around Arvay Henson, pretty and young, who believes she is "through with the world and its sinful and deceitful ways." She was something of a phenomenon in Sawley, the small mill town on the Suwanee River, where most of the girls were married by the age of 16 and life was more a thing of the flesh than of the spirit. When the book opens Arvay is being courted by the dashing and handsome Jim Meserve whose family was several rungs above the Hensons on the social ladder. His winning of Arvay and the long years of their marriage are told with humor and understanding.

Marriage with Arvay was no easy life for Jim whose patience amazed this reader. Born to poverty it was hard for Arvay to learn to accept with ease her new life of comparative luxury and the new friends in the towns to which Jim took her. The consciousness of the bridge between Jim's family and her own made her hateful to him and the realization of her good fortune came slowly.

"Seraph On the Suwanee" gives further proof of Miss Hurston's ability and versatility as a writer. Her book is earthy, humorous and kindly and a welcome change from many of the more weighty novels of the day.

"Seraph On the Suwanee" by Zora Neale Hurston; Scribners and Company; New York City; 1948; $3.00

Negro in Politics

The current New Republic features a section on the Negro in politics. Henry Lee Moon, author of that authoritative book on the subject, "Balance of Power," wrote the introductory article.. In addition there are word pictures of three Negroes taking an active part in the current campaign: a Republican, a Democrat and a Progressive. Horace Cayton discusses Carey (of Chicago) the Republican, Ira Reid's subject is Walden (of Atlanta) the Democrat, and Daniel James writes of Dr. George Cannon (of New York) the Progressive.

Some readers may wonder why Mr. Walden of Atlanta was chosen over such well known Democrats as Dawson of Chicago or Powell of New York. But the articles are well worth your attention.

Influence of Negro In Music Published In New Book

The influnce of the Negro on American music is described as 'more profound than any single source' by David Ewen, in his new book 'Songs of America' just published by the Ziff Davis Publishing Company of New York and Chicago.

In 'Songs of America', the author tells how the Negro found himself a stranger in a foreign land, despised and rejected, who answered the need for an emotional outlet through singing. The first Negroes who came to America are described as 'children of sorrow' who sought religion for comfort and blended religin and song into the great spirituals that area now a part of the nation's musical heritage.

Among the 58 songs for which words and muisc are included in Ewen's book are 'Gimme Dat Ol' Tme Religion', 'Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen', and 'All God's Chillun Got Wings', songs out of the Heart of a race which sang 'in sorroow or in religious ecstasy and gave birthh to a music which became a great art.

In ttelling of the cming oof 'ragtime', 'Songs of America' again credits the Negro. The music that came before jazz and swing an be traced to the clog dancing of the New Orleans Negroes. Originally known as 'ragging' t he syncopated music swept the country and made it possible for the Tin Pan Alley tunesmiths 'perhaps the most important element of Jazz'—found its beginnings in the Negroes desire to sing with instruments in the same way that the spiritual came out of the desire to sing with religion.

Across the Color Line

Erich Hartmann
William Gardner Smith

LAST OF THE CONQUERORS.
By William Gardner Smith.
. . . 262 pp. . . . New York: Farrar, Straus and Company. . . . $2.75.

Reviewed by
JOANNA SPENCER

IT IS hard to conceive of a more bitter situation than that portrayed in "The Last of the Conquerors." It is hard to believe that such bitterness can be so quietly conveyed. Written by a twenty-year-old Negro, this first novel tells of a Negro soldier who learns, while serving in the Army of Occupation in Germany, what it means to be treated as a human being. He learns not from his fellow soldiers, but from Germans.

Hayes Dawkins has read "Mein Kampf" when he comes to Berlin. He dislikes and distrusts Germans, and is unquestioningly loyal to America, in spite of his second-class citizenship. It comes to him slowly, wonderingly, that Germans may have filthy politics, but that in his experience, at least, their area of filthy thought does not include hating Negroes. In fact, the Germans Hayes meets, particularly the women, are attracted to his brown skin and his thick, curly Negroid hair. He is not fooled into trusting the Germans; he doesn't even trust Ilse, the girl he is living with, but he does expand and relax in the knowledge that he is welcome in any bar, any theatre, any place open to any of the conquering soldiers.

From Berlin Hayes is transferred to Wildsdorf, away from the congenial, self-respecting atmosphere of his old company. The new post is known as "nigger hell," commanded by a white Southern "cracker," determined to keep the Negroes "in their place." He finds that the Germans simply don't understand this intramural American fight, and that Ilse, whom he had assumed was getting her cigarettes from some one else now, is really in love with him. His desperate attempt to retain his new equality concludes the story.

The author has illumined his situation with a good story and good characters. Dawkins is a young, pleasant, well mannered Negro who is bright but not aggressive, courageous but not heroic. The author has drawn him so clearly that his actions seem inevitable. The love story is moving and real. Mr. Smith writes with a single-mindedness that perhaps oversimplifies, but his extreme restraint gives his cruel story a gentleness which is both skillful and effective. This is a very good novel. It is also a book which should be deeply disturbing to white Americans.

"Last of the Conquerors"

William Gardner Smith has drawn on very recent history for his first novel, "Last of the Conquerors": life of a Negro soldier in occupied Germany. From his own experiences and using a number of news events Mr. Smith has written a book whose sincerity and close parallel to life itself lift it above the average even though its style is often stilted and over-simplified.

Hayes Dawkins (a name I never got used to) is the young Negro soldier who tells his story in the first person. Hayes is from Philadelphia, as is the author and leaves Germany to return home to enter Temple University. Mr. Smith is now enrolled at Temple but how much more of the novel is autobiographical the short outline of his life on the book's jacket does not reveal.

Like a number of his friends in the Army, Dawkins comes to look upon Germany as home and more democratic than the United States. He falls in love with a German girl and lives with her until he is victimized by a white captain and is forced to return home.

The life of Negro soldiers abroad and their treatment by the Germans, by the white officers and enlisted men, is effectively told in "Last of the Conquerors." Mr. Smith was only twenty when his novel was completed and there is some immaturity in his writing. His dialogue, even that of the soldiers sounds like the translated German of his German characters.

As the account of life of American Negro soldiers abroad, "Last of the Conquerors" deserves to be widely read. A book like this one can bring home far more effectively than news stories the treatment of Negro troops and the way they react to it.

"Last of the Conquerors" by William Gardner Smith; Farrar and Straus; New York City; 1948; $3.00

CORRECTION

The publisher of "Witnesses for Freedom" reviewed here last week is Harper and Brothers and the book sells for $3.50. This information was omitted from the review.

THIS VERY EARTH. By Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 254 pages. $2.75.

LAST OF THE CONQUERORS. By William Gardner Smith. Farrar, Straus. 262 pages. $2.75.

THE Erskine Caldwell record scratches; it's been run too often. Ten novels and four volumes of short stories have played variations on the theme which he has made part of American speech: "Tobacco Road." And the reviewer's record scratches, too; we say: The man can write; he has an ear for the rhythms of American speech; his characters are subhuman, almost too bestial for belief; one book is so like another that memory confuses them. It has all been said over and over again.

Another Erskine Caldwell Record

This time we read about the Crocketts. Chism Crockett has achieved his one big ambition, to live in town and be city folks, and, despite all the efforts of his family, he holds on to it like beggar-lice to wool pants. Still, and all, he can't help being a possum-hunter any more than a rooster can keep from growing a comb, and when he takes his eleven-year-old son Jarvis on his first possum hunt, he pours green corn whisky down the sick boy's throat until he's proved the boy is a man. Then he takes Jarvis into a box car with two scared mulatto girls. He knows his son-in-law, Nobby Hair, will never do anything harder than move a goose feather from one hand to the other. He leaves Nobby alone. He tries to live by blackmailing his daughters Jane and Vickie, and eventually he kills his daughter Dorisse with a flatiron.

William Gardner Smith

It's an old Erskine Caldwell record, with a few new soft notes about how mama wanted good things for the children, how they're all lonely and have been pushed around, and maybe if the Kluxers had never got to Chism he'd have stayed on the farm and been a nice upstanding cracker. But the record scratches there, too; Mr. Caldwell seems more at home when he sticks to the old tried cracker-barrel guffawing than when he weeps social-consciously into his beer.

Colored Boys in Germany

William Gardner Smith is barely twenty-two years old; "Last of the Conquerors" is his first book, and a good one. Like Mr. Caldwell, he has the narrative gift; he, too, has an ear for the rhythms of American speech. He has the advantage of having something to say that he hasn't said a dozen times before.

"Last of the Conquerors," presumably autobiographical in inspiration, is the story of Hayes Dawson, a colored boy from Philadelphia, in the Army of Occupation in Germany. Like his comrades; Randy (who'd fought with the 2d Armored in the Bulge), "the Professor" (college-educated) and Murdock, he'd been indoctrinated to hate Germans. The German "chicks," and the American officers, gave him a different perspective.

At first the boys all wanted to go home. Murdock seemed to gloat when his travel orders came. Then he broke down. "I don't want to go home," he said. "I like this goddam country, you know that? You know what I learned here? . . . Now I know what it is to walk into any place, *any* place, without worrying about whether they serve colored. I had to come over here to learn that a nigger ain't no different from nobody else. I hadda come over here and let the Nazis teach me that. They don't teach that stuff back in the land of the free."

"Take it easy," said Randy.

Randy said it was because Murdock lived in Georgia. Holmone said the only difference between South and North was that the South was more honest with its prejudice; it put up signs. Holmone talked of slipping off to live in the Russian zone.

Another Richard Wright?

Hayes Dawson thought, Well, the States is my home; I was born there. Maybe if all the Negroes to treat Negroes equally, he said: "To have no one University now. He might turn into another Richard

German, who had been a prisoner of war in Virginia, or downright indecent. And you wonder what Mr. anything about democracy. He never pretended that Ilse, his "chick," meant be the same there. In Berlin he wouldn't believe to smile." Mr. Smith gives a fresh, convincing picture of loved him. It was when she said she the mud of Bremburg, which was known as a "nigger hell," that he began to think about going back to you understand Steve going berserk; and you underhell," that he began to think about going back to you understand Steve going berserk; and you under- Germany. He never pretended the Germans knew stand Hayes Dawson's dilemma. You never doubt

Wright—possibly, for there is a difference between growing up in Pennsylvania and in Mississippi—less bitter and angry.

Negro Society In 'Living Is Easy'

Daily Worker
New York, N.Y.
Wed. 5-26-48

By John Hudson Jones

THE LIVING IS EASY deals with the "upper class" Negroes of Boston, who must work to keep up their feeble efforts at imitating the white ruling class. The story is that of Cleo Judson, born in South Carolina, one of four sisters, who comes to Boston, marries a fruit dealer, Bart, and begins a 15-year

The Living Is Easy, by Dorothy West. Houghton Miflin, Boston. 347 pp. $3.50.

neurotic drive to bring her sisters from the South and to climb the "Negro Society" ladder.

Cleo, a ruthless, ambitious woman, who uses Bart in her daily schemes against the other shrews of her set, emerges as a caricature, not as fully believable, as her other characters. 5-26-48

The novel immediately reminded this reviewer of a recent picture spread in a Negro magazine on "upper bracket Boston" Negroes described as "a cartoon world of genteel poverty." One picture showed some very, very austere "old line Bostonians." The grandest of them all had a hyphenated name. "He is a postal clerk," the caption cracked with a straight face.

Undoubtedly, Miss West has conveyed a fair picture of this segment of American society. But middle class Negroes, attempting to compensate for being torn by a society that rejects them on racial grounds, present social and psychological problems which neither Miss West nor any other writer, Negro or white, has successfully tackled. Daily Worker

The novel displays a wealth of material that could have been molded into a truly magnificent, if pathetic story. Here are the anxious strivers, the would-be snobs, the imitators, the escapists from the horrors of Jimcrow who form their own castes. New York, N.Y.

There is much skillfully handled humor and touches of other Negro folk materials, but these virtues are not enough to completely portray the complex life of Miss West's people. Wed. 5-26-48

BOSTON LOCALE
Constitution

Dark Bluebloods

ing career at 7 years of age. When 16, she began selling short stories to newspapers. A publisher, following her daily short stories, suggested she write a mystery novel. For six months she labored at the idea with no results. It was then "Living is Easy", her first novel was begun. Published by Houghton-Mifflin company, New York, May 13, the book tells of colored Bostonians who belonged or longed to belong to the select few "whose impregnable position had been established by Boston birth and genteel breeding," and whose lives were narrowly confined to a daily desperate effort to ignore their racial heritage.

THE LIVING IS EASY, by Dorothy West; Houghton Mifflin; $3.50.

Cleo Judson wants always to be first in the hearts of her father and mother, sisters, friends and even, as she realizes too late, husband. Sun. 6-6-48

Born in the South just after slavery ended, she eventually reaches Boston and marries the "Black Banana King," who, though he is rich by the standards of his own people and prosperous by white standards, can't provide his grasping wife with the money for her social ambitions. 6-6-48

There were bluebloods of dark skin in Boston at the turn of the century, and they pretended, says this author, to be as far above the black rabble as any "proper Bostonians" ever set themselves above common whites. Out of this unfamiliar background Miss West has produced a novel, which, despite some clumsy chapters, shows a writer with a promising turn of phrase and a feeling for satire which I wish she had exercised at greater length.—W. G. R.

"Living Is Easy" Author

Pontiac Commercial

Miss Dorothy West writes of the half dozen families dominating Negro society in Boston in the first decades of the century, who were as self-consciously aristocratic as their white counterparts. Born and bred in Boston, Miss West began her writ-

26b 1948

Lost Boundaries

Lost Boundaries. W. L. White. Harcourt. $1.50.

BEHIND this simple story simply told lies the complex maze of an absurd social pattern rooted in irrational prejudice which warps and twists the lives of thousands of innocent victims caught in its toils. This is the story of a boy who did not learn until he was sixteen years old that he was a Negro. In that respect it is not typical of the average Negro's experience in a society that is afflicted with the psycho-somatic disease of race prejudice.

Albert Johnston, Jr., at the age of sixteen was an average American boy, completely interested in the New England environment in which he had grown up, popula with boys and girls, captain of his school skiing team, competent in his studies. His father and mother were Negroes, but neither their children nor their neighbors knew it. After his graduation from Rush Medical College in Chicago, Albert Johnston, Sr., had found that the fact of his Negro ancestry made it extremely difficult for him to employ his skills for the benefit of suffering humanity. So, because both were light complected, he and his wife had "passed." In the small New England town where he became a successful general practitioner and later a specialist in radiology, Dr. Johnston and his family were accepted by their neighbors without reserve. He took an active part in civic and club affairs. His wife was equally active and equally popular in the social and civic life of the community. Their children grew up never suspecting that thef were Negroes.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Dr. Johnston, moved by sincere patriotism, volunteered for medical service in the Navy. The Navy, meticulously careful to observe the absurdities, put its investigators to work and, delving into Dr. Johnston's past, discovered that he was a Negro! He was rejected. In a moment of bitterness and lacerated pride, he told Albert that he was a Negro.

The rest of the story tells what the discovery did to Albert. From a normal, well balanced, popular, promising youngster he is radically changed. He finds himself all mixed up, confused, uncertain, beset with fears and with a sense of insecurity. He becomes psychoneurotic, nearly goes utterly to pieces, almost slips into a frame of mind that might easily have led to the penitentiary, the gutter or to a mental institution.

Actually it was neither the fact that he was a Negro nor the discovery of that fact that did these things to him. It was the fact that the idiotic and murderous pattern of prejudice in this country makes it impossible for a Negro to live a normal, rational, integrated life in our society. Albert Johnston was exactly the same boy the day after his discovery as he had been the day before, and yet, without anything changing in him, his whole relationship to his world was fundamentally altered, twisted.

Most Negroes succeed in working out a more or less tolerable adjustment that at least permits them to retain their sanity. But Albert was sixeen years old before he was made aware of the problem and filled with the confused uncertainties about his position in society.

The tragedy of Albert Johnston's story is that it is a true story. W. L. White has told the story without embellishment, without rhetoric. He points no morals, draws no conclusions. He does not have to. The story speaks for itself and is a crushing indictment of the pattern of prejudice which does such murderous things to the human spirit.

GEORGE H. DUNNE.

Tragic African Idyll

THE PATH OF THUNDER. By Peter Abrahams. 279 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75.

By NONA BALAKIAN

PETER ABRAHAMS brings to his novel of racial tension in South Africa a subjective dimension that adds new pathos to a familiar theme. Apart from the note of protest inherent in his plot, there is an undercurrent of compassionate feeling in his writing that insinuates itself like poetry. When he is not too involved with thunder and lightning action, his gently ironic prose cuts through the surface of words to lay bare the hidden wounds of the psychologically alienated Negro or half-caste.

The story begins quietly, but dangerously, when Lanny Schwartz, a young Eurafrican with diplomas, degrees and ideals, returns to his home on the highveld, after seven years in Capetown, determined to improve the condition of his people. He has said good-by to his girl and to his freedom to come back to Stilleveld, that vast expanse of somber valleys, "where native or colored people lived and built their homes and bred their children and grew old and died—by kind permission of a white landowner." It is an ironic homecoming—for though he is hero-worshiped and feted by the community, he no sooner steps off the train than the look of one man and the actions of another remind him that the race bar at home only mocks at his education. Should he believe with the old, illiterate preacher that education will "save" his people, or should he listen to worldly wise Fieta's warning to leave his people blissfully ignorant?

LANNY opens his school. But as his loneliness grows (even his mother is too awed by his knowledge to try to understand him), he is filled with doubts: "He wanted to do things for his people, but he also wanted to be happy. And, besides, one can't fight anything well without hating it. And he didn't hate anything." He can be neither stoical like Isaac—the Jewish shopkeeper's son, who would rather write about life than live it—nor the man of action, like Mako, the philosophical Kaffir, who advocates freedom through violence. It is not until he meets Sarie Villiers of the corn-colored hair that Lanny discovers his own strength in love.

Lanny's struggle against an impossible love ends in his discovery that the struggle is impossible. For, though Sarie is white, though she belongs to the tyrant family of the House on the Hill, Lanny feels more "natural" with her than with his own people. Resenting his self-assurance at first, but strangely drawn to him, Sarie, wants to know: "Is it education that makes you different?"

Later, when understanding has broken through their reserve, Lanny's answer probes deep:

> Deep down I always feel choked and dry. * * * You see, my heart is not free. I never do anything on impulse. * * * In Cape Town, always when I walked down a street I was afraid a white man might purposely walk into me and start trouble. I wasn't afraid of the trouble * * * I was just afraid and it choked my heart and dried it up. Do you see?

It is clearly more than the problem of miscegenation that concerns the writer: the racial question is much larger for him than that. What really holds the reader's interest is the unfolding of the individual before the only antidote to fear and frustration: the complete understanding of love. Mr. Abrahams is at his lyric best in these scenes here, fortunately, is the only time when he isn't obsessed with plot. There is no space even to suggest the various subplots which he reels off with the fancied ease of a Victorian novelist. Yet because Mr. Abrahams can create character at a stroke, he can at least momentarily make you believe in the most fantastic action. And if his theme looms much too large for him at times, one might remember that he has attacked a subject which will take more years than our own lifetime to solve.

THE PATH OF THUNDER

A HARPER "Find"

Out of South Africa comes this powerful novel of a love that shatters the barriers of race

By PETER ABRAHAMS

RICHARD WRIGHT says: "THE PATH OF THUNDER begins as innocently as a spring morning in the country, but rises to heights of bitter passion. . . . Abrahams is a new voice, a new passion, a new style... His art is powerful enough to bridge the gap of oceans and cultures." $2.75

Getting Over The Southern View

John Temple Graves

The Record

"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."

Columbia, S.C.

American book and magazine people could tell Edmund Burke how to indict a whole people, for they seem to have done it in the case of the Southern states. The point of view of the average educated Southerner has no chance of being made known to his fellow Americans in national print these days, and it's a pity. Thirty million Southerners could be wrong, but the very fact of so many of them thinking the same thing makes that thing worth a little national print.

Thurs 5-27-48

The experience of Charles Wallace Collins with his recently published book, "Whither Solid South," which has come to be somewhat the Bible of the Southern revolt, is an excellent example of the taboo. Born in Alabama, Mr. Collins has lived in Maryland for many years and come to be accepted (even by the Supreme Court of the United States) as an authority on constitutional law, public finance, and banking. His sketch in "Who's Who" recited enough to prove him a national figure and a man of unusual education, intelligence and distinction.

His books on other themes had been published by a famous New York house. But this one was turned down cold by that house "on grounds of policy." Another New York publisher read it and said he just "couldn't handle it." A third, returning it with a polite note of rejection, inadvertently enclosed an interoffice memorandum: "This book by a Southerner is well organized, well written and well documented, but it is more dangerous than lynching and the Ku Klux Klan because he has cloaked the Southern prejudice with a show of reason."

When prejudice is "cloaked with reason," when it is "well-organized, well written and well documented," how is a New York publisher able to decide it is prejudice? The prejudice is obviously the other way. No amount of reason and documenting, obviously, will let the Southern point of view pass the taboo. The publisher's mind is made up and closed and closed in advance—which is what prejudice is.

5 - 27 - 48

True, a New York publisher printed my own book, "The Fighting South," Mr. Collins wrote me about that: "Your book was written before Gunnar Myrdal, mine afterwards. In the interval in the realm of publication, distribution and review of books the Northern mind was poisoned against the South." Mr. Collins' book was published eventually by the Pelican Press of New Orleans.

Thurs. 5-27-48

In the last weeks several scholarly, sincere and well-written manuscripts with the Southern point of view on race segregation have been sent to me for advice on getting them nationally published. I could only advise that no national publishing house or magazine would take anything now that makes a case for segregation in the South, or recognizes differences between white and black. Here we are—one-fourth to one-third of a nation—and yet our almost unanimous position on this matter vital to us is strictly taboo in national print.

I think there is going to be a change, however, and that it will owe much to the so-called revolt which is calling national attention to us as a people with claims to both political and moral consideration. In the last 18 months I have been in 46 states. Everywhere I have found people of education and intelligence (the sort of who read books and magazines) willing to listen to the Southern case and, in an amazing number of instances, sympathetic with it. There is what might be called a "grass roots" inclination throughout the country to go over the heads of the politicians and publishers and consider the South's plight and case on merit.

Thurs. 5 - 27 - 48

In that inclination there may come a time when the conviction that the two races must be separated in the South will not be deemed too backward for printing.

Harris' Genius as Storyteller Traced to Plantation Days

Joel Chandler Harris' genius as a story-teller has been recognized the world over. Yet it was almost by accident that he started putting down in printed words the tales of Uncle Remus that were to bring him the title of Georgia's Aesop.

Harris was a 30-year-old columnist on The Atlanta Constitution at the time—70 years ago. Writing his column one day, he reached back into memories of his boyhood days in Putnam County. And he told in dialect one of the fables he had heard at Turnwold Plantation from George Terrell, a genial, lovable old slave.

That column piece was an immediate hit. It brought a flood of letters from readers asking for more of the familiar stories they had heard as children from Negro cooks, nurses and farm hands.

Harris delved deeper into his storehouse of memories, and told more of the tales, using as narrator a character he called Uncle Remus, patterned after George Terrell.

These stories in The Constitution became so popular they were picked up by other newspapers and widely printed from coast to coast, until the shy columnist found himself a celebrity.

An editor of D. Appleton and Company came to Atlanta to contract with Harris for publication of his stories in book form. The first volume, entitled "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," became such a hit that fan mail poured in from such personages as Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Alexander Stephens and Rudyard Kipling.

Thus did the Uncle Remus stories capture the fancy of readers everywhere. And subsequent volumes added to Harris' lasting fame as one of the South's greatest writers and humorists.

Born in Eatonton, Harris gained his first writing experience at Turnwold Plantation where he went to work as an apprentice printer in boyhood days on The Countryman, published by Joseph A. Turner.

Later he became printer on The Macon Telegraph and a contributor to its editorial columns. He subsequently was secretary to the editor of The Crescent Monthly at New Orleans, but returned to Georgia to work on The Monroe Advertiser at Forsyth. From there he went to The Savannah Morning News as an editorial paragrapher at the then fabulous salary of $40 a week.

It was at Savannah that he married Esther LaRose. After the birth of their first two children, Julian LaRose and Lucien, a yellow fever epidemic hit Savannah and the Harris family moved to Atlanta in 1876 and he joined The Constitution.

Harris remained on The Constitution staff until his death in 1908, and his West End home, "The Wren's Nest," has been preserved as a shrine by the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, which had a hand in persuading the Post Office Department to issue a stamp in his memory today.

Three of Harris' sons, Evelyn, Julian and Joel Chandler (Jake), Jr., were at various times members of The Constitution staff, and Jake is now one of the paper's national advertising representatives.

"HE WAS A BODACIOUS CRITTER"—Uncle Remus, Alphon Smith, 73-year-old Hapeville Negro, spins one of his tall tales about Br'er Rabbit to young Bobby Brent at the Atlanta Municipal Airport, while Bobby awaits his outbound flight. Alphon says most of the children who visit with him at the entrance to Dobbs House Restaurant in the airport terminal know more stories about the Uncle Remus characters than he does. Hundreds of children trade exciting stories with him each week.

Uncle Remus Come to Life, Listens to the Youngsters

Bobby's imagination began to thing resembling Uncle Remus run away with him. He told Un- and the old South.
cle Remus more about Br'er Fox Alphon was "discovered" by B.
and the other characters of the F. Buttrey, Manager of Dobbs
famous Joel Chandler Harris sto- while Alphon was cutting
ries than the old Uncle had ever the front lawn of the Hangar Ho-
heard about. tel one day not long ago.

But, Uncle Remus has learned Buttrey was looking for an el-
to be a good listener in the past derly Negro who he could dress
eight months. He just starts the up and place in front of the
kids finish them restaurant as doorman to give the
restaurant a little "atmosphere."
He spotted Alphon when the Ne-
gro doffed his hat to wipe the per-
spiration from his brow.
He asked Alphon if he could
grow a white beard. Alphon pro-
duced the white chin thatch with-
in 11 days. He now walks more
than two miles to work each day.
Buttrey now is planning a spe-
cial "Uncle Remus" table for the
small fry at the Airport Terminal.
He plans to put the Uncle right
in the midst of the youngsters so
he can spin stories to them while
they eat, out of a special Walt
Disney china, inscribed with all
sorts of Uncle Remus and Disney
characters.

Alphon then would take his
place with the giant murals of
scenes from "Song of the South"
which adorn the walls of the
restaurant. And, he will tell—and
listen to the exploits of Br'er
Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er
Bear.

Whers I Was Born And Raised

Southerner Cohn Fails to Find A Solution to the Race Problem

The Courier-Journal
Louisville, Ky. Mon. 6-14-48

A book review by George Burt

WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED: By David L. Cohn. Houghton Mifflin & Co. 365 pp. $4.

DAVID L. COHN would be deeply shocked, no doubt, at the idea that he is preaching a master race theory straight from Adolf Hitler. Yet he could be no more shocked than those who read his new book, "Where I Was Born and Raised," in the hope of finding there some hopeful leadership in the field of Negro-Caucasian relations in the South.

Mr. Cohn purports to consider the Negroes of the Mississippi Delta in an objective light. Actually, he argues the familiar Southern Caucasian line reduced to a simple sentence: "The weaker race remained the weaker." What is even more distressing, he clothes the old arguments in anecdotes intended to convey the idea of a mystic understanding between the Southern Negro, in his poor place, and the benign Southern white, in his. The effect is as macabre as a dying man dressed for Mardi Gras.

6-14-48 Mon

Actually, it is apparent that Mr. Cohn does feel a deep concern for the Negro. His is not the concern of one man for another, however, but the concern of a sportsman for his favorite hound. He is hag-ridden by the fear that the attempts of civil rights advocates will push the Negro "nearer the abyss." He is haunted by the alternative fear that "the risks, on the other hand, of doing nothing are also great." And he takes his stand for permanent and complete racial segregation.

The Courier-Journal
Louisville, Ky.

PRACTICAL considerations in the Delta, he tells us in preparation, make it impossible to take even the first steps toward ending segregation. That is very bad for the "white South," he adds, because segregation requires the "white South" to provide "dual facilities for the races in education, transportation, hospitals, jails and nearly everywhere that the two groups may meet."

Then Mr. Cohn declares in somber warning: "Yet whatever may be the disabilities worked upon the Negroes and whites by segregation, whether the fears that provoke it are reasonable or unreasonable, whether it is anti-democratic, anti-Constitutional, or anti-Christian, there is little chance, in my opinion, that it will be obliterated within foreseeable time. He who evades, beclouds, or challenges the issue may do great harm to the whole American society. He who does not take segregation as the starting point for an exploration of the possibilities that may lead to a betterment of the race question will find himself lost in a haunted wood."

Louisville, Ky.
The Courier-Journal

MR. COHN, himself lost in this haunted wood—or another just like it—talks earnestly of segregation having its roots in a sex taboo. This, of course, is the old favorite argument "You wouldn't want your daughter to marry a Negro, would you?" One wonders in passing if Mr. Cohn may not have his cart before his horse. He assumes that some mysterious alchemy connected with sex is the reason for segregation, and hence for all the discriminations which have been imposed on the Negro. May it not be that these discriminations have created and magnified the "blood" taboo—whatever that is? 6-14-48

Southern Caucasians have forced Negroes into inferior education if any, poor health standards, the worst jobs, political impotence. Is it any wonder, then, that the product of this system is an untouchable? Is it any wonder that the system has intensified prejudices, which as Mr. Cohn remarks, strike through reason and deep into the subconscious mind? And is there any hope to reverse the process, to wipe out castes, to let the prejudices fade, as long as this iron segregation and this double standard of democracy last? Mon.

I do not think there is.

26d 1948

Earl Anderson

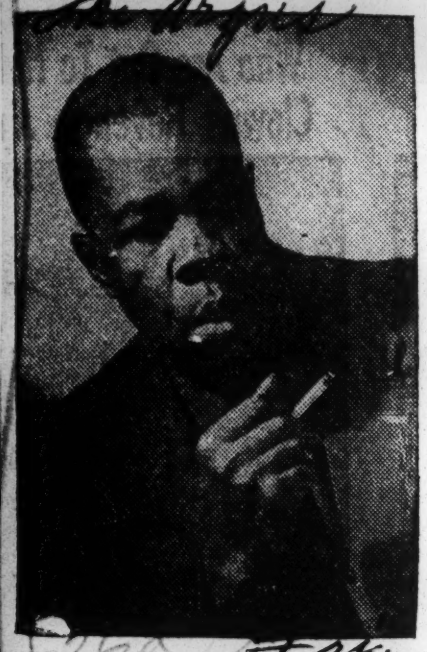
Freed Prisoner Dies Defending His Poetry

CHILLICOTHE, O. — (ANP)— A poung Chicagoan, Earl Anderson, died on his 21st birthday last week, in order to guard the secret that he is a poet. Young Anderson fought four guards at the federal reformatory here just as he was being released because he did not want to show officials his poetry.

He suffered a broke neck and died during the battle. The melee was caused when the police thought a bulge in his pants legs was something he was trying to smuggle out of the place illegally. It turned out to be manuscripts of poetry he had written while a prisoner.

He was arrested when he was 15 for taking things from mailboxes, and sent to the National Training School for Boys in Washington, D. C. He came beck here in 1947. On his 21st birthday he became eligible for release.

PUBLISHES THIRD VOLUME OF POEMS



FRANK MARSHALL DAVIS
Whose third volume of poetry, "47th Street," has just been published by the Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. A former Rosenwald Fellow in poetry, Davis is executive editor of the Associated Negro Press. 9-23-48

Dunbar's Poems Still Live

Feb. 9 Is 42nd Anniversary of Poet's Death

● By B. M. PHILLIPS

FEBRUARY 9th marks the 42nd anniversary of the death of Paul Laurence Dunbar, who won world acclaim for his lyrics before his untimely death at the age of 34, and whose poems are still loved and recited because of their simple message

A native of Dayton, Ohio, young Dunbar was forced to work by night in order to go to school by day but despite this hardship finished high school with honors.

Began Composing Early

He began composing verses while in his teens and shunned the ministry in order to keep on with his work. After high school, he worked as an elevator operator and performed other menial tasks in order to support himself and his widowed mother.

Just when things seemed blackest, friends began publicizing his works and it wasn't long before his poems were well-known throughout this country and abroad.

In 1897, he traveled to England where John Hay, the American ambassador and one of his warmest friends, introduced him into the leading literary clubs.

After his return to the States, he was much in demand as a guest at social events and public meetings and he toured all sections of the country reciting his poems.

Ranks With Best

Critics have said that as a lyricist, Dunbar ranks with the best, and cite his "When Malindy Sings," and "Angelina," as being as ecstatic as Shelley's "Skylark."

The fact that Dunbar recorded in his works the little things of life, and could take the commonplace happenings and show their beauty is to his credit as a poet.

In addition to publishing his poems in book form, Dunbar also authored several stories which did not gain as much prominence as his lyrics. He also was a frequent contributor to the leading papers and periodicals.

While present-day lovers of poetry are not so enthusiastic about his dialect poems, some critics say that some of them are his best works.

Dunbar himself once commented, "I'm tired, so tired of dialect." The fact that critics passed over his great productions in English to praise a jingle in dialect was one of the real griefs that sapped his life, said his biographer Lida W. Williams, who compiled his works in book form.

Certainly this poem, "Life," which is one of my favorites, has appeal. Mr. Dunbar liked to recite it and always held his audience spellbound because of his impressive rendition:—

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter and the cares come after
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is life!"

So many of Dunbar's poems had the homely advice which comforted people of all classes, such as his Keep A-Pluggin' Away—

"I've a humble little motto
That is homely, though it's true,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

When you've rising storms to quell,
When opposing waters swell,
It will never fail to yell,—
Keep a-pluggin' away . . ."

One of his favorites which is still beloved is "The Colored Soldier"—

"If the muse were mine to tempt it
And my feeble voice were strong,
If my tongue were trained to measures,
I would sing a stirring song,
I would sing a song heroic
Of those noble sons of Ham,
Of the gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam!

And their deeds shall find a record
In the registry of Fame;
For their blood has cleansed completely
Every blot of Slavery's shame.
So all honor and all glory
To those noble sons of Ham—
The gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam;"

The weather, the seasons and nature, which all poets extoll were also good material for Dunbar. He wrote of October—

"October is the treasurer of the year,
And all the months pay bounty to her store;
The fields and orchards still their tribute bear,
And fill her brimming coffers more and more . . . ."

And of the dawn, he wrote:—

"An angel robed in spotless white
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night;
Night woke to blush, the sprite was gone—
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn."

Dunbar was a poet who took cognizance of all kinds of human situations. In this one he praises a man who dares stand on his principles:—

"Right arms and armors, too, that man
Who will not compromise with wrong;
Though single, he must front the throng,
And wage the battle hard and long.
Minorities, since time began,
Have shown the better side of man;
And often in the lists of Time
One man has made a cause sublime . . ."

Of a dear one whom death called he wrote:—

"The house is dust, the voice is dumb,
But through undying years to come,
The spark that glowed within her soul
Shall light our footsteps to the goal.
She went her way; but oh, she trod
The path that led her straight to God.
Such lives as this put death to scorn;
They lose our day to find God's morn."

On the right to die, Dunbar held the unorthodox view that a man

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

has the right to commit suicide when he said:—

"Men court not death
When there are sweets still left in life to taste.
Nor will a brave man choose to live when he,
Full deeply drunk of life, has reached the dregs,
And knows that now but bitterness remains.
He is the coward who, outfaced in this,
Fears the false goblins of another life."

Dunbar once said that he wrote "just because I love it," and on many occasions when he was particularly pleased or when an unusual event occurred and he was inspired he would dash off a verse in a few minutes.

Such a verse was his "Rain Songs." His biographer recalls that the day on which he wrote "Rain Songs" was dark and dreary but Dunbar found beauty in it....

"The rain streams down like harp-strings from the sky,
The wind, that world-old harper sitteth by,
And ever, as he sings his low refrain,
He plays upon the harp-strings of the rain."

Dunbar's "My Sort O'Man," is another simple, human poem which strikes home....

"I dont believe in 'ristercrats
An' never did, you see;
The plain ol' homelike sorter folks
Is good enough fur me.
O' course, I don't desire a man
To be too tarnal rough,
But then, I think all folks should know
When they air nice enough.
....The man who simply sits and waits
Fur good to come along,
Ain't worth the breath that one would take
To tell him he is wrong.
Fur good ain't flowin' round this world
Fur every fool to sup;
You've got to put yore see-ers on,
An' go an' hunt it up . . ."

And finally, this verse which Dunbar wrote to a staunch and loyal friend whose personality brought sunshine into his short life:—

"Because you love me I have much achieved,
Had you despised me then I must have failed,
But since I knew you trusted and believed,
I could not disappoint you and so prevailed."

Dustin' off the NEWS

by LUCIUS C. HARPER

ORVILLE WRIGHT WAS ONCE BUDDY OF PAUL DUNBAR

IN THE RECENT passing of Orville Wright, co-inventor of the airplane with his brother, Wilbur, there is a story regarding his life that resulted in a great contribution to our race.

Lucius C. Harper

Both Orville and Wilbur share honors in it, but Orville seemed to have been the most outstanding contributor. Born in Dayton, O., the Wrights were the first to launch Paul Laurence Dunbar, famous Negro poet, on his brilliant literary career.

Orville and Wilbur were classmates of Dunbar at old Central High school in Dayton. Orville and Paul were buddies. They walked to and from school together. When the Wesleyan Church Literary Club was organized, Orville nominated Paul for an office, and because of his platform dignity nicknamed him "The Deacon". Even in manhood they always referred to the poet as "Deac".

After graduation, the Wrights rigged up a homemade printing press in their father's barn and issued a magazine called "The Midget". They invited Dunbar to contribute "personals and poems". Through this medium Paul began to see his literary efforts appear in print. The Wrights later broadened their scope: they issued a weekly, "The West Side News," with Paul as a contributing editor. His wit and humor helped the paper sell.

* * *

Bubbling with enthusiasm, the Wrights decided to issue a daily and called it "The Item". Dunbar still contributed, and when the paper moved to larger quarters, it out box by box. This association with the Wrights gave Paul the idea to go into the newspaper business himself. Orville agreed to do the printing "on the cuff" until Paul could pay. And the first issue of "The Dayton Tattler, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Editor," appeared on December 13, 1890. It was four pages, and in it Dunbar wrote his first short stories.

Both "The Tattler" of Dunbar and "The Item" of the Wrights soon folded, and the three chums —Paul, Wilbur and Orville, — took different routes. Paul was soon acclaimed as the "new find" in American literature by the famous editor, William Dean Howells and introduced to the world. And about the same time the Wright brothers conquered the elements with their heavier-than-air machine at Kitty Hawk, N. C., and were likewise introduced to the world. The death, just recently, of Orville Wright ends the final chapter in the lives of these three great Americans, who wrote their names indelibly on the Scroll of Time, and contributed much pleasure, comfort and happiness to mankind.

———

(Those who wish to read a fuller version of this story will find it in "Paul Dunbar and His Song" by Virginia Cunningham, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price $2.75.)

26d 1948

Daily Worker

Freedom Train

(Freedom Train Paused at Atlanta January 1 and 2. Newspaper Item.-

I come up 'roun' surrender
  En de emancipashun bluff,
Freedom en democracy
  En all dat sort o' stuff;
I saw de celebrashuns
  Whar de black uns cut a spree
Thankin' God fer Lincoln
  Who had "saved a wretch lak me!"

Daily Worker 1-6-48

I didn't have a name sir,
  So I up en took
One fer easy spellin'
  En I put it on de book,
But huntin' ob de ballot
  Wuz no easy courtin',—
Twunt long 'fore they tol' me
  "Us white folks does de votin'."

I took off to share-croppin',
  The land woul' show me how,
I thought it held my freedom
  En I'd reach it wid a plow;
But ever bloomin' Chrismus
  My boss man woul' prove,
Somebody'd hav' ter buy me
  Befo' dat I coul' move.

Atlanta, Ga.

I keep on huntin' freedom,—
  We pitched a shoutin' day,
Ever' first of January
  En de twenty-eighth of May,
Tell late up in de forties
  Gene Talmadge give de sign
En dey lynched dem two couples
  Near de Walton County line.

I begin to wonder
  Ef thar wuz sich a thing
As di myth of freedom
  I heard de soldiers sing;
Thin one day I 'scovered,
  Bless God to my pain,—
Democracy is a switchman
  En Freedom is a train!

Flanagan, Famed Poet, To Speak To Highland, Ave. Prayer Band

Daily Worker

Thos. Jefferson Flanagan, outstanding Negro poet of the South, will speak Sunday afternoon at two-thirty o'clock to the Sunday School class of the Highland Ave. Cottage Prayer Band to the boys and girls. All are welcome to hear him.

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have reaped treasure together for the last days."—James 5: 1-2-3

According to the word of God we cannot have riches here and hereafter. There are rich men getting busy right now to buy this next Presidential election

Jefferson Flannagan

through votes of the Negro and poor white man, in order to keep his earthly treasure replinished. Better look out, rich man.

On last Thursday night a few members met and had a gracious time in prayer meeting, though few in number since we are aware God does not restrict His blessings to multitudes, we parted and resolved to put on more gospel speed in 1948 than we did in 1947.

Daily Worker 1-7-48

Come out. Prayer meeting Thursday night. We are anxious about the welfare of the lost sinner. Don't fail to hear Mr. Flanagan, Jan. 11, at 1:30 p.m. at 613 Highland Ave., N. Wilson, sponsor; Sister Ann S. Lee, teacher; Rebecca Thurman, secretary; Lucy Clark, music directress. No collection.

RED BAITERS FORCE CANCELLATION OF LANGSTON HUGHES APPEARANCE

Associated Negro Press Release 2-0 March, 1948

CHICAGO (ANP)*-Anti-Communistic hysteria of the type that prevented Paul Robeson from appearing at Peoria last year has forced Langston Hughes, internationally famous poet, to cancel a scheduled appearance March 11 in Springfield, capital of Abraham Lincoln's famous state.

Not only that, but if the Chicago Tribune has its way, another appearance scheduled for March 15 at the exclusive North Shore Country Day school in suburban Winnetka will likewise be shelved.

When it was learned that Langston was due to appear at the state capital, the American Legion post and forces close to the notorious Gerald L. K. Smith movement began agitating against the lecture, charging the author wasa Communist and citing his listing by the Thomas-Rankin un-American activities committee.

Although Hughes by letter to the sponsors had denied being a Communist, he pointed out that the drive against him was merely typical of the growing national hysteria against all liberals and progressives.

In the story appearing on the front page of Monday's Chicago Tribune and evidently intended to frighten conservative Winnetkans into abandoning plans for Hughes& appearance, sections of his poems were quoted as "proof" of his "revolutionary sentiment."

executive board meeting that the council felt that "due to the unpleasant notoriety connected with the rumor that Hughes has Communsitic leanings" it was forced to cancel the Hughes address.

Mr. Hughes, in Los Angeles, told The San Francisco Chronicle by telephone that he was "definitely not nor never had been a Communist." Chron. 4-12-48

Mr. Hughes said the attacks on him had intensified since President Truman made his civil rights speech.

He said the attacks were being made "by people who do not want to see the Negro race progress."

almost all of our l... towns organized ... operation, such a... mayor's committee ... Detroit, civic inter...

...cates will ever be enacted." Giving not exactly original reasons, Hughes said war with Russia is neither necessary or enevitable. "I do not believe that the majority of the American or Russian peoples want to fight each other," he said. "I think that if the elderly radio commentators, middle-ages thinking newspaper editors, anti-quated politicans, and gray-hair-ed generals who are calling so loudly for war felt that they would have to go first to fight wars, there would not be so much war talk or war writing today."

"Also, if all of the white Americans who are calling for war had to fight in jimcrow regiments and train as Negroes in southern camps, I do not believe they would be more interested in trying to work out a democratic way of life at home, before trying to export ...

...council councils for civic ... course various inter... tees of Urban Le... NAACP. Almost ev... organizations are u... anti-democratic fo... dently feel that in... eration has gone far... Americans, both wh... who believe in re... must uphold it mor... than they did in th...

As to his high... political belief, Hu... to say: "I do not ... political party, a... ment that I am a r... Communist party ... untrue. However, ... for many progressi... shall continue to ...

"I am primarily ... not a political the... not feel capable of ... tended analysis of ... situation, but I do t... tant that we try t... present reactionary ... men more sympathe... ties and working pe... majority of those w... up our national law... Otherwise, racially ... of the civil rights ...

Anti-Hughes Drive In Akron Led By Anti-FEPC Leaders

Daily World

Atlanta, Ga

AKRON, Ohio (ANP)—It was revealed this week that Negro leaders believe the recent barring of Langston Hughes, poet and author, here as part of an underground movement to prevent the future passage of a local FEPC law or the establishment of a Community Relations board in this city. Fri 3-26-48

Although Hughes has repeatedly denied that he is a Communist and no proof has ever been presented that he is one, a systematic effort by some of the same men who oppose the FEPC here was successful in stopping the poet's personal appearance.

He was to be sponsored by the Akron Council on Race relations, a body of prominent Akronites who advocate the passage of a law by the city council to establish a Community Relations committee. This commitee would serve to promote interracial harmony as similar committees do in cities like Chicago and New York.

HATE ATTACK VICTIM

Hughes has recently been the victim of similar hate attacks in Springfield and Winnetka, Ill., where he was not allowed to speak. Among the leaders of the drive against him here was the Rev. Dallas Billington, who last week appeared before the council as an opponent of the Community Relations board. Daily World

Industrialists in this city fear that if the board is established, an FEPC law will be next to come in Akron. If the race relations council can be discredited, it is likely that no immediate civil rights legislation would be approved in Akron. Atlanta, Ga.

The undermining of Hughes was done so well that even a colored minister, the Rev. J. I. Monroe, pastor, Mount Olive Baptist church would not let him use his church building. A visit of an anti-board white minister, A Rev Bill Denton changed his mind, Rev. Monroe said. Fri. 3-26-48

Bar Negro Poet At Coast College

Daily Worker

Langston Hughes, Negro people's poet, was barred from speaking March 31, at Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal. The ban was instituted by college officials. 4-5-48

Dr. Arthur G. Goons, college president, declared Hughes' writings were seen as not loyal by a group of trustees. He was to have spoken to a public meeting sponsored by the Eagle Rock Council for Civic Unity.

California State Senator Jack Tenney, head of the "Little Dies Committee" of that state red-baited Hughes in 1947. Just 15 days ago Hughes was banned from speaking in Akron, Ohio. His poems of Negro life and working people were a "little leftish" it was said by a citizens' group. 4-5-48

BAR HUGHES, NEGRO POET

The Times

Californians Cancel Talk as He Denies He Is a Communist

4-12-48

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

VALLEJO, Calif., April 11—The Vallejo Council for Civic Unity has canceled a scheduled appearance of the Negro poet, Langston Hughes, for next Tuesday on the grounds that he had "Communistic leanings." New York, N.Y.

Miss Josephine Beland, council president, announced after an ex...

Langston Hughes talks of many things in interview

By KENNETH C. FIELD

In an exclusive interview, Langston Hughes, internationally famous poet, lecturer and dramatist, talked of everything in general and nothing in particular. Quite obviously that's the way it should be, for Mr. Hughes travels and contacts quality him to discuss a variety of subjects with equal ease.

A busy man these days, Langston Hughes is editing an anthology on "Modern Negro Poetry," in collaboration with Arna Bontemps, Fisk university's librarian. Mr. Bontemps, who is a cousin of our own Dr. Ruth Temple and has a number of other Kin here has just completed a non-fictional historical work, "The Story of the Negro," scheduled for early release. Mr. Hughes says the book is the most comprehensive history of the Negro to date.

Hughes own new book, of racial poems, "One Way Ticket" dealing with migration problems, restrictive covenants, and the like, is in the hands of his publishers. Illustrations are by Jacob Lawrence, contemporary Negro artist.

He may work on a musical this summer, Mr. Hughes told me. Theatergoers will recall that he wrote the lyrics to Elmer Rice's "Street Scene" which played Broadway as an opera for six months last ...

Asked to comment on the world situation as it relates to Negroes, he did at length, to wit: "The world situation is favorable to an extension of democratic rights for Negroes, in that America's brand of democracy is on the spot in the eyes of the world, and in order to maintain and increase its prestige it must do more than offer lip-service to democracy in regards to minorities at home.

"The Negro people, having listened to many years of wondrous pro-democratic radio speeches from leading politicians and government officials, and having been exposed to high-powered, "directed" editorials, have begun to believe these protestations of democracy, and to expect a greater measure of it for themselves. If this democracy is not forthcoming, the Negro is liable not only to be disappointed, but to get mad, so to speak.

"While on the one hand there has been a return of many pre-war jimcrowisms across the country on the other hand there is in

democracy abroad."

As to Hollywood, the writer thinks it is about time Hollywood made class "A" pictures from biographies of such outstanding Negroes as Frederick Douglas, Booker T. Washington, Mary McLeod Bethune, Roland Hayes, and Duke Ellington, considering that they immortalized such living white Americans as Al Jolson and Cole Porter.

Second Time

Sat 4-5-75

Hughes Called 'Red': Barred From College

Pittsburgh Pa. Courier

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—The red herring of "communism" reached out 3,000 miles across the continent and kept Langston Hughes, nationally known poet and author, from appearing as guest speaker at Occidental College here on March 31. He was barred for the same reason from speaking in Akron, Ohio, exactly fifteen days ago.

Sat 7-5-47

His appearance here was "edited out" by college officials, and Dr. Arthur G. Coons, president of the college, said that Hughes' writings were interpreted as not particularly loyal by a group of college trustees, according to reports. The scheduled appearance was being sponsored by the Eagle Rock Council for Civic Unity, and was to have been open to the public.

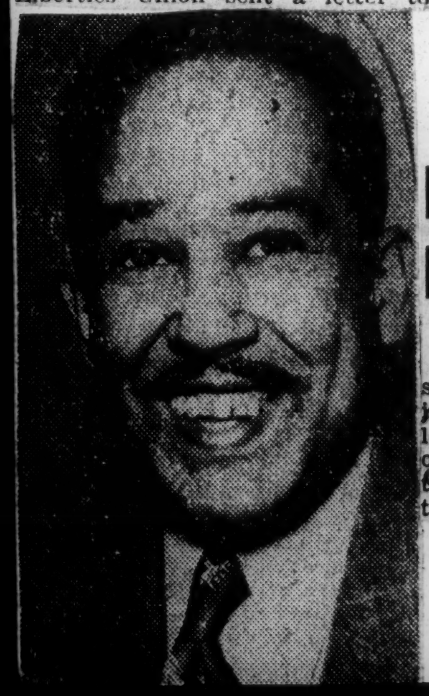
ACLU SENDS PROTEST

Protesting against Hughes' being banned, the American Civil Liberties Union sent a letter to college officials Frank N. Rush, president of the college board of trustees, was said to have declared that the ban was placed on Hughes "in the best interests of a Christian college." The ACLU said the move was the very opposite of such, and violated the spirit of Christ.

Senator Jack Tenney, head of the Un-American Activities Committee of California, joined the issue. In 1947 he had called Hughes a Communist.

Hughes was banned from scheduled appearances in Akron on March 17 because of opposition which arose when some citizens there claimed that he followed the Communist line and that his writings were "leftish."

Auditoriums which had been secured for his appearance were refused to him and the group which was to have sponsored his appearance.



Communism in Education

Henry J. Taylor in a Mutual Broadcast

Reader's Digest

A THREE-DAY convention was staged in Chicago a few months ago by the American Education Foundation, which claimed to represent 2000 schools and colleges — and probably did. Now the man who set the keynote for this meeting was Langston Hughes, the poet. For about 15 years Hughes has been a writer for the magazine *New Masses* and for *The Daily Worker*, official newspaper of the Communist Party in the United States. Furthermore, he was named by a Congressional committee "as a professed card-holding member of the Communist Party and as a member of more than 80 so-called Communist front groups."

Pleasantville, N.Y.

I quote now directly from Howard Rushmore, International News Service reporter: "Langston Hughes got up and read some 20 or so of his favorite poems. He omitted reading however the one written some years ago which says . . ."

The poem referred to reveals Communism in the raw. It's short — only five lines. It appears in Volume 17 of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and is quoted by them as having been written by this same Langston Hughes. Here it is:

Goodbye, Jesus Christ, Lord God Jehovah,
Beat it away from here.
Make way for a new guy with no religion at all:
A real guy named Marx,
Communist, Lenin peasant.

Summed up, in other words, the moral and spiritual values involved in Communist principles are: no heaven, no hell; no hell, no evil; no evil, no judge; no judge, no God.

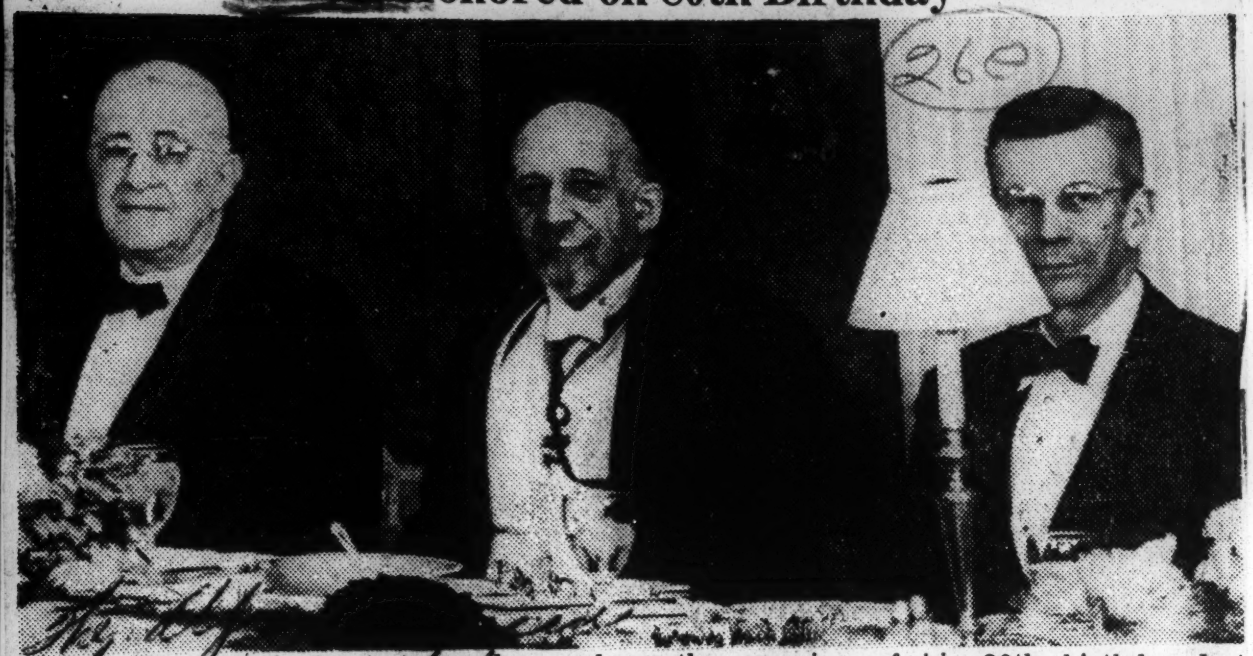
Langston Hughes Is Banned Again

The Tribune

PALO ALTO, Calif.—Poet Langston Hughes met his fourth speaking setback here Saturday when local school officials denied the use of the Palo Alto High School Auditorium, where he was scheduled to appear on April 21.

26e 1948 Dr. W. E. B. DuBois

DuBois Honored on 80th Birthday



Dr. W. E. B. DuBois (center) was honored on the occasion of his 80th birthday last week at a dinner at the Hotel Roosevelt in downtown New York, sponsored by Fisk University, of which he is a graduate, and the New York Fisk Culb. Speakers included Arthur Spingarn, president of the NAACP; Dr. Charles S. Johnson, president of Fisk; Howard Fast, noted writer; Mark Van Doren of the National Institute of Arts and Letters; Cedric Dover, anthropologist and author; and Norman Manley, West Indian leader.

As We See It

Daily Worker

Civil Rights and the Struggle for Peace

New York, N.Y. Mon. 7-26-48

By Abner W. Berry

DESPITE his 80 years and the willingness of some of his friends to retire him to an old man's lounging place, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois remains vigorously alive and growing. The man who, more than anyone else, wedded poetry to the social sciences in his probings into Negro life and history, has just issued a political guide to those who show signs of confusion in our up-side down times.

Tracing his 50 years of political activity in the August issue of **Masses and Mainstream**, the cultural monthly, the venerable leader of anti-Jimcrow revolt, shows the futility of efforts to gain democracy through the two old parties. He proves his contention with the history he has lived.

In his piece, **From McKinley to Wallace**, he traces the stumbling, floundering search for a political home and a political credo befitting a sensitive, intelligent Negro who was at once a cultured man of the world. His search parallels that of the Negro people.

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THIS IS certainly a welcome addition to the political literature of these times. The Negro press, in the main, totally ignores history and apparently bases its political position on the latest contract for the largest advertisement.

Daily Worker

The Chicago Defender, a traditionally militant advocate of the anti-Jimcrow fight, front-pages an appeal for Negro support to Truman. "We March With Truman," the editorial leads, "No other President has ever done a greater job in the interest of national unity."

Dr. Du Bois knew intimately the campaigns of Grover Cleveland in the 1880's, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Evans Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, the elder Taft, Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt. He supported the Republican Hughes in 1916 and switched to Woodrow Wilson, the Democrat, in 1920.

He had supported Theodore Roosevelt on the Bull Moose ticket in 1912, and in 1924 he was with La Follette's Progressive Party. In 1932 he supported Franklin Roosevelt.

Mon. 7-26-48

OF THE REPUBLICANS he writes concerning Hoover: "I accuse him of consorting with the 'Lily Whites' of the South and helping to disfranchise the Negroes in the councils of the Republican Party. He nominated known enemies of the Negro for public office. . . . He was **unfriendly to Haiti and Liberia. . .**" The indictment of the Republicans is complete in a telling paragraph.

Of Truman and the Democrats (as if in answer to the **Chicago Defender**, although his article was written much earlier) he declares: **"He had not one word to say about them (civil rights) on his recent barnstorming trip to the West and Southwest. This, plus his action in the case of Palestine, and his attitude toward Russia, have made it probable that in the next election the majority of the Negroes are going to vote for either a Republican or for Wallace."**

Mon.

Dr. Du Bois, never a narrow racialist, seeking a solution to the Negro question in isolation from the world political scene, connects the Negro people's problems with the total policy of parties:

7-26-48

"My own influence, wherever it can be exercised . . . has been distinctly in favor of Wallace. Not simply because of his attitude toward Negroes, which is unusually liberal, but even more because of his advocacy of peace, and because of his friendship and understanding of Russia. I cannot escape the feeling that the attempt of Russia to change the economic foundation of modern life is an even greater phenomenon than the French Revolution."

ON HISTORICAL GROUNDS, Dr. Du Bois challenges the two old parties on civil rights. Show me one time, he seems to demand, when a Republican or Democratic administration has kept its promises, whether they were made orally or in platforms. But his plea for peace and in defense of the Soviet Union he connects foreign policy with civil rights. He doubts that there can be civil rights in an anti-Soviet war.

Daily Worker

FOR THE NEGRO PEOPLE, for the plain people of America, Dr. Du Bois' warning not to separate civil rights from peace is timely. He proves that one cannot effectively defend civil rights for Negroes and support preparations for an anti-Soviet war.

New York, N.Y.

Civil rights, to Dr. Du Bois, are more than platform pledges; there are the guarantees of equal rights to enjoyment of the fruits of civilization.

Mon.

You can't enjoy that civilization while it is destroyed through war. It took Dr. Du Bois 50 years to fathom that lesson. Our generation will have to learn it in a much shorter time. This short political lesson by an honest and outstanding man should get wide circulation.

7-26-48

DR. DUBOIS TO TEACH AT NEW SCHOOL

Daily Worker

Fri. 7-23-48

16e

San Francisco, Calif.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13—Dr. W. E. B. DuBois will give a fifteen weeks' course, "The Negro in American History" at the New School for Social Research, 66 West 12th Street, New York, beginning Monday, Sept. 27th, at 8:30 p. m.

The course opens up a new view of American history, emphasizing the influence which persons of Negro descent have had on the thoughts and activities of this country. Among the topics thus treated are America's relations with Europe and Africa in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the influence of slave labor, the Cotton Kingdom, and the Civil War; the period of Reconstruction; the part played by Negroes in the social and economic development during the nineteenth century; the Negro as writer and subject in American literature; the development of capitalism and imperialism in the twentieth century, covering both World Wars and the depression, from the point of view of Negro workers and thinkers.

Fri. 9-17-48

A notable list of guest lecturers will take part in the series, including: Dr. Ellen Irene Diggs, Professor Sociology, Morgan College, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. St. Clair Drake, Associate Professor of Anthropology and Sociology, Roosevelt College, and autor of "Black Metropolis;" Dr. John Hope Franklin, Professor of History, Howard University; Dr. E. Franklin Frazier, Professor and Chairman, Department of Sociology, Howard University; and many others.

Doctor DuBois's Ouster

We can have nothing but regrets for the action making it necessary for the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to terminate the services of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, since 1944 its Director of Research. Dr. DuBois is one of the founders of the Association. For many years his voice has been the voice of the Association. He is a great scholar and has won a place in the minds of thinking Americans as one of the front rank leaders of the Negro people.

Daily Worker

The dismissal of Dr. Dubois at the Baord's recent meeting held Sept. 13, was based upon the ill-advised and premature criticism which he rad directed against thte Association's Secretary, Walter White, for accepting a post as consultant to the U. S. delegation to the UN general Assembly in Paris, a thing he termed as political and contrary to the best interest of colored people.

We take the position that in view of the seasoned scholarship and experience of Dr. DuBois, the Association can ill-afford the loss of so valuable a man in these stirring times of unrest between nations and between races. The Association needs Dr. DuBois and it needs Walter White. Both in their separate spheres have much to contribute to its success. In the matter of enlistment of the cooperation and popular support of large masses of people, white as well as colored, Walter White has no equal among Negro leaders

Mon. 9-19-48

On the other hand, we recognize the fact that so large an organization as the NAACP must have a duly constituted authority as its directing head. Hence, when an employee oversteps his authority, as was evident in this case, by releasing for publication his personal criticism against his superiors, he places himself in a position, which may prove embarrassing both to his superiors and to himself. But we have absolutely no sympathy for those who would wrest control away from the Board and palce it upon the shouldres of its membership. Logic and common sense forbid that procedure.

of the present time. In the matter of maturity of outlook, scholarship and research, Dr. DuBois stands in a class to himself. The Negro people sorely need both. That is why we regret so sincerely the clash which has necessitated the termination of his services. Then too, there is the final, although lesser reason, of Dr. DuBois' declining years and his waning opportunities for securing useful employment. It seems a great pity that the Board could not find a way to retain the services of a man who has meant so much to

Issues in the Ouster of Dr. DuBois--Freedom of People or Marshall Plan

By Abner W. Berry

Sixteen of the 48 NAACP board of directors last week fired Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, elder statesman and outstanding scholar. But the dismissal of the 80-year-old fighter for Negro rights is being challenged by those who have followed him in his quest for truth and freedom. A committee of leading NAACP members has been formed to "further consider" the case of Dr. DuBois and to work for his reinstatement. Committee members including attorney Archibald S. Pinckett of Washington, D. C.; Shirley Graham, New York, member of the national council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, and a biographer of Frederick Douglass; Dr. Joseph Johnson, Dean of the Medical School of Howard University, Washington, D. C.; Carl Murphy, Baltimore, Md., publisher of the **Afro-American**, leading Negro weekly, and William Harrison, editor of the weekly **Boston Chronicle**.

THE ISSUES in the Dr. DuBois case are clear. They were stated in his memorandum to the NAACP board of directors, dated Sept. 7, 1948, and follows in full:

"The Secretary has asked me to give him a memorandum on matters which are likely to come up at the Paris meeting of the United Nations this month and in which we should be interested. I regret to say that I am unable to comply with his request and I wish to state the reasons why.

"According to the understanding by which I joined the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 1944, my fields of research were left indeterminate and largely in accordance with my desires, subject to the directives of the Board of Directors. But there was a fairly clear understanding that problems of the Darker Races outside the United States and particularly in Africa would engage most of my time. For that reason I have attended the Pan African Congress in England; prepared a petition to the United Nations on our status; written two books on democracy for colored peoples and the relation of Africa to the world. Also, at the request of the **Atlantic Monthly** I have prepared a statement on present conditions in Africa, which the editors are now considering for possible publication.

"With regard to these matters I have reported to the Board of Directors from time to time. Whether my suggestions have reached the Board, and what action it has taken I seldom know, since the Secretary does not send me copies of the agenda of the Board meetings nor minutes of the actions of the Board.

"Therefore, I have been proceeding practically without directives from the Board and without any clear idea of its attitude with regard to what might be called the Foreign Policy of this Association. In the past, for the most part, this lack was unimportant and our action limited. Today, however, the situation has changed drastically, and just as the United States has become international in its action, so the NAACP is called upon to take a stand concerning Africa, Asia, the islands of the Pacific and Caribbean, not to mention the colonial problems of all colored and oppressed peoples.

"We ought to have investigation, consultation, and a plan of action. So far as I know we have had nothing of the sort. Certainly I have not been called into consultation, nor have I been commissioned to investigate or propose a policy.

"The Secretary announces now that in the name of the NAACP he has accepted, at the hands of the Truman administration, appointment as consultant to the United States delegation to the United Nations, for the Paris meeting of the General Assembly. The U. S. delegation to the United Nations has expressed clearly its attitude towards matters in which the NAACP is interested; it has refused to bring the curtailment of our civil rights to the attention of the General Assembly of the United Nations; it has refused willingly to allow any other nation to bring this matter up; if any, should Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has declared that she would probably resign from the U. S. delegation.

"In the Trusteeship Council the United States has sided with the imperial powers; it has sided with Italy in taking all but an unimportant part of Eritrea from Ethiopia; it has opposed the best interests of India, the only nation which has defended Africa before the Assembly; it has not defended Indonesia, and is clearly straddling on Israel.

"If we accept a consultantship in this delegation without a clear, open, public declaration by the Board of our position on the Truman foreign policy, our very acceptance ties us in with the reactionary war-monering colonial imperialism of the present administration. It is certain that no influence applied in Paris is going to have the slightest influence on our delegation. Their minds are made up and their policy set. The only change that can be made is in Washington and in the U. S.

"I do not know the attitude of the Board of Directors of the NAACP on these matters, nor, so far as I know, does anyone else. But I insist that here, if anywhere, in a democratic organization seeking the welfare of the millions of colored people the world over is the place for careful knowledge of all the facts and thoughtful consideration as to just what our plans and purposes are in this crisis of the world.

"If, on the contrary, we are to be loaded on the Truman bandwagon, with no chance for opinion or consultation, we are headed for a tragic mistake.

"Our international policy concerning Africa, Asia, Indonesia, and Israel is not only being determined without consultation or investigation, but even discussion of these matters here in public have in my case been met by five threats and warnings from the officials of the NAACP not to engage in 'Political Activity.' My request for clarification of what "political activity" consists has never been answered. On the other hand, the political activity of various matters of this association has been widely known.

"I thoroughly agree that no official of this organization, salaried or unsalaried, should commit the organization as such to any one political party. But I insist that this rule should apply to all officials and not to a few; and I also, insist that it is not only the right but the bounden duty of every official and member of the NAACP as an American citizen to investigate, interrogate, vote, and defend his vote in every election, and I deny the right of any official to tie this organization to the foreign policy of the present administration as long as it stands against public discussion of our civil rights, for the despoiling of Ethiopia, for the delaying recognition of Israel, and in general, against the interests of colonial peoples.

"For these reasons I am not attending the committee meeting called by the Secretary for today, Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1948. And I am insisting that:

"1—Hereafter I receive the agenda for the meetings of the Board of Directors and the minutes of their meetings.

"2—There be put before the Board of Directors at their next meeting a proposal for steps leading to a declared foreign policy for this Association."

FIVE DAYS after presenting his memorandum to the NAACP board of directors, Dr. DuBois was called before a board meeting where the following motion was passed:

"That in view of Dr. DuBois' written refusal to cooperate with the NAACP executive staff of which he is a member in preparation for representation at the forthcoming meeting of the General Assembly of the UN, in view of his distribution of his memorandum of Sept. 7, addressed to this Board, before its consideration by this Board, and in view of Dr. DuBois' expressed willingness that the memorandum in question be made public before its consideration by this Board, it is the conclusion of this Board that it will not be in the best interest of the Association to continue the employment of Dr. DuBois as a staff member beyond the term of his present contract; that formal notice of this decision be transmitted to Dr. DuBois."

NEGRO GROUP OUSTS ITS RESEARCH HEAD

Notice to Dr. DuBois Follows Criticism of Walter White's Acceptance of U. N. Post

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, militant Negro leader and director of special research for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was told yesterday that his employment by the association would end on Dec. 31 when his contract expires.

The action, which was taken by the board of directors at the association's offices at 20 West 40th Street, came after Dr. DuBois had criticized the secretary of the organization, Walter F. White, for taking a post as consultant to the United States delegation to the United Nations. Dr. DuBois said that in his opinion the position was political, and not in the best interests of the Negro peoples of the world.

Mr. White, who sailed yesterday on the America for the General Assembly sessions in Paris, made no reply to this charge, which was made last week.

The board accused Dr. DuBois of refusing to "cooperate" with the executive staff of the association, of which he was a member. Asked by Mr. White to help in preparing an agenda for the United Nations meeting, Dr. DuBois told the board there was nothing that he could do to help Mr. White. The reason given by Dr. DuBois was that for some time he had worked on international affairs for the association and had presented many memoranda to the board about his findings. He added that he did not know whether the board ever had seen this material.

The board accused Dr. DuBois of violating confidences of the association and of giving to the press a memo on the dispute before the board had had time to study the DuBois charges. The board concluded yesterday's meeting with the statement that "it will not be in the best interests of the association t o continue Dr. DuBois as a staff member bevond the term

Problems of Negro Writers Discussed at Harlem Forum

Daily Worker, New York, N.Y. Wed, 3-3-48 26e Gen.

By John Hudson Jones

At the Feb. 27 Harlem meeting on Negro writers' problems, one fellow wanted to know "why should Negro writers concern themselves with Negroes' struggles?" This was just one of several searching questions asked during the meeting of 100, at the Hotel Theresa, sponsored by Contemporary Writers.

This writer was joined in answering by Theodore Ward, playwright; Barbara Giles, novelist, and Lloyd Brown, associate editor of Masses-Mainstream.

It developed that for the most part, Negro writing is a definite expression of hate, rejection, bitterness and fight against the oppression of the Negro people. 3-3-48

We mentioned that long before the Civil War, the slave states banned the flaming anti-slavery tracts of men like David Walker, John Russwurm, put a price on their heads and on any slaves caught reading them.

* * *

MANY OF THE EARLY Negro creative writers found that when they wrote about their own people, out of their own experience, it had to depict social struggle for that was the way Negroes lived. Martin R. Delaney, Charles W. Chesnutt, and others while never mastering the novel's art, produced amazingly vital and strong works like the **Marrow of Tradition** and the **House Behind the Cedars.** Daily Worker

It was mentioned that during the early Twenties the great streams of freedom seeking migrants from the South, were used by labor smashing industrialists as cheap labor supplies. And that the resulting tension between the Negro and white workers resulted in terrible race riots, which profited only the bosses. New York, N.Y.

This period of widespread bitterness and disgust among Negroes was reflected by poets like Claude McKay, who in a sonnet If We Must Die declared if Negroes had to die they ought to take somebody along.

The experience of McKay, who later with other American writers fled America to smoulder and fume in European exile and disillusionment was seen as a classical example of one problem facing Negro writers. Wed. 3-3-48

The problem is the understanding of society in general, the Negro people in particular, their relationship to society as a minority group, and the individual writer's relationship to both. Although McKay, a young West Indian, flirted with the Leftists and Communists around the **Masses** and **Liberator,** he never saw the social position of his people. This carried over into his poems, novels and short stories as an intense preoccupation with the psychological problem of being black in a world dominated by white men.

* * *

DEVELOPING at the same time and from the same factors was and still is the almost total exclusion of Negro literary talent from every aspect of this country's literary life. On the economic front, no opportunity to work as editors, journalists, feature specialists, and other mediums of developing skill and craftsmanship. While on the literary or craft front, a discouragement or boycott of any writing dealing with every phase of Negro life. Skillful treatment of Negro experience would certainly show bitterness, degradation, etc., but it would also show a strong people smouldering with 300 years of misery, longing for, and ready, willing and able to strike out for freedom.

Thus it was the opinion of several speakers that the works of Richard Wright, Chester A. Himes, and Ann Petry, succeed financially but fail artistically because they negate and omit a full picture of Negro experience. Daily Worker

And as to whether Negroes should confine themselves to Negro themes, Willard Motley's fine novel on Italian life, **"Knock on Any Door"** was cited to show that writers can deal with any theme provided they know it. New York, N.Y.

* * *

THE HARLEM MEETING was an exploratory venture for Contemporary Writers. Acutely aware of the special problems facing Negroes as writers and citizen, CW an inter-racial group has decided to actively seek some solutions.

An organization based on craft workshop, it also conducts a school with prominent writers and experts as instructors. Martin Michel, Letha Hackshaw, and William Hayett, CW officers, urged the participation of Negro writers in CW, and announced scholarships to the School of Contemporary Writing, 37 E 19 St. Wed 3-3-48

As for the discrimination that bars Negroes from the book, magazine, newspaper, and allied industries, CW is planning an immediate fight against it. There is already available much data on the incidence of bias in New York's literary world. CW promises no more studies, but a fight on what is already known.

* * *

SPEAKING at the meeting Dr. L. D. Reddick, Curator of the Schomburg Collection of Negro Art and Literature, told of how it is being neglected by city and library officials. The meeting voted condemnation of this neglect, and CW will take delegations to City Hall and Library officials to protest the situation. Daily Worker

Already in existence, the cooperation of the Harlem Writers Workshop was pledged by its chairman, Benjamin Brown. And the facilities of the Schomburg Collection were offered by Dr. Reddick, for future meetings dealing with Negro writing. New York, N.Y.

This was the first such meeting in Harlem since the early Thirties, when under the impact of the depression social consciousness developed and grew in American writing. The enthusiasm and interest shown, indicated that Negro writers can and intend to fight for a better art and life. 3-3-48

Achievement Of Writers Hailed

Atlanta, Ga. Daily World

An article in the current issue of SALUTE Magazine lauds the achievements of five Negro writers who in prestige and sales are among America's most influential authors.

The writers discussed are Willard Motley, Langston Hughes, Frank Yerby, Richard Wright and Ann Petry. With the exception of Wright these writers have turned from purely Negro themes to the main stream of American life. Sat.

Willard Motley is the thirty-five year old author of "Knock On Any Door." It was on the best seller lists for nine months, adapted for magazine presentation and newspaper syndication and sold to Hollywood. Motley was born in Chicago, the son of a Pullman porter and the grandson of a slave. He is on an Oregon ranch writing a novel about a World War II veteran. 5-22-48

Missouri born Langston Hughes is one of America's six best-selling poets. He has also written novels, song lyrics (as in Broadway's production of "Street Scene"), magazine articles, and a newspaper column. His first book of poems, "The Weary Blues," published 24 years ago, is now in its tenth edition.

BEATS NOVELISTS

Frank Yerby, at 22, has made a fortune almost overnight, by beating white historical novelists at their own game. In the past three years he has written "The Foxes of Harrow" (sales: more than 2,000,000 copies, plus movie rights); "The Vixens" (best selling novel of 1947) and this spring's 'The Golden Hawk' which will probably match his other sales. While working on "The Foxes of Harrow" he also worked twelve hours a day in a Long Island war plant. Daily World

Richard Wright hit the front rank of U. S. letters with his first novel, "Native Son." In 1945 he wrote the bitter best-selling autobiography, "Black Boy." Wright now lives in France. 5-22-48

Ann Petry is in her middle thirties, a college graduate, amateur actress fond of gardening—and prize fights. She first won fame with her novel "The Street," a story of the tragic impact of Harlem tenement life on a lone woman with a small son. She is from Old Saybrook, Conn., where her father ran a drugstore. She is a graduate of Connecticut University's College of Pharmacy. Atlanta, Ga.

SALUTE Magazine has presented numerous articles about the contributions of Negroes in many fields. In "Baseball Wakes Up" Wendell Smith sounded one of the earliest calls to the major leagues to utilize Negro ball-players. Numerous documentaries about Negro veterans, housing problems, slum clearance, and outstanding individuals have appeared in the nationally distributed picture magazine which has a circulation of over 280,000. Sat.

A Must for Any Jazz Library

Pittsburgh Courier

THE LITERATURE on jazz is growing apace. Hughes Panassie, the French authority, was first to do justice to the genius of the Negro in this medum with his "Hot Jazz," and since its publication other works have followed. What was once looked down upon now has millions of devotees in all countries and jazz music today is the music of the masses everywhere.

What is not generally known is that the literature of jazz criticisms is so extensive. It first made its bow as early as 1919 and now the shelves are filled with books and magazine articles extolling the virtues of this popular music.

Pittsburgh Courier

FOR A COLLECTION of the best articles that have been written about this new-old art form, readers are referred to "Frontiers of Jazz" by the eminent Ralph de Toledano, who is an outstanding jazzomaniac (Durrell $3).

These articles appeared from 1919 to the present in magazines and books on jazz, and they are the best of their kind. Here we have not only criticisms of jazz but biographical accounts of the outstanding makers and purveyers of jazz music. Bunk Johnson, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, W. C. Handy, James P. Johnson, Sidney Bechet, King Oliver, Benny Goodman, Bix Deiderbeck and many other pioneers and newcomers pass in review in these pages.

It would be impossible for the average jazz fan to get such a collection of critical articles except in this book. oFr this reason it is definitely "must" reading and a welcome addition to any jazz library.

Five Negro Writers Lauded In Article Of Salute Magazine

Nashville Globe. Nashville, Tenn.

New York—An article in the current issue of SALUTE Magazine lauds the achievements of five Negro writers who in prestige and sales are among America's most influential authors.

The writers discussed are Willard Motley, Langston Hughes, Frank Yerby, Richard Wright, and Ann Petry. With the exception of Wright, these writers have turned from purely Negro themes to the main stream of American life.

Willard Motley is the thirty-five year old author of "Knock on Any Door." It was on the best seller lists for nine months, adapted for magazine presentation and newspaper syndication and sold to Hollywood. Motley was born in Chicago, the son of a Pullman porter and grandson of a slave. He is on an Oregon ranch writing a novel about a World War II veteran.

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SALUE Magazine has presented numerous articles about the contributions of Negroes in many fields. In "Baseball Wakes Up" Wendell Smith sounded one of the earliest calls to the major leagues to utilize Negro ball-players. Numerous documentaries about Negro veterans, housing problems, slum clearance, and outstanding individuals have appeared in the nationally distributed picture magazine which has a circulation of over 280,000.

J. Saunders Redding writing new book at writer's retreat

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.J. Saunders Redding, author of "To Make a Poet Black" and the North Carolina Mayflower Society Award book, "No Day of Triumph," will return to his duties in the Hampton Institute Communications Center Oct. 1 after more than two months of concentrated work on a new book at Yaddo, writers' and artists' retreat near here.

Conducted on an invitational basis, Yeddo houses two dozen creative guests in three seasonal sessions. It is closed during the winter. The visitors have a common breakfast and a common dinner, but carry packed lunches to their carefully secluded workshops, where they work in solitude until 6 p. m. each day. Individual cabins are equipped with desks, typewriers, reference books, and other work conveniences.

Among other writers who have been the guests of the foundation are poet Langston Hughes, and novelist and children's writer Arna Bontemps, whose visit overlapped Mr. Redding's.

Over 10,000 Books Sold

Atlanta Pastor Is Successful Author

The Courier - Sat 8-21-48

Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Special to The Pittsburgh Courier)

ATLANTA, Ga.—Wheat Street Baptist Church's dynamic pastor, the Rev. William Holmes Borders, one of the Nation's No. 1 ministers, orators and authors, was notified this week that books written by him have passed the 10,000 mark in sales.

A third printing of his book of religious poems, "Thunderbolts," is due off the B. F. Logan Press this week. (An exclusive feature in The Courier last week revealed that the Rev. Mr. Borders' church has enrolled two white persons, one Indian and a Chinese.)

The Wheat Street pastor has authored other publications of noteworthy success. His book of radio addresses, "Seven Minutes at the 'Mike' in the Deep South," which includes the Negro praise poem—"I'm Somebody"—is entering its fifth edition. Sales of this publication were greatly increased by the minister's radio address over the Columbia Broadcasting

Rev. Mr. Borders

System as guest speaker on "Wings Over Jordan" on Jan. 10, 1943.

His publications are currently being sold by Empire Publishing Company of New York City, Burgess Book Company of Chicago, the Herron's Book Store of Baton Rouge, La.; Gales Book Company of New Orleans, La., and several firms in Georgia.

Other books authored by the Rev. Mr. Borders are "Follow Me," a book of sermons, and "Men Must Live as Brothers," which is a 243-page book of twenty full-length messages applying to Christian relion, with Jesus as the norm, to the perplexities of contemporary life.

In Atlanta most of the minister's books have been sold through his church office and Hopkins Book Concern on Auburn Avenue.

DR. SPENCER AUTHORS 2ND MEDICAL BOOK

Atlanta Mo. Argus Fri 6-18-48

NEW YORK (CNS) — Dapper and genial Dr. Gerald A. Spencer, who has become a scholar, spokesman and writer on medical subjects, discusses in detail in his latest book "Medical Symphony," the contributions of the Negro doctor in New York. Localizing the influence of the profession to the world's largest city, this volume is naturally slim and totals 120 pages. Nonetheless, it is packed tightly with carefully gathered data on the pioneering influences of such well-known medical personlities as Drs. Louis T. Wright, Binga Dismond, Farrow Allen

Schroeder Foundation Seeks Negro Writers

Northwestern Enterprise

ST. LOUIS, — (ANP) — Contact with Negro writers is being sought by the Schroeder foundation, in an effort to bet them to participate in the group's international literary memorial, it was risclosed here last week by the Founder-International Director, H. L. Schroeder.

Seattle Washington

The literary project is aimed at enrolling authors and writers in this memorial by contributing their books, photographs and manuscripts. The collection is to become a permanent institution for the housing of examples of the world's best works in literature.

Authors dying during their membership will be listed among the "immortals", and achievement awards will be made for commendable work of members of the plan, with gold and silver medals planned for outstanding literary merit.

On the list of contributors to the foundation are President Harry S. Truman, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Mrs. Clara Boothe Luce, Archibald MacLeish, and others. Further information may be obtained by writing the Schroeder Foundation at 8 E. Glendale Road, Webster Grove. 19. Mo.

Pearl Buck Writes Book From Talk With Mrs. Roberson

The Chicago Weekly

NEW YORK — (CNS) — Pearl Buck, the distinguished novelist on Chinese subjects, is writing her current book "American Argument" on the Negro's thoughts and feelings in a personal manner. To get the substance of her material she has had a series of conversations with Mrs. Paul Robeson and together they have compared their feelings as American mothers, world citizens and just plain human beings. This casual friendly

Gets Fellowship

NEW YORK (ANP) — Theodore Ward, dramatist and author of "Our Lan'," was one of 112 Guggenheim fellowships total $300,000 and is distributed among both last week by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. artists, economists and writers.

"Our Lan'," was produced in 1947. He is also the author of "Big White Fog." Another award winner was Harry Broadway, white, who plans to do a book on the indigenous people of South Africa. Courlander is the author of "Haiti Singing" and "The Caballero."

'Our Lan'' Author

Many Modern Writers Go In For Debunking

And So Local Citizen Wishes For Way To Hit Back At Those Who Gather Their Material In South

Northern publishers of books and realistic Southern writers like Erskine Caldwell and Miss Lillian Smith, may be facing a Southern boycott or an attempted boycott by some Southerners who have gotten to the point where they "can't take it," one would judge, after reading a letter appearing in the **Tennessean** of Monday, Dec. 27.

The letter headed "Misrepresentation" is by Lawrence Burnett of Nashville. He says:

"If the people of the South could by some miracle be banded together in unity like certain racial and nationality blocks are in our country, most of our biggest book and magazine publishers would have some tall explaining to do in regard to their collaborating presentation of the Southern scene and mode of life.

"With the situation as it is: Writers write for the publisher, who obviously publishes for racial and pressure groups of all shades. The big volume and magazine dispensers are thus guilty of premeditated presecution of the largest minority segment of the American population—the southerner."

Mr. Burnett, thus has done what many persons in the South say is detrimental to the welfare of the South: He has made the South a section of that is deliberately avoiding the main stream of progress, preferring to have it known as a "peculiar people" dedicated to preserving a "peculiar" civilization at a time when the call is for the eradication of sectional lines and the scrapping of traditions that are untenable in an era in which the United States aspires to world leadership.

The writer continues:

"In most of today's novels with a Southern setting, the plot always mirrors a false picture. The southern white is the villain of course; his accent is murdered to such an extent that he sometimes thinks that the portrayal of his dialect is for parrots or something.

"The most painful part of this truth is the fact that a few Southern so-called writers have joined in this unholy venture so as to grab a few of the Southern-baiters dollars, all at the expense of his own blood and soil.

"The non-fiction that is handed to the gullible American reading public is the same as the fiction in basic contents and might easily have been gathered in Harlem or Union Square as far as its truthfulness is concerned.

"If the day of concerted action through unity ever dawns in the South I wouldn't want to wear the shoes of most of our big publishers. It would be more pleasant to be a Southerner. But what's more pleasant anytime?

Among the local readers of current books with a "race" angle, the general feeling is that Mr. Burnett has spoken too late, if he wants to slow up the publication of fiction and non-fiction books that debunk Southern reactionaries. The belief is that the big publishers have little to fear from any threats of a boycott of their publishing firms by those who saw little or nothing of the kind of "literature" which Tom Dixon peddled back at the beginning of the century. That was literature which gave the whole Negro race a hard way to go and glorified the harsch treatment that the meanest of the whites viisted upon the Negro. It even made the claim that the South had the "purest strain of Anglo-Saxon blood" in America.

Another brand of Southern literature was that put out in pamphlets by business interests to entice Northern industry to build their plants in the South "because the South had a reservoir of pure Anglo-Saxon labor that was contented and docile."

There was literature and much oratory propagandizing the North with the contention that lynching of Negroes in the South was justified because of the raping orgies the literature and the orators contended, were in constant dread of being raped by Negroes and the insinuation was that the entire Negro population of the South either engaged in or condoned raping of white women.

And so the day of propogandizing the South as being ahead of the North in the purity of blood of its natives, the criminality of a minority of its Negro men and by inference, showing that raping was a Negro crime, with whites never guilty o fcrossing the color line to molest colored women—the day when Southern writers had prosperity with their writings and expounders of the South's alleged superiority in culture came to an end. A new day dawned and with it a new crop of Southern whites who dared to tell the truth and shame the Devil.

Not only have such writers as Erskin Caldwell "hit the jack pot" with their brand of literature but Southern white women, most notably, the Methodist women of the South, have contributed to the debunking of the false prophets of the South—those who have contended that the lynching of Negroes was a necessary mean of survival for white women.

In recent months the disposition of modern writers to paint the South, "warts and all" has been given "encouragement" by Southern courts that have been sending white men to prison for raping colored girls and women. In the "good old days" the courts would not even bring indictments against such culpits, notwithstanding the fact that then as now, the raping of colored girls and women by white men was much more prevalent than "the other way around."

And so the suggestion by Mr. Burnett that it is possible to make the big Northern publishers of modern books about the South cease and desist, via a boycott is not well founded. His hope of getting the Southern people to believe and feel that they are a persecuted minority also is not well founded.

It is probable that a boycott of books that attempt to be realistic about the South would only increase their sale—in the South as well as in the North. It would seem that doing away with idle boasting about how much better the South is than other sections and a disposition to be as enlightened in dealing with the so-called race problem as are other sections of the country will do more to render dull and void books having an all-Southern angle than urging Southerners to boycott modern books.

The way to get people to read books is to tell 'em that the books are not fit for them to read.

Most people are like the good brother who was told that if he went to the burlesque show and gazed on the nude woman who was on exhibition he might go blind. Said he:

"I'm going to risk one eye on the lady, nevertheless and notwithstanding."

Hughes Allison Pens Mystery For Magazine

Detective and mystery story fans across the nation last month hailed a newcomer to the ranks of contributors to Mystery magazines.

He is Hughes Allison, first Negro author to appear in the pages of the monthly publication, and with his story "Corollary", he won honorable mention in the magazine's third annual short story contest.

In commenting upon inclusion of "Corollary" in the July issue, the editor's assert that to their knowledge this is the first attempt "to do a serious and sincere job of putting a Negro detective on paper realistically."

That Allison knew the difficulties, other than those faced by all writers, which he must surmount to write of a Negro dectective without undue emphasis on his race and still get over the fact that he is a Negro, is testified to by the editor's report that the author sent them an eight-page letter about his future plans for Joe Hill. Detective.

It is further testified to by the fact that Allison has done a supremely fine job as a writer and as a Negro wishing to get over to the general public with subtlety the unpleasantness which even the most highly educated and trained of the race sufferers. When his character, Joe Hill, having gone three days without sleep, in the interests of justice, jumped into a cab in front of headquarters, the driver says: "What did they have you in for, buddy?" And the whole story of a century of propaganda about the Negro and crime is starkly revealed.

Joe, fatigued to the point of quick irritability, snatches his shield from his pocket and thrusts it under the cab driver's nose.

Allison has a most interesting family as well as literary background. He was born in Greenville S. C., on Macrh 29, 1908 His father was state office Supt. for the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance company, said to be the world's oldest and largest Negro business concern. The author"s grandfather was one of America's first Negro judges.

The family moved to Newark, N. J. where in 1932, Allison began his writing career. He ghosted several novels and his first short story appeared in 1935 in "Challenge" magazine. A play in 1937 "The Trial of Dr. Beck" was the first federal theater play taken to Broadway from outside the state. Since then Allison has written widely for magazines and for the stage.

NEGRO MAY LOSE RIGHT EYE AFTER BRUTAL POLICE BEATING

By John Standford

Houston, Texas—Cleophus Doyle, 21, may lose the sight of his right eye for life. He is the latest victim of the Houston police.

Doyle had gotten into a scuffle with a friend, Gene Flowers in front of the Pladium Bowling Lanes, where both worked. Three River Oaks police drove up, supposedly to stop the fight. One fired a shot in the air. Another began hitting Doyle in the mouth and the eye, and kicked and struck him in the stomach. Doyle was hit so hard in the mouth that a tooth cut all the way through his upper lip.

"Just like the gestapo," was the comment of the physician at the North Side Clinic. The physician sent Doyle to a specialist in the Medical Arts Building. According to the specialist, there is only a chance that Doyle will be able to use his eye again.

Several times the Chief of Police has publicly reprimanded officers after the use of "excessive" brutality. Nevertheless, the brutality has continued unabated.

ALMOST EVERY WEEK there is at least one new case of brutality by the Houston police, often heard from, until the voice of the beating of whites is becoming more common.

Many Houstonians have protested the gestapo-like brutality of the Police Department. And their protests have borne some fruit. Earlier in this year two officers were suspended for a brief period. Several times the Chief of Police has publicly reprimanded officers after the use of "excessive" brutality. Nevertheless, the brutality has continued unabated.

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Many Houstonians have protested the gestapo-like brutality of the Police Department. And their tests should be directed to Mayor Oscar Holcombe and to Chief of Police B. W. Payne.

Langston Hughes Attacked On Tour

Amsterdam News New York, N.Y.

MONTEREY, Cal. (ANP)—Pausing here for a few days rest before completing his current lecture tour, Langston Hughes, poet, novelist and playwright, said he is puzzled by the American public's reaction to this tour.

He was speaking of the tirade of attacks calling him everything from a communist to an atheist in the 45 communities where he stopped. In six places he was not even allowed to speak.

"I've been lecturing on the American platform for 15 years and it's the first time I've run into anything like this," he said.

As an example he cited Occidental College in California:

"I lectured at Occidental five years ago when Dr. Remsen Bird was president. I'm still the same person."

He gave the lecture at a church in Pasadena. The college forbade it although it was a benefit program establishing a scholarship for a Negro student to the school.

Other places in which he caused excitement include Akron, O.; Springfield, Kankakee and Winnetka, Ill.; Detroit; Temple, Ariz., and Vallejo and Palo Alto, Cal.

Pattern Of Attack

Hughes said he had noted a pattern in all these attacks. A few days before his scheduled arrival the newspapers and certain groups were bombarded with information declaring that he was a Communist or atheist or some other "ist."

LANGSTON HUGHES

Pressure would then be brought to bear on the sponsoring group, and then the citizens would take sides.

The well known writer said he was surprised at this chain of events because his talks were on poetry alone, and not any political issue or ideology.

"No one," he said, "who has ever heard me speak has ever come back with the accusation of subversion. My verbal and written words are available for any who wish to consider them.

"I would like to see an America where people of any race, color or creed may live on a plane of cultural and material well-being, cooperating together, unhindered by sectarial, racial or factional prejudices and harmful intolerances that do nobody any good."

Speaking of Carmel here where he is relaxing, Hughes called it "one of the most American of communities in the best sense of the word." He will complete his tour in San Francisco when he leaves.

He is busy writing two books: an anthology of modern American Negro poetry in collaboration with Arna Bontemps, and a poetry volume, "One Way Ticket." His latest stage work includes writing the lyrics to the Elmer Rice hit, "Street Scene," which ran on Broadway for six months.

LANGSTON HUGHES BARRED

The Times

Use of Palo Alto School Denied for Address by Poet

New York, N.Y.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PALO ALTO, Calif., April 17—Palo Alto High School authorities today banned the use of the school auditorium here for a meeting next Wednesday at which Langston Hughes, Negro poet, will be the featured speaker.

Albert N. Davis, the principal, said it had come to his attention "that a committee of the State Legislature is very conscious of Mr. Hughes' activities and may take action causing serious trouble for any school district that permits him to appear on any program in any public school building."

Jonathan Rowell, president of the Redwood City Council for Civic Unity, one of the sporsoring organizations, notified Mr. Davis that the section of the state education code under which Mr. Hughes was being banned was declared unconstitutional by the California State Supreme Court in 1946.

Mr. Davis then announced he would reconsider the action and notify Mr. Rowell on Monday. Mr. Rowell said if the ban was maintained he would file for a writ of mandate in Santa Clara County Superior Court.

Mr. Hughes was banned in nearby Vallejo last week.

Zora Hurston, Novelist, Held On Morals Count

By NNPA News Service

NEW YORK — Zora Neale Hurston, a leading author pleaded not guilty when arraigned on Monday, October 11, on charges of committing an unnatural act with three boys, one 10 and another 11 years age, and was continued in $1,500 bail by Judge Saul Streit in General Sessions Court.

The well-known novelist, whose latest book, "Scrap on the Suwanee," has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was arrested September 13 on the complaint of Alexander Miller of the Children's Society, who charged that she had committed unnatural acts with the three boys on August 15.

Miller said the three boys had informed him that Miss Hurston first committed the unnatural act with the 10-year boy in the presence of the two other boys, and that she afterwards committed the act with the two other boys.

NOT GUILTY PLEA

Miss Hurston's plea of not guilty followed by one day the New York Herald Tribune's review of her latest book in which the reviewer noted that:

"Incompatible strains in the novel mirror the complexity of the author. Miss Hurston shuttles beween the sexes, the professions and the races as if she were man and woman, scientist and creative writer, white and Negro."

In another part of the review the reviewer quoted a passage from Miss Hurston's book in which one of her characters complains about the central character's (Arvay) loving. The passage reads as follows:

"I feel and believe that you do love me, Arvay, but I don't want that stand-still hap-hazard kind of love. I'm just as hungry as a dog for knowing and doing love. You love like a coward. Don't take no steps at all. Just stand around and hope for things to happen out right. Unthankful and unknowing like a hog under an acorn tree. Eating and grunting with your ears hanging over your eyes, and never even looking up to see where the acorns are coming from. What kind of satisfaction can I get out of that kind of love."

In still another part of the book veriew the reviewer noted that Miss Hurston revealed intimate physical details about her central character "to the point of absurdity" but said the author had to "construct a visible Freudian fretwork to give us understanding of herself."

Louis Waldman, attorney for Miss Hurston, said last Friday that he is presently tied up in another case and that it might be some time before the author is brought to trial.

Miss Hurston is the author of "Hoodoo in America," Mules and Men," "Jacob's Gourd Vine" and other successful novels.

Novelist Arrested on Morals Charge

Reviewer of Author's Latest Book Notes Character Is 'Hungry for Love'

NEW YORK — (NNPA) — Zora Neale Hurston, 45, one of the nation's top authors, who in her latest book, "Seraph on the Suwanee," had one of her characters beg for "a knowing and doing love," last week, pleaded not guilty to charges of having committed sodomy with three school boys, here, and was held for trial in $1500 bail by Judge Saul Streit in General Sessions Court.

The well-known novelist was arrested on Sept. 13 on the complaint of Alexander Miller of the Children's Society, who charged that she committed acts of sodomy with two school boys aged 10 and one aged 11 on Aug. 15 at 445 W. 124th St. in Harlem.

The charges brought by Miller against the writer were particularly sordid.

Miller charged that the three boys had stated to him that on Aug. 15 Miss Hurston first committed the act of sodomy with one of the 10-year-old youths in the presence of the other two and that she then committed the act with the other two boys.

Complexity Mirrored in Book

Miss Hurston's plea of not guilty followed by one day a New York daily newspaper's review of her latest book in which the reviewer noted that:

"Incompatible strains in the novel mirror the complexity of the author. Miss Hurston shuttles between the sexes, the professions and the races as if she were a man and woman, scientist and creative writer, white and colored."

In another part of the review, the reviewer quoted a passage from Miss Hurston's book, published by Charles Scribner, Sons, in which one of her characters, complains about the loving of the central character, Arvay.

Small Satisfaction

The passage reads as follows:

"I feel and believe that you do love me, Arvay, but I don't want that stand-still haphazard kind of love. I'm just as hungry as a dog for a knowing and doing love. You love like a coward. Don't take no steps at all. Just stand around and hope for things to happen out right.

"Unthankful and unknowing like a hog under an acorn tree. Eating and grunting with your ears hanging over your eyes, and never even looking up to see where the acorns are coming from. What kind of satisfaction can I get out of that kind of love."

In still another part of the book review the reviewer noted that Miss Hurston revealed intimate physical details about her central character "to the point of absurdity," but said the author had to "construct a visible Freudian fretwork to give us understanding of herself."

Daughter of Minister

Louis Waldman, attorney for Miss Hurston, told the NNPA News Service, Friday, that he is presently tied up with another case and indicated that it might be some time before the author is brought to stand trial.

Miss Hurston is the author of "Hoodoo in America," "Mules and Men," "Jacob's Gourd Vine," "Their Eyes Were Watching God," and other successful novels, written prior to "Seraph on the Suwanee."

The daughter of a minister, the Rev. John Hurston, Zora was born in Eatonville, Fla. She was taken care of by various relatives when quite young, after her mother died, and at the age of 13 was out of school minding her eldest brother's children.

Attended Morgan, Howard

Three years later, she struck out for herself and found a place with a white woman as a lady's maid. It was through this woman's help that she was able to enter Morgan College (high school department), Baltimore, in 1921.

After high school, she had two years of training at Howard University in Washington, and it was for the campus literary magazine, "Stylus," that her first story was written.

Then a story written for Opportunity magazine won second prize in a contest and at the suggestion of the editor, she came to New York City to write.

In New York she was awarded a scholarship to Barnard College, and became secretary to the famous novelist, Fannie Hurst.

Well Known Anthropologist

She entered Columbia University, where she studied anthropology, and won two fellowships which enabled her to study customs in Haiti. Through her knowledge of voodoo gained there she was able to write "Tell My Horse," the first authentic novel to be published based on that phenomenon.

She has worked in her scientific field of anthropology under the famed Dr. Boas. The Gugenheim Fellowships, which took her to Haiti, were awarded to her in 1936-37 and 1937-38. Miss Hurston has also headed the drama department at North Carolina State College.

She is the recipient of an honorary doctorate from Morgan State College, and is a member of the American Folklore Society, American Anthropological Society, American Ethnological Society and the Zeta Phi Beta Sorority.

Louis Waldman, the attorney for author Zora Neale Hurston in that sodomy case, says a story sent out by a news syndicate saying a little girl was mixed up in the case is entirely wrong.

Book Publisher Honors James Weldon Johnson

Daily World
Atlanta, Ga.

NEW YORK—(ANP)—June 17 was James Weldon Johnson day among literary groups throughout the country in a program sponsored by the New American Literary of World Literature, publisher of Penguin Signet books and Pelican Mentor books. June 6-22-48

For this observation New American Literary printed a special edition of Johnson's first book, "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," the first of the "passing" books.

Johnson is remembersd as author of seven books, editor of three and a number of first in several fields. He is best remembered for writing the words to "Lift Every Voice and Sing."

Some of his first were: Negro law yer admitted to the bar in Jacksoon ville, Fla., first to edit a Negro owned daily newspaper, first Negro professor to hold seminars on Negro life at the University of North Carolina in 1927, first field secretary of the NAACP, first Negro executive secretary of the NAACP, first colored visiting professor at New York university and others. 6-22-48

Books written by him include "Along This Way," "St. Peter Relates an Incident," "God's Trombonees," "Negro Americans, What Now?" "Fifty Years and Others Poems" and "Bleak Manhattan."

He edited "The Book of American Negro Poetry," "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" and "The Second Book of Negro Spiritpals."

Leaders Pay Homage to James Weldon Johnson

Homage was paid to the memory of James Weldon Johnson, poet and author at the 135th St. branch, N. Y. Public Library last week. The occasion was marked by the re-publication of his "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man." Shown in photo l to r are Walter White, Arthur Spingarn, Mrs. Johnson, his widow; Mrs. Hubert, Victor Weybright and Dr. Alphonse Heningburg.

Baltimore Afro

26e 1948

"illiam Gardner Smith

Critics Laud Novel By Courier Writer; Ex-GI's First Book

The Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Last of the Conquerors," the novel written by The Pittsburgh Courier's William Gardner Smith, found its way to the book shelves of the Nation this week. It comes probably better recommended than any book recently written by a Negro . . . and it should be a "must" for all Negroes and whites truly interested in better race relations.

The book deals with the plight of Negro soldiers of the occupation in Germany—revealing the tragic irony of men who are treated better by their hated enemies than by the bigots of their own "land of equality." For the first time in a novel, it reveals the extent and tragedy of the "blue discharges," first published in The Pittsburgh Courier four years ago.

The Courier refrains from critical analysis of this book, because it might be accused of partiality to one of its own reporters.

We will, however, tell what the outstanding critics of the Nation, who have reviewed this book, say:

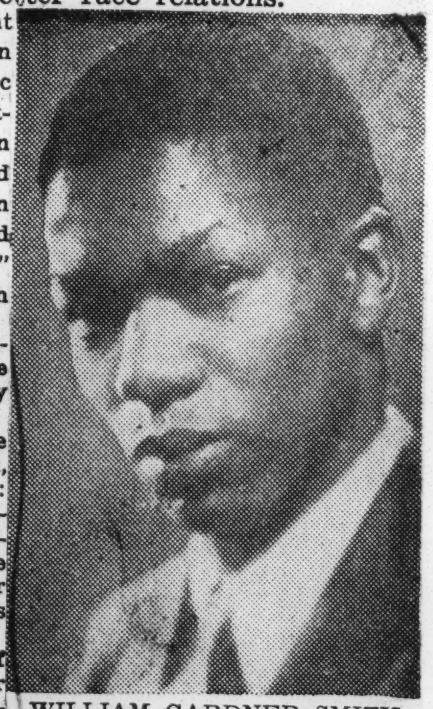
Lloyd Morris, author of "Postscript to Yesterday," and an eminent critic, said: "It is easily the finest work of fiction by a member of the 'war generation' which has come my way."

Christopher Morely, author of "Kitty Foyle": "William Gardner Smith: he has two great qualities, simplicity and bitterness. One is a divine gift, the other a tragic acquisition."

David Davidson, author of "The Steeper Cliff": "There are a poignancy and shock in 'Last of the Conquerors' which infuriate me all over again at our Bilbos and Rankins and renew my shame that they can continue to exist in our country."

Milton Mackaye, best-selling novelist: "I think it's (Last of the Conquerors) is one of the best novels I have ever read. It's simple and unfancy telling—which is my idea of good writing—puts you on the central character's side at once. The love story is gentle and trusting and sweet, even though I don't believe a word of it. The end is swell. Congratulations on publishing the most interesting book I've read in a long time."

James Roach of the New York Times: "You've latched onto quite a man in William Gardner Smith. I imagine that Farrar beams at Straus, and Straus beams at Farrar (the two publishers), when you think about that member of your stable and his way with a typewriter. He'll go the derby route."

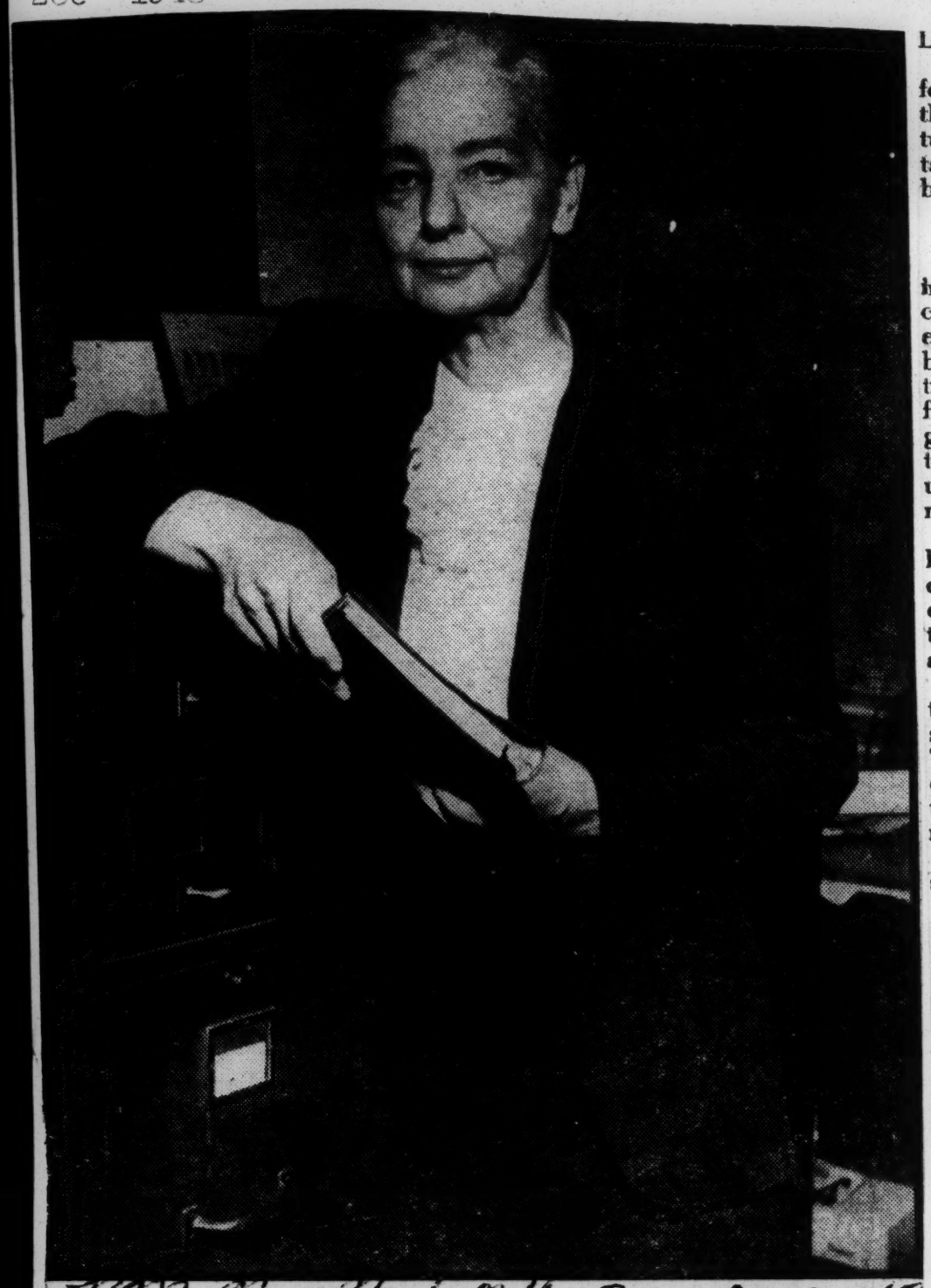


WILLIAM GARDNER SMITH

Selma Burke, Director, School of Sculpture, New York: " . . . Here is a book that was crying out with need to be written and my thanks to William Gardner Smith for having done it so admirably."

Merle Miller, author of "That Winter": I must say I found it as moving as anything I have read this year. It made me ashamed."

E. P. Doyle of the New York Journal American: "Mr. Smith writes too well to merit a cliche, but, dammit, he has done a book that I precisely couldn't put down.



PM New York, N.Y. Sun 2-22-48

Ruth Benedict, a culturally shock-proof anthropologist, cherishes variety in people.

All men are not alike and the world must be made safe for differences

PM New York, N.Y. Sun 2-22-48

IN ANTICIPATION of Brotherhood Week, which begins today, we made a point of calling on Ruth Benedict, a woman who has done more than her share in demolishing some of the barriers of ignorance that keep all men from being brothers.

Dr. Benedict is a professor of anthropology at Columbia University and the author of several works in her field. She is also co-author, with Gene Weltfish (another Columbia faculty member) of *The Races of Mankind*, a pamphlet which explodes the myths of racial inferiority and which has been used as the basis for their new picture book. *In Henry's Backyard*, to be published this week.

The Races of Mankind was written for the YMCA for distribution in USO centers during the war. Copies were ordered by the Army for use by leaders of orientation courses. The USO decided, however, that it was too "controversial" for distribution. Later its use in the Army was prohibited.

The man responsible for the order affecting the Army was Andrew J. May, then Democratic Congressman from Kentucky and chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee but now behind bars.

Cultural shock

Before talking to Dr. Benedict we sat in on the second lecture in her course called *Personality and Culture*. A slender, erect woman with white tresses cut in a boyish hair-do, she wore a navy blue, two-piece suit and a white blouse with a frilly ruff. She put on light shell-rimmed glasses to glance at her notes, from time to time, then removed them as she looked up and talked. About 75 students in the room listened attentively.

The thing that interested us most in her lecture was her discussion of what she called "cultural shock"—the sensation of everything being different, which an anthropologist experiences when he studies a culture dissimilar to his own.

"Many GIs," she said, "experienced that kind of shock in places like India, or some of the islands in the South Pacific. They made the mistake of assuming that every other culture in the world is trying to be like that of the United States and is not quite succeeding.

"Of course," she added, smiling, "I am sure none of you made that mistake."

One of the books she recommended for supplementary reading was De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.

"That was written about 100 years ago," she said, "but I don't know of a better book on the United States, written by a man who has experienced the cultural shock of seeing a new and different civilization. Read it. You'll discover how little we've changed since then."

PM

In her office afterward, Dr. Benedict lit a Philip Morris while we explained that we were anxious to know what she thought about brotherhood. We observed that it must be painful for someone like her to meet socially, or otherwise, people who were still obsessed with racial myths. Did she ever? Sun 2-22-48

"Oh my yes," she said PM New York, N.Y.

How did she talk to such people?

No cheap opportunities

"I tell them," she said, "that I prefer to take my beliefs on evidence. In matters of race I want to know what is biological and what is the acrid result of the things that have been done to so-called inferior races. PM New York, N.Y.

"I insist that no person can be sure of his own freedom when the freedom of anybody else is in danger. I don't want any cheap opportunities. Anything offered to me I want to see offered to anybody else who qualifies." Sun 2-22-48

"Equality of opportunity," we mumbled, taking notes.

"I don't like the word 'equality'," she observed. "It's tenderminded to think everybody in the world is equal and alike.

I think it's a sign of maturity to be m2 able to appreciate individual and cultural differences. Variety among people is a thing to be cherished."

We asked what role xenophobia—fear of strangers—played in the growth of irrational conflicts among people.

"Xenophobia's been with us for centuries," she said. "But race prejudice is a comparatively recent thing. It's only in this century, practically, that men have begun to be persecuted for racial reasons. In previous centuries conflict was often based on religious differences. I dare say the time may come when today's racial animosities will seem as bizarre as the religious wars of earlier centuries now appear to us. PM

"The sources of conflict are various. Desire for power underlies most of them. Psychic, as well as economic insecurity, are undoubtedly factors. No one cause accounts for all conflicts. You can have complete economic security, for instance, and still have conflict. PM New York, N.Y.

"We need to make the world today safe for differences. We cannot ask that all nations adopt our arrangements. Sun

"Monogamy and polygamy, for instance, have survived in neighboring cultures for long periods of time without conflict. Similarly, varying ideas in different cultures as to what constitutes success, what are proper satisfactions in life, what all the infinite shades of personal relationships should be—all these things which are now sources of conflict need not endanger world peace." 2-22-48

As we talked, Dr. Benedict observed that she had covered the same ground in her books, *Race: Science and Politics, Patterns of Culture* and the recent *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, a study of modern Japanese culture. 2-22-48

We asked how she felt about the fact that *The Races of Mankind*, a pamphlet she has said was written over a week end, should have been so widely distributed in comparison to the works on which she had spent so much more time. Sun

"Oh that!" she exclaimed. "*The Races of Mankind* got itself banned. That'll make a success of anything."

—GERALD BLANK

Richard Wright, American novelist, with his daughter in his Paris apartment.

The most celebrated of the Left Bank Americans is the Negro writer, Richard Wright. He is more feted than any other American in Paris, with

Janice Manring-Blackman, student at the Academy Julien.

the possible exception of Ambassador Jefferson Caffery. Wright came to Paris largely through the encouragement of Gertrude Stein. She once told him: "In Paris you'll find prejudice, but not a problem."

WRIGHT, whose wife and child live with him in a large, comfortable, seven-room apartment on the historic Rue Monsieur le Prince, says bluntly that "there is more freedom in one square block of Paris than in all of the United States." To some degree, this atmosphere of freedom, long the greatest gift of Paris to the intellectual, is cherished by all of Wright's compatriots. Freedom is the constant in the enduring love affair between Paris and the American.